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GIUSEPPE PASOLINI

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COUNT PASOLINI.

From a Negative taken in 1863.

MEMOIR

OF

COUNT GIUSEPPE PASOLINI

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE OF ITALY

B. 1815 : D. 1876

COMPILED BY HIS SON

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED BY THE

DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON
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1885

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PREFACE.

I HAD HOPED that it would have been the privilege of my son to know and love his grandfather during many years of honoured old age, and to learn from his lips life-long lessons of wisdom and virtue.

But, contrary to all expectation, my father's life ended before my child was old enough to know him, or even be conscious of having seen him. In the unspeakable grief of our premature bereavement, it occurred to me to note on paper, as best I could, a few intimate personal recollections, so as to keep them always fresh in my mind; but the investigation of my father's private notes and correspondence brought to light such a mass of interesting documents as induced me to over-pass the limits of the intended domestic history, and I have thus been led to compile the present memoir. Before doing so, I consulted my best friends, who were of opinion that since my father, during his public life, was on terms of intimacy with the Princes who chiefly furthered the cause of Italy, and with all the most eminent men of his time, it would be desirable and useful to give to the world a selection from his private records of persons and events. Such is the origin of this book.

I relate the life of a man who, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, in troublous times, faithfully acted up to that high sense of duty which was ever present in his mind, above all considerations of personal pleasure or convenience; a man of most tender and gentle character in his domestic relations. Whether at home or abroad, he was always employed on

something for the benefit of his native province, where, by dint of persevering and diligent study, he at length succeeded in setting on foot many improvements of cultivation, leading the way by force of example, more for the public weal than for his own. He was by nature averse to public employments, yet consented to undertake them whenever his services were required for his country's good.

In these recollections it is my aim to insert as little matter as possible of my own, but rather to arrange from my father's letters and conversations a narrative, which may thus form a characteristic portrait, with full colouring of truth.

Should any reader take exception to the redundance of familiar details, I beg him to remember the prime motive of my writing, viz. the information of my children; making it desirable for their sake to rehearse our cherished domestic traditions with all the warmth of living remembrance. Finally, I must confess that in forming the resolution to publish these private recollections, a doubt assailed me, and I questioned in my own mind whether such publicity were not a grave contradiction of the modest reserve maintained by my father in all that he did. But, apart from the exhortations of esteemed friends who urged me forward, my hesitation was effectually overcome by feeling that amid the whole mass of miscellaneous material there was no single word which did not redound highly to his honour.

In addressing myself zealously, therefore, to the task of compilation, I am conscious of paying to his venerated memory a slight tribute of infinite gratitude.

PIETRO DESIDERIO PASOLINI.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is a common saying that ordinary persons are more ignorant of the events which immediately preceded their own lifetime than of any other circumstances in the history of their country. The schoolboy knows perhaps more about the Reform Act of 1832 than about the Reform Act of 1867; and his parents have a better knowledge of the Revolution of 1689 than of the Revolution of 1848. This ignorance of what a great French writer called—if I mistake not—'the history of the day before yesterday,' especially applies to occurrences which happened twenty, thirty, or forty years ago in foreign countries. Any publication which is calculated to throw light on such matters ought to receive a warm welcome from the reading public.

This book—which Lady Dalhousie has translated, and to which she has asked me to write a short preface—is the Memoir of a statesman who was closely connected with the great events which ultimately secured the independence of Italy. In 1848 he was the intimate friend of Pio Nono: he was one of the first laymen admitted to the Papal counsels, and he enjoyed the

Pope's confidence till after the flight of his Holiness from Rome. In 1862 he was Foreign Minister in the Italian Cabinet; and, when he left office, he was twice entrusted with a special mission to France and Italy. The sense which his own fellow-countrymen entertained of his ability and conduct may be inferred from the circumstance that he was chosen as the first Governor of Milan after the union of Lombardy with Piedmont, while, some years later, he was again selected to fill a similar office at Venice, on the incorporation of Venetia with the kingdom of Italy. The respect which British statesmen paid to him will be seen from Count Pasolini's account of his missions to England, and of his interviews with Lord Russell at Florence and Venice.

A statesman whose career ranged over the period when Italy was struggling for independence and union was necessarily thrown into close communication with prominent Italian statesmen. The English reader who studies Lady Dalhousie's volume will rise from it not only with a closer acquaintance with Pio Nono and Victor Emmanuel, but also with Ricasoli and Minghetti, with Lamarmora and Menabrea. It may be also hoped that the ordinary reader will gain a fuller knowledge of the history of 1848, and of the inner diplomatic history of 1863. It is not easy to find so accurate an account of Pio Nono's conduct in the former year as that which may be derived from the present Memoir; and the conversations of Count Pasolini with Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell in 1863 and 1864 will cause surprise to many Englishmen.

There is, then, in this volume much matter of public importance which ought to secure it a good reception. But there is also much of what may be called private interest. The author, indeed, says that 'it would be premature to offer to Italian readers the same sort of practical biography which is so highly valued in England; for although we have given up the old grandiose prolixity, and are trying to write simpler memoirs than formerly, we are still far behind the English in that respect.' English readers of the present Memoir will see some reason for doubting this conclusion. It is difficult to name many simpler or better memoirs than that in which Count Pasolini has recorded his father's simple, useful, and honest character.

English readers may find other reasons for reading this book, moreover, in the respect which Count Pasolini felt for England and for Englishmen. Of England he wrote, in 1864: 'This is truly a peaceful country: such wealth and prosperity! Good order seems natural and spontaneous, but their liberty is of ancient growth, like the grand old trees in the parks.' Of Englishmen he wrote ten years afterwards: 'In England a man is a man, not, as with us, a mere contributory atom to the mass out of which is evolved the collective existence: he is something more in England than a cipher.' Count Pasolini's delight at rural life, his model farms, his knowledge of and his love for horses will help English readers to understand his appreciation of England and Englishmen.

I have stated one or two reasons for commending

the book to the reading public. I ought to add that it is the record of the life of a wise man, and of what is much more, a good one. In some of his sentiments, Count Pasolini reminds me of Carlyle. Take, for instance, these to his sons: 'I owe it to God and to society that you should become capable men, and do some good in your generation. Choose what profession you like, but be diligent withal: do something to be useful. I have great respect for an industrious ploughman, blacksmith, or carpenter, but none for an idle man of any description.' 'God has given to every human creature the law of duty to fulfil. Woe to those who transgress it! I wish you never to think of your father, living or dead, without remembering this word—Duty!'

S. WALPOLE.

MEMOIR
OF
COUNT PASOLINI.

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC TRADITIONS.

The Pasolini of a hundred years ago—Antiquated manners and opinions of my great-grandfather and his good sense in politics—The Codronchi—Archbishop Antonio Codronchi and Napoleon the First—Pietro Desiderio, my grandfather—His youth in Milan during the first Kingdom of Italy—Family letters, with notes of current events in Milan and Ravenna—Political life and public employments of Pietro Desiderio—Amalia Santacroce, his wife.

I.

Giuseppe Pasolini dall' Onda, son of Pietro Desiderio dall' Onda and Amalia Santacroce, was born at Ravenna on February 8, 1815. I prefix to the narrative of his life a few recollections, which, heard from my father in childhood, are so precious to me that I would not willingly let them die.

Our family, originally of Romagna, was afterwards called the Pasolini of Rome. I never heard my father talk of any more remote ancestor than his own grandfather, Giuseppe, a man of quick wit and of grave, dignified manners—a Roman in speech, opinions and habits, as he was by birth. He would have liked to live lavishly in the Roman style had his moderate fortune permitted it.

Stung to the quick by a friend who advised him, on the death of his first wife, a Gangalandi, to retrench his expenses and live more quietly, he went straight to one of the principal architects in Rome, and desired him to plan a pillared entrance-

hall and new staircase for his house at Ravenna. This done, he turned his mind to a second marriage; and, at the age of fifty, on July 10, 1781, was united to Teresa Codronchi, a lady of Imola.

My grandfather, Pietro Desiderio, born November 15, 1782, was the issue of this marriage. He was prone to wrath, and often thought proper to assume it as an attribute of dignity. Thus, if the country people were not quick enough to take their carts out of his way when driving along the bad roads of those days, they would see his white wig thrust out of the carriage-window, his hand brandishing a pistol, while he loudly shouted in the dialect of the province, 'I will shoot you.' The pistol, however, was neither loaded nor loadable. A diligent collector of domestic traditions, he arranged all the dusty old family parchments, collecting also and hanging up the blackened portraits of our ancestors, among whom he used to point out with great complacency the mild and majestic lineaments of Costanza Gomez de Rada, his great-grandmother, a noble lady of Portugal. Although the law of Albinaggio had cut off all possibility of claiming her maternal inheritance (from the Enriquez), there had always remained some hope of establishing her rights to the castle and lands of Zollino, in Otranto, which had been confiscated from her family in the time of the Spanish wars.[1] My great-grandfather determined to try the cause, and had with great labour compiled his documentary evidence, when the first loud explosions of the French Revolution began to resound through Europe. Foreseeing that the hurricane would be fierce and wide-spread, he would not commit himself to a retrograde movement by trying to resuscitate ancient feudal rights. He therefore wrote upon his packet of papers, 'Documents become obsolete,' locked it up in his repositories, and spoke no more on the subject.

Thus, of so much riches, nothing came to our family except the beautiful likeness of Costanza, and the tomb in a Roman church where her ashes repose.

Although much attached to Rome and its associations, he

[1] By decree of the Royal Chamber in 1672, the Barony of Zollino had been sold in the interest of the Spanish Treasury, and passed into possession of the Dukes of Carignano, but after the peace between Spain and France it was agreed that forfeited estates should be restored.

took great pride in his ancient Romagnolo descent, and the sight of those new men, those upstart rustics, who as prelates or lawyers made so much noise at the Court of Rome, made him place still more value on his own birth and lineage. He was always most respectful to the Pontiff and to all ecclesiastical authority, but could never willingly bend himself before those whom he considered to be exalted in dignity and power merely by virtue of their clerical habit.

He did not choose to educate his son in Rome; not finding there either examples worthy of imitation, or any sufficient sphere of industry or ambition for the occupation of a young man's life. He was better pleased with what they told him of the Piedmontese nobles and their military pursuits, and decided to place his son at the Royal Military Academy of Turin; but here again the French Revolution defeated his intentions and obliged him to change them.

The French invasion of Italy enraged and shocked him beyond expression, and very naturally so. 'It was a horror, a family grief,' writes Gino Capponi, alluding to his infantine recollections of the French incursion into Tuscany, 'and certainly the best of the Tuscans, the well-principled class, who are the true people of a country, utterly abhorred the French, who brought with them a new necessity of things, as we must admit; and not only that, but they rushed in upon us like barbarians, and besides outraging our feelings they robbed and plundered in all directions.'

No less cruel was their invasion of the plains of Umbria, where the violences of the soldiery gave rise to many popular rhymes.

E vengon colla coda e con li baffi,
E in casa nostra siam pigliati a schiaffi,
E i campi, le vendemmie e le figluole
Non sono i nostri, ma di chi li vuole.

No sooner were the French let loose in Romagna than they began to insult and rob the peasantry, who, less forbearing than those of Tuscany and Umbria, were soon on the watch to cut off scattered parties of soldiers, many of whom they killed, and sometimes fled for protection to my great-grandfather, then

[1] Marcualdi, *Canti popolari inediti Umbri.*

living in retirement; his hostility to the invaders being well-known.

Yet the old stock retained strength enough to put forth a new growth, and it happened, through the power and influence of this same old man, that a great change of opinions took place among our people about the beginning of the present century. He openly said that in his seventieth year it was impossible for him to alter his mind and manners, though his sagacity enabled him to discern the element of truth contained in the new revolutionary principles, which he predicted would eventually be triumphant. Far, therefore, from desiring his son's views to be bounded by the narrow circle of an obsolete generation, he did his best to make him open his mind to the advance of truth, in order that he might educate himself for future times. 'I don't suppose you would wish an old man like me to throw off his wig,' said he to Pierino. 'But you, my son, who are young, ought to look closely into the nature of this mob who are overrunning the world! A man needs to see and learn a great deal, that he may know how to live nowadays.'

Influenced by these feelings, he commended his son to the care of the 'Codronchi,' his brothers-in-law, who did not share those antiquated ideas, resentments, and punctilios which made so many nobles stand aloof from all political activity.

II.

Cosimo Codronchi, a generous and learned gentleman, had been made Knight of St. George by the Elector of Bavaria in 1786.

Lodovico was a diligent magistrate and useful citizen.

Nicholas was Knight of St. Stephen, a writer of prose and poetry, the friend of Filangieri, and his colleague as a member of the Supreme Council of Finance under Ferdinand, King of Naples; he was also a Councillor in the reign of Joseph Bonaparte and Caroline of Austria.

Antonio Codronchi was an illustrious ecclesiastic, and the greatest man of his day in Romagna. In 1777, he was the Pontifical Internunzio at the Court of Turin, where he remained

seven years, and had the merit of being able to make peace between King Victor Amadeus and the Grand Master of the Order of Malta, besides the still greater merit of having smoothed certain controversies between the House of Savoy and the Roman Court.

In 1785 Antonio was appointed Archbishop of Ravenna, and twelve years later[1] he had to present himself before General Bonaparte to bespeak his protection for the city and province. The Archbishop made a favourable impression upon Bonaparte, who said, in taking leave of him, 'You will be the Pope of my conquests.' 'I shall never be anything but Archbishop of Ravenna,' replied Codronchi. Being summoned, in 1801, by First Consul Bonaparte to the Council of Lyons, he worked hard that the Catholic religion should be the declared religion of the State, as was afterwards decreed. Having obtained thus much, he considered it his duty to be easy in regard to reforms of ecclesiastical discipline as recorded by Botta in his history (xxi.).

On February 9, 1802, the Archbishop writes thus to Pope Pius the Seventh:

'Most Reverend Father,—On my return to Italy, I must immediately inform Your Holiness of the conversation I had with the First Consul on the eve of his departure from Lyons. After many rather flattering things, he said to me: "I write this evening to His Holiness, by the same post which conveys the tables of Ecclesiastical Law, asking him to give you the Cardinal's hat, already promised me for the Archbishop of Milan, and to translate you to the diocese of Bologna." Surprised at this proposition, I thanked him, and intimated that possibly the gracious kindness of Your Holiness might incline you towards the first part of it; but with respect to the second, I prayed him with the utmost earnestness to leave me in my province of Ravenna, to which I feel bound by spiritual motives, no less than by the links of affection contracted during seventeen years of administration there. He then insisted on his proposal with still greater emphasis, and after many more words on both sides, ended by saying that he was determined upon this translation. May I be permitted to assure Your Holiness, with

[1] In 1797.

heartfelt sincerity and filial reverence, how intensely painful such a sacrifice would be to me?' &c. &c.

Again, on the 16th, from Parma, Codronchi writes:

'I am obliged to trouble you again to assure Your Holiness that the Milan newspaper report of my speech at the General Assembly is entirely without foundation. First Consul Bonaparte insisted on my speaking there, as the condition on which he promised that the first Article of the Constitution should stand as it now does, viz.: "La Religione Cattolica Apostolica Romana è la Religione dello Stato." I spoke of nothing else, but said that we ecclesiastics should exhort the people to obedience, not only for fear of penalties, but for conscience sake. Had my best efforts and most earnest representations been crowned with success, the clerical laws would have maintained ecclesiastical discipline according to the Council of Trent; but alas! neither my words nor those of the other equally zealous members of the Church Commission could prevail, so unfortunate are the times, and so great the desire for novelties to the detriment of religion,' &c. &c.

The Pope replies thus:

'Venerabilis Frater, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. We briefly acknowledge your letters from Turin and Milan. We received with pleasure the information they contained, and we wish to assure you of our personal goodwill and satisfaction. We did not fail to come to an understanding on those subjects to which you again refer, and we have reason to think you will be satisfied with what we have written to the First Consul of the French Republic regarding you. It is right to let you know this, and we remain, with paternal affection and apostolical benediction, &c. &c. Pius Papa VII., Rome, March 27, 1802.'

I necessarily omit Codronchi's letters to Bonaparte, and his curious correspondence with Cardinal Consalvi, which would occupy too much space.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor and King of Italy, he appointed Codronchi Grand Almoner of the kingdom, and bestowed upon him many further honours. His conduct at the Court of Milan, under difficult circumstances which necessitated more than ordinary circumspection, was always so pure that

his enemies could find no flaw in it, and they feared him accordingly.

In May 1811, Napoleon, then at the height of his glory, called him to Paris to baptise the King of Rome, and I have heard various anecdotes of the relations between Codronchi and the Emperor, which seem to show that Napoleon was more self-controlled in conversation with him, and permitted him more freedom of speech than his impatient spirit was accustomed to tolerate from others. Codronchi took an important part at the Council in Paris a few weeks later, and exerted himself to check Napoleon's tyranny on ecclesiastical affairs. On being told that Bovara had presumed to assure the Emperor in respect to the opinions of the Italian Bishops, he stood up and answered that the Minister might assure his sovereign in regard to their loyalty; but, as for their opinions, the Bishops of Italy were bound only by their duty to God and the Church. He was subsequently admonished by a person of high consideration to be prudent even in his private conversations, because, as was said, 'the Emperor's ears are like those of the Venetian Republic, which used to hear everything.' But Codronchi would not observe any precaution either in public or in private, and thus lost favour with Napoleon, though he always endeavoured to conform himself to the exigencies of the times. When Napoleon fell, and the Pontiff was sent back to Italy, Codronchi hastened to Cesena to present himself to Pius VII., who graciously received him, and they congratulated each other on having come out with honour from their trials—the one of prosperity, the other of adversity.

Thus ended the Archbishop's laborious political career, during which he had relations with almost all the potentates and public men of his time. But although the Pontiff and Cardinal Consalvi had originally encouraged him to undertake public employments, he never after Napoleon's fall had any favour from the Court of Rome, and because of his advanced opinions the honour of the purple was withheld from him. He died in 1826, and the monument erected to his memory in Ravenna Cathedral was over and over again defaced by unknown enemies, perhaps clerical ones, who disapproved of a Liberal bishop. Men's judg-

ments, however, become modified by the march of events, and I never found in all my time any native of Ravenna, even the oldest clerical, who was otherwise than pleased to remember having known or seen Antonio Codronchi.

III.

It was to this uncle that my grandfather was sent, and thus he lived frequently in Milan between 1805–1811. His father's letters always encouraged him to study diligently the new direction of human affairs, 'which' (said the old man) 'are continually changing, yet can never reach the height of perfection, nor sink to the depths of pessimism.'

I quote a few passages from these letters, which contain minute particulars of citizen life in Ravenna, at the time when a visit from Napoleon was ardently expected:

'*Ravenna*, *May* 14, 1805.—Dearest Son:—Here they are making preparations for the Emperor's arrival, though certainly not on so great a scale as at Milan. I have been looking over my liveries, and find some laced suits, very handsome; but people tell me laced liveries are not the thing nowadays, and that they ought to be braided! I don't understand this, so will ask you to make inquiry about it and let me know. Cavalcades are being got up for the reception ceremony, but I have declined to promise mine, believing that the Archbishop will want a team; as he will of course go forward in state to pay his compliments. At any rate, I keep my four horses for him, and with his own pair of blacks he will be abundantly provided for the occasion. I hope you enjoyed the grand entry into Milan, though perhaps you would scarcely see the Emperor, who would be surrounded by crowds of people. It seems that the Archbishop got there at five in the morning, and had an audience of his Majesty in the evening. I wish you would go to Monsignor, and make yourself as useful to him as you can.'

* * * * * * *

'I read your letter this morning at the Municipality, suggesting moderation in their expenses; some of the royal suite are to be billeted upon me here, so I will give them all the house,

even my own rooms if necessary. I am glad you were going to be presented to the sovereign by Marescalchi or Talleyrand, and hope this will have been accomplished in the ordinary course of things. (May 16, 1805.)'

'I thank you, dear Pierino, for your pleasant news, and beg you to continue them. Great rejoicings are taking place in Rome for the Pope's return, and they say that he is in very good spirits. The preparations for the Emperor are going on briskly in Casa Spreti. Countess Salin has arrived from Bologna, and says Napoleon is certainly coming to see about the construction of the harbour (Porto); but I doubt if she knows anything more than the rest of us. Some say the Emperor will go to Rome to return the Pope's visit, which is nonsense. We are all longing to hear of the Function having been accomplished yesterday in Milan. I pray God to bless you, and remain, with unalterable affection, your loving father, G. Pasolini. (May 24, 1805.)'

More abundant in details are the letters of my grandfather, then three-and-twenty, to his wife Amalia, and I quote some passages in remembrance of those times and of the domestic affection of my father's parents:

'*Milan, May* 11, 1805.—My dearest Amalia:—On the 8th at half-past four in the afternoon, Napoleon made his triumphal entry, and it was one of the finest sights in the world. The body-guard were superbly mounted, and their uniform as splendid as possible. The Emperor and Empress were in a carriage drawn by eight most beautiful horses. I could not describe to you the wonderful splendour of the pageant, and it took a whole hour before all had moved past. You must read about it in the "Milan Gazette," and on my return to Ravenna I will give you a true and particular description by word of mouth. The Archbishop is appointed Grand Almoner, which is one of the five chief offices of State.' . . . 'At Ravenna they seem to be taking a deal of trouble about furnishing the royal bed, but here it is not at all grandly fitted, only with common fustian mattresses and a white satin counterpane embroidered in coloured silks, without any gold; so I am informed by veracious persons who have seen it, nor is there anything magnificent in the imperial apartments except the throne, which is really splendid. All

this will be encouraging for the Ravenna people to know, in case the Emperor should visit them, which is uncertain as yet. He is here in Milan awaiting his coronation.' . . . 'You cannot think, my dearest, how sorry I am that you are far away. I am constantly thinking of you, and long to be beside you again.'

About the same time Amalia writes to her husband from Ravenna: 'Our gentlemen are occupied in forming the civic horse-guard, which they wish to be forty strong at the least; but I daresay you may know about it already better than I can tell you.' On May 17 she continues: 'Many thanks, my dearest, for the news you are so good to give me. What a consolation your letters are to me, my Pierino! I am much pleased that the King is coming, and that you will be here at the same time. We of Ravenna are trying to outshine the Milanese with their mattresses of fustian, and ours of satin; their toilet service of crockery, and ours of silver; their bed-cover only adorned with embroidery, while ours will be all of gold! I am sure you would laugh to hear the endless discussions about these fine things. The cavalry and infantry corps are organized, with Cappi in command of the first and Gambi of the other. Tell me, is the Empress coming? There are ladies already appointed to attend upon her here, and our house is apportioned to the royal suite.'

Pierino again, on May 18, writes from Milan:—

'Our Emperor and King daily advances in public opinion by his extraordinary gifts, his great energy, and freshness of mind. He works indefatigably day and night, and knows everything. His ministry are working very hard also to bring out the new Constitution. Yesterday he went on horseback to the Brera College, and inspected the barracks of Costello; to-morrow there will be a grand parade, and the Archbishop will say mass in the royal chapel in presence of the court. The court chaplain is now subordinate to our uncle, the Grand Almoner. I went yesterday to see the cathedral, where immense preparations are in progress for the coronation on Thursday. But the place is so vast that they can only fit up the nave, and there are still six thousand ells of damask wanting even for this; so they cannot cover all the intended space. But I shall explain these things better to

you when we meet. Tell your mother I cannot find any fashion books for her, as they are all sold off the first day they come out. Among other coronation festivities, I was forgetting to tell you that there will be a grand ball given in the public gardens.'

'*Milan, May* 22, 1805:—My beloved Amalia:—Yesterday we, eighteen gentlemen of the kingdom, were presented to Napoleon, who conversed with us in a most friendly manner, and, after an hour and a half, dismissed us full of admiration and astonishment. I recommended the Port of Ravenna to his consideration.

'The costumes of the grandees and high officials are of imposing richness and splendour, such as have not been seen in this country for centuries. With the ladies it is different: for they are in silk gowns, and have only to add the long train for court dress; their real luxury consists in jewels, especially diamond necklaces; so I warn you, my dear, on no account to alter your necklace, because it will be exactly the fashionable thing for an appearance at court. I do not think the Empress will come, as the Emperor contemplates a mere flying visit, in order to inspect the celebrated port; at any rate, you need not suppose that our ladies could at once run to wait upon her Majesty—for in the first place they must wait to be invited; and then, you know, we Ravennese are utterly ignorant of courtly ceremonies, particularly those of a court so high in its etiquettes as that of France at the present day! My uncle showed me the letter you had written to him, which was admirable, and he was much pleased with it, but I don't suppose he will have time to answer you. He has to accompany the Emperor in his tour through the departments.

'Now to talk of ourselves—there will be plenty of time afterwards to tell about public things. My departure from this place is not quite fixed, but you may, perhaps, have me back sooner than you expect. What a delight to be with you once more! We are rich in the best of earthly joys, our unalterable love to each other, and he who possesses a wife like mine can desire no greater happiness. I would not exchange my little Amalia for the most glittering throne in the world.'

Their correspondence continues till 1811, but we have already given enough of it.

The frequent military displays at Milan, added to all the important discussions on civil government which he heard, chiefly through his uncle, then in constant communication with the Emperor and his ministers, had great influence on the mind of Pietro Desiderio, and made him Bonapartist in his opinions, so that he never ceased to regret and to praise the 'Code Napoléon,' and he was all his life a Liberal in politics.

IV.

My grandfather was hot-tempered, but a most upright man, always considerate of his infirm and aged father; also very industrious, and a well-informed, useful citizen. As Podestà of Ravenna, he gave proof of his good judgment and firmness during the critical time of the Provisional Government in 1814–1815, when the people were excited, and suffering from a terrible dearth of provisions. He was Councillor of Legation from 1816 to 1821; and in the troubles ten years later, when the Roman Court could no longer withstand the aspirations of the Liberal party, and the pro-Legate Zacchia was obliged to name an Administrative Committee, this body appointed my grandfather head and president of the Provisional Government. On the return of the Papal rule, a show of liberality was made by naming laymen of Ravenna as pro-legates, of whom my grandfather was the fourth in succession. He with difficulty consented to take office, in the hope of doing good to his country, but being soon undeceived he retired to private life for the rest of his days.

CHAPTER II.

DOMESTIC TRADITIONS—*continued.*

Giuseppe Pasolini loses his mother—His father's melancholy widowhood—Early classical studies at the College of Reggio in Modena—Giuseppe' youthful industry—His first travels—Tuscany—Rome—Residence and studies at Naples—Correspondence with his father—Travels abroad—Emperor of Austria's entry into Milan, 1838—Death of Giuseppe's father—His youth, according to his own reflexions upon it—His high idea of duty—Friendships, and associations in early life—His marriage.

I.

My father, Giuseppe, was little more than two years old when his mother fell into bad health, and she died the following year. She was of a noble family, but poor, and my grandfather had many social difficulties to contend with in making a pure love-marriage, as indeed it was. He gained a delightful helpmate, who had the talent of inspiring those around her with her own spirit of usefulness. When she died, her husband, left desolate with four children, felt his heart shut up from all joy for ever after, although at the time of his bereavement he was still a young man. He always led a steady, studious life, occupied with his own affairs, or with those of other people who came to him for advice; but his chief object was to bring up rightly his infant children, thus early deprived of their loving mother.

II.

At the age of seven my father was taken to the Jesuits' College in Reggio of Modena, where he had a serious illness, and could never forget the extreme pain he suffered, nor the skilful and affectionate care bestowed upon him by two of the brotherhood. On recovery he diligently prosecuted his studies, which, though excellent as regarded Latin literature, were far from sufficient in Italian and general information. Having read

several of his Latin compositions, both prose and verse, I am entitled to give my opinion, and can honestly say that among the numerous verse-writers of my own schooldays, I have only met with two who were at all equal to him. He also read St. Thomas Aquinas and other old divines, and he took such pleasure in Cicero as always to carry about with him a small pocket edition. When some of the studious collegians formed an association, each member of which was known by a special name, he was called the 'Reflective.'

In 1829, at the age of fourteen, Giuseppe Pasolini was called home from college, because the hard study there and insufficient exercise were disagreeing with his health. He got well by at once adopting a way of life exactly the opposite in every respect, with plenty of fresh air and out-door occupations. He made and planted with his own hands the garden of Sirmen, a little villa inherited from his uncle Antonio, which was afterwards sold in 1863.

The regular course of his education was now interrupted, but from this time began those habits of physical and moral activity which he maintained during the rest of his life, and to the last he never failed to remember his father's judicious care of him, by virtue of which in later times he fearlessly endured all sorts of fatigue in travelling by day or night, and was prepared for long hours of desk-work and other vigils when necessary. It is superfluous to add that he always kept himself clear of the slightest approach to excess or disorderly conduct of any sort or kind.

I transcribe part of my father's letters at the age of sixteen to his father, then absent from Ravenna on some political mission:—

'*Ravenna, February* 21, 1831.—I am sorry you must needs devote to public affairs the hours which ought to be spent in sleep. We will pray that God may bless you with improved health to bear the additional burden thus devolving upon you.'

Again, on March 1, he writes:—

'It seems as though the honours and advantages of the presidency had fallen upon me, for since your departure one might suppose some great statesman was inhabiting the house.

The post is scarcely arrived when here comes an express, courier, or such like, and after that a messenger from the governing commission with packets addressed to me, which are your dear letters; besides that, every now and then there are people arriving with notifications, proclamations, and all sorts of things on stamped paper.'

'*Ravenna, March* 19.—Let us hope, dear father, that your journey may bring about some happy result for the general good, and especially the blessing of peace, which is your great object of anxiety.'

'*March* 25, 1831.—It was said here on Monday that the Austrian troops had entered Bologna, a report which was fully confirmed by further accounts that the national troops were retiring. Our people immediately prepared to advance, and all the carriers' horses were requisitioned. Not many men slept in their beds on the night of 21–22, all being eager for the order to start, which was not given till eight in the morning. The line, as well as our national guard, and those of the surrounding districts, assembled in the Piazza, where General Olini received them; after which they marched out towards Cervia, the general following. The prefect had set off an hour or two earlier, attended by a guard and many volunteers.'

'*March* 28.—I heard this morning from Massa that the Advocate Zalamella had announced to you by express from Lugo the breaking out of a new revolution here at Ravenna. It is altogether false, and I was in doubt whether to send you an express with the assurance of our perfect tranquillity. The report arose thus: Various notices were spread about the town on Saturday of ten or twenty thousand French troops landed at Ancona; of the death of the King of Sardinia, the departure from Bologna of Cardinal Opizzoni, and the taking of Rome by us and a few assassins from Frosinone; we were also said to have defeated 2,000 Germans, near Rimini, &c. &c. This excited some few enthusiasts to stick the tri-coloured cockade on their hats, and to make a flourish with the national banners; but when it became known that all these reports were empty wind, their excitement abated, and people were soon restored to ordinary calmness of mind.'

III.

My father's first travels were in Tuscany, in 1833. He was on the most intimate and affectionate terms with his father, who never denied him anything he asked, and used to say, 'Hold to the wise maxim you have hitherto adopted, and believe that a good son needs no advocate other than himself to plead with a tender and judicious parent. Do you go on amusing and instructing yourself at the same time; remembering always to keep the fear of God before your eyes. "Serva timorem Domini et cum illo veterasce." Therefore, I say, follow your own tastes, and gather material for our home talk.'

Already the young man was pondering over his life, and how to make the best use of it; for, though he loved literary pursuits, and many people in that day considered that none other could be suitable for a gentleman, he was of opinion that the classics, however ornamental to the intellect as a recreation tending to exalt the sentiments, could not suffice to make a wise and useful character, and that an exclusive devotion to them might rather be called 'idleness' in the old Roman sense of the word. He proposed to study mathematics, with the view of becoming a good engineer, but in the meantime his love of the country inclined him to the study of agriculture and natural science. When my grandfather consented that he should finish his education in one of the great cities, my father preferred Naples, for the opportunities of instruction in natural history and philosophy. On his way thither he writes from Rome, November 30, 1834: 'I went to the Secretary of State's office to see Cardinal Gamberini, who received me very kindly, and desires his compliments to you. He talked about Roman affairs, and told me several things, lamenting that the Government has to depend upon foreign powers who always wish to command in this country. I have been this evening to a reception at the Austrian Ambassador's; Prince Chigi took me in his carriage and introduced me to the Ambassador and his lady. The Ambassador immediately said to me, "I know your father well, not personally, but by his actions, and he is a noble character; tell him I say so."' Having visited the

church of St. Paul beyond the Walls (which had been burnt down), he writes, December 4, 1834: 'It is truly sad to see this venerable temple in ruins; but the rebuilding goes on now with great activity, at an immense cost, and already they have completed the wood-work of the transept, which is beautiful, both in regard to the quality of the beams, and the manner of construction. It is a pity such fine roofing will be all covered up when finished, instead of being left open as it was before. The granite columns of the central nave, from Sempione, have been set in their place, and the fragments of the ancient celebrated "paonazzetto" are wisely reserved for inlaying the side pillars of the altars. The Pope is said to be most anxious for the completion of this work, probably in order to perpetuate his name thereby. I visited St. Onofrio, and walked up to the famous oak under which Tasso rested to enjoy the sight of Rome. It was enchanting at this point, the magnificent views brightened by beautiful sunshine, the soft air perfumed by orange-trees loaded with ripe fruit, and the silence uninterrupted save by the murmur of a hidden fountain. I passed there an hour of ecstasy, and coming down went into the church of St. Maria Trastevere, which I had never seen, and which interests us particularly as the church of the Ravennese colony.'

He reached Naples on December 17, and writes:—'Here I have not a soul to speak to, no acquaintance whatever, and it makes me feel rather low in spirits. I dreaded this loneliness, but General Garibaldi encouraged me, saying that to be inured to it is one of the best means of educating one's self for the battle of life.'

His father replied sympathising with him in his solitariness; at the same time he considered it a useful sort of discipline in early youth, because it stimulates a man to exertion and teaches him self-dependence.

Giuseppe now began to arrange his studies, and in Gussone, the botanist, he found more than a professor, a real friend and companion. He also became, as he used afterwards to remember with pleasure, the first pupil of the mineralogist, Leopold Pilla, and studied zoology with young Scacchi, who was afterwards a

noted naturalist, and senator of the kingdom. These two would often pass whole days collecting shells among the rocks and along the shore; they scrambled on the slopes of Vesuvius, and ascended to the crater in search of volcanic minerals; they also botanised all around, and my father brought home with him those scientific collections which we children used to admire in simple wonder at his early achievements. These excursions were physically advantageous, as making him pass so much of his time in the open air, besides what was gained in exact knowledge, usefully supplementing his classical acquirements. In January 1835 he writes: 'Gussone,[1] the professor of botany, is to direct my studies, and will introduce me to the most eminent naturalists in the place. I am going this morning to begin lessons of mineralogy with Leopold Pilla.[2] I don't adhere to the proverb of 'Tempus breve est, coronemus nos rosis.' On the contrary, my time for study is so short that I would rather avoid even the most moderate recreations in order to make the most of these opportunities. Here we are at the last week of the Carnival, which used always to be a merry time at school; but this time I have not kept it at all, and am hoping to have my Carnival in Lent, when the weather will be more favourable for making excursions, in order to realise practically what I have learnt from books. Professor Pilla thinks we may make our first exploration of Vesuvius next Tuesday, if the day be fine.'

Among other letters about this time is the following confidential communication to my grandfather, from Naples, May 1835: 'I must tell you a story which is whispered in this neighbourhood, not spoken aloud, as you will easily understand. You know the picturesque Lake of Licola, one of the royal game preserves for water-fowl, not far from Cuma. Prince Charles of Capua, the superintendent, not satisfied with merely maintaining old rules against the pursuit of game within the

[1] *Gussone* was author of the *Flora Sicula* and other botanical works.

[2] *Pilla*, one of the earliest Italian geologists, was Professor at the University of Pisa. In 1848 he set out at the head of his pupils to join the Army of Independence, and died on the battle-field, shouting 'Viva l'Italia.' My father described him as a youth of great promise, most amiable in temper and manners.

reserve, prohibited any one from gathering flowers there, or even, I believe, from passing through. Not long ago, a poor man was caught in the act of gathering the wild asparagus which abound, and the foresters kept him in custody till they could refer the case to Prince Charles, who at once ordered him to be shot! On the refusal of the keepers to commit murder, he had the unfortunate trespasser tied to a tree, aimed at him, and shot him dead with his own hand! They say that the King, who is good and honest, was incensed beyond expression at his brother's wickedness, and that high words passed between them, ending in the banishment of Carlo from Naples. He certainly did go to Rome, but is said to have returned, and some people believe he has been imprisoned in the fortress of Capua. Any how, there are many different reports, and one knows not which of them may be true, but the main fact of the crime, as related, carries with it a great degree of probability, considering the unbridled temper of the person referred to.'

My father studied geology with much zeal; but as regards agriculture, which was most important to him, he found no opportunity, there being neither experimental garden nor agricultural society in Naples, and it was impossible to learn anything of cultivation in the surrounding Campagna Felice, where people used to depend more upon the natural fertility of the land than on their own efforts. There might have been an opportunity of learning sheep-farming in some parts of the kingdom, but this branch was less suitable to the circumstances of Romagna.

Again he writes: 'I reflect a great deal upon the state of my education and how to plan my next step to the best advantage, allowing for whatever modifications may arise through unforeseen accidents. It seems to me that in order to profit by what I have learnt already, as well as to gain further knowledge (knowledge of the world in the largest sense), I ought to extend my observations somewhat beyond our own country. It would be impossible, of course, for me to become thoroughly conversant with the great European countries; yet I trust you will think it right and reasonable that your son should enlarge his mind by seeing something of them, and as next winter is to be spent away from home according to your intention, I will

ask leave to pass it in one of the chief cities out of Italy. If France should seem to you unsuitable for me in the present state of things, I should very much like to go to Germany, and I think that Vienna would be a desirable place for study and for society, at moderate expense. I don't venture to suggest London, because of the long distance to travel, and the dearness of living there. This request, the result of my reflexions (aided by the opinion of some friends whom you would be sure to esteem if you were acquainted with them), I simply lay before you, and shall be delighted if you think proper to gratify me. I add no entreaties, because your kindness in the past is sufficient assurance that you are ready to consent to my desire, provided it be within reasonable limits in proportion to the anticipated pleasure. If unfortunately you see cause to disapprove, be assured that you will find me always affectionately submissive to your decision, and whatever be your judgment on the subject, I shall be sure to acquiesce cheerfully.'

The request was granted willingly, and Giuseppe started in April 1836, with his father's blessing. He writes from Paris on May 20:

'Our "chargé d'affaires" gave me a ticket of admission to the Chamber of Deputies. Though the sitting was not considered a very noisy one, the President was obliged to have the little bell in his hand constantly! There may be a deal of wisdom among them, but the dignity of France is not apparent.'

'*Paris*, *May* 30.—I went to see M. Mirbel, Professor of Agriculture, at the "Jardin des Plantes," and had a long conversation with him, after which he wrote a note, which he gave me, desiring the keepers to admit me to inspect all parts of the establishment whenever I like during the whole time of my stay in Paris. M. Jussieu had the kindness to accompany me himself to the Gallery of Botany, and afterwards took me to the reserved hot-houses which are never open to the public. When I have finished this letter, I must go to see Professor Richard, who is particularly cordial to me, and on whom I chiefly build my hopes. I have explained to him all that I am anxious about, and he advises me to go on Saturday to Fontainebleau with Jussieu, who takes a score or so of pupils on a botanical ramble.

Let me assure you that I have not an idle moment here; time flies fast, and I must work double tides in order to make the most of it.'

In one of his letters towards the end of June, he describes Alibaud's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, and mentions other circumstances which he had happened to see or hear of at that time.

Soon afterwards, the terrible scourge of cholera, originating in Asia, began its ravages through Europe, and made terrible havoc in Italy. My grandfather dreaded it more for his son than for himself, and wrote in peremptory terms to Giuseppe, telling him on no account to come home during the prevalence of this epidemic. My father found his letter on returning from two days of pleasant recreation at Versailles, and was shocked by the news, blaming himself for having come abroad, and unable to find any peace save in the idea of rejoining his father at home: he will, of course (he says), obey orders, but entreats that the prohibition may be withdrawn. 'Let your blessing be always upon me, and that will be my safeguard for the journey.' 'One never appreciates the happiness of home so much as when far away from it.' After the alarm of cholera had passed away, it was his father who encouraged him to extend his travels into England, and he writes from Dover, August 22, 1836: 'The aspect of this country is new to me, and I now feel that I am a traveller! France did not seem so very different from Italy, but here the houses and everything have another appearance, and I like their strong dark tints. An English fog greeted my arrival, but it has cleared off so that we can now see the sun.'

'*London, August* 24, 1836.—I am delighted with the look of these English cornfields, but cannot yet judge of the crops, as harvest is only beginning in a few of the places through which I passed. To-day I have had my first sight of London.' He did not linger there, and writes three weeks later from Antwerp, saying he had climbed to the top of that wonderful cathedral spire, and visited the tomb of Rubens.

From Antwerp he reached Brussels in about an hour by 'steam-carriage,' and describes with pleasure this new experience. 'Brussels,' says he, 'lately become a capital, is trying

to adorn herself as such. I waited upon our Internunzio, Monsignor Gizzi, and presented my letters of introduction, hoping to learn from him something authentic about the state of Italy, but he could give me no information.'

'*Brussels, September* 18, 1836.—My travels now are truly a pilgrimage from one country to another, trying to ascertain which of them offers me the best opportunity for gaining useful knowledge. I am going to Mons, because there is a large factory in the neighbourhood, of which I should wish to give you some account. As I had not time to visit the great manufacturing places in England, it is the more desirable to see some of them now in Belgium, as this country is making rapid progress in the same lines of industry.'

From Belgium he proceeded by the banks of the Rhine, and on October 2 arrived at Carlsruhe. 'I have not a word of news from home, as the French papers here do not speak of Italy in any way; so I must await your letters with further orders, which you may be assured I will implicitly obey, whatever they may tell me.'

'My slow progress towards home is indeed rather melancholy, with the alternative of being delayed or else of coming back in a time of distress and alarm; but no doubt all will be for the best, and you know I have been taught from childhood that all this life is a troubled journey, and that rest and peace lie beyond it.'

'*Berne, October* 14.—I arrived here last night from a walking expedition into the wilds of Switzerland. At Grindelwald I walked upon the everlasting snow for which that valley is famous, and my fatigues were well rewarded by penetrating into an ice cavern which had only been discovered eight or ten days before. I walked yesterday from Interlaken to Thun, and on hither. This evening, in the light of a lovely sunset, I see arrayed before me those grand mountains among which I have panted and scrambled so hard, for the mere delight of admiring them. I feel like a savage at this moment, with an overgrown head of hair, my chin rough with straggling tufts where the regular beard ought to grow, and my clothes almost ragged. Now to Geneva, say I! and then to Montericco!'

'*Geneva, October* 17.—I am glad you decide for me to return! Truly, a long difficult journey teaches one, better than anything else, to be resigned to the decrees of Providence; for the many dangers that one passes through without injury make one discern the overruling of a Higher Will, and it is pleasant, after taking the reasonable precautions suggested by human prudence, to feel perfectly tranquil, assured that whatever *is* to be, will be (*quel che sarà, sarà*)!

'Unfortunately, M. Candolle is not at Geneva just now, but I hope he may arrive before my departure. I have seen Baron Crud, who has lately returned from Italy.'

'*Geneva, November* 9.—Dearest Father,—Your blessing is always my safeguard! Let me confess to you a strange sensation which comes over me in the prospect of re-crossing these mountains (I write it in confidence, as to my only trusted friend). It is as though they were closing after me, and my youth were left behind there! This idea makes me pensive and inert, and I cannot help looking back regretfully, although there is nothing to detain me here, and everything to lure me on. My greatest desire in reality is to be soon at home again with you, as, indeed, both love and duty call me. You said you would have let me spend another winter abroad if I particularly wished it, but I could not bear to ask such a thing when I know you consider my absence long enough already; and believe me, my dearest father, notwithstanding the melancholy little fancy which momentarily oppressed me, I am longing to be in your arms once more, and to show myself always your most loving and grateful son, who is anxious to be your help and comfort in every possible way. If I had had my choice among all the fathers in the world, I could have found none half so dear and kind as yourself.'

'What a wonderful faculty memory is! by which so many things which were full of pain at the time appear afterwards like joys, and we take pleasure in relating our past dangers and sufferings. Even now, though still under twenty, I have recollections of various kinds to meditate upon, which occupy much of my solitude, even when living in a foreign country, where everything around me is either new or remarkable. I do not

write these inmost meditations, which will abide with me as long as life lasts; but I will put on paper such facts as are apt to be forgotten, and things that belong to the intellect rather than the heart. *Tantum scimus quantum memoriæ mandamus.*' These words, written at nineteen years of age, prefaced the journal which my father kept during his travels, in which were noted, for practical use, the things he had seen, the acquaintances made, and all the new ideas he had acquired, but never anything of criticism on men or manners. It was only in letters to his father that he poured out the fulness of his thoughts and affections.

IV.

In January 1838, Giuseppe Pasolini was sent to Pesaro as Communal Deputy, to convey the respectful greeting of the city of Ravenna to Cardinal Amat on his appointment to be legate of the province. This was my father's first act in the public service. In August of the same year he attended the coronation of the Austrian Emperor at Milan, and writes on September 1 :—

'It was a grand, beautiful sight, though one might feel it something theatrical to see so much antiquated splendour mingled with all the modern surroundings. They will not mention in the newspapers that one of the Emperor's carriage-horses fell near the scaffolding where I was seated, and appeared unwilling to get up again for the moment. I could not exactly see how it happened, but things were soon put to rights, and the procession went on. The crowd was considerable, yet scarcely so great as one might have expected.'

On a bench opposite to my father that day were seated the young ladies of the Imperial College of St. Philip, among whom was that Antonietta Bassi, destined to become five years later the beloved companion of his life. A dark shadow fell upon him about this time, for his father, much weakened in health, went in the spring of 1839 to visit Maria Partiseti at Sant' Arcangelo, and in the midst of her joyful welcome to him he said, as though conscious of his approaching end, 'My dear daughter, do you not see the purpose of my coming to you?' In fact he was already dangerously ill, and he died on June 10,

Giuseppe was carried away in convulsions from his side, and could never bear to return to that chamber where he had witnessed his father's agony. This good father had lived solitary in the widowhood of his heart for many years, diligently occupied in the interests of his native city and province, yet for the sake of his family refusing to go to Rome when called upon to take the office of Minister of Finance. He cared nothing for personal distinction or popularity, and it was natural that such a character should have an abiding influence over that of his son, who in all after life, under many difficult circumstances, used to refer to the paternal example as a guiding light.

V.

In going over the history of my father's youth, one sees that he was naturally of a hot temper, and often inclined to be melancholy. He struggled against these faults, however, and in great measure conquered them by his conscientious endeavours to maintain calmness and good humour under provocation; but these good resolutions did not prevent his feeling and expressing strong indignation when treated with injustice, more especially in cases where he felt bound to defend some helpless person against the tyranny of a powerful oppressor. He had a fiery dispute on one occasion with a Cardinal Legate who had refused to hear his factor's just complaint of injuries unredressed. 'It is impossible for me to keep silence when the authorities not only turn a deaf ear to the solemn appeal for justice, but also violate those decent proprieties which are customary among all civilised persons, whatever be the differences of their social rank. Permit me to remember that your reverence's episcopal throne was formerly occupied by my uncle, the office of Legate by my father; and, though myself unconnected with public employments, I have, through these relations, been accustomed to constant intercourse with personages of the highest birth and dignity, among whom I always found uprightness and courtesy of behaviour corresponding to their elevated position. This last distressing instance to the contrary so profoundly disgusts me that I could never again enter the presence of the Legate unless it were in the way of

duty, as citizen or subject; but since the voice of falsehood and injustice have such easy access to you, it is the more necessary that those of truth and honour should also be heard by your Eminence, whom I consider to have been deceived. I beg pardon for my freedom of expression—the pen runs quickly when inspired by strong conviction, and if I seem to presume too far, let me still hope to be graciously excused by your episcopal and paternal goodness.'

Everybody knows how powerful the Legates used to be, and how little they expected such contradiction; but this prudent Cardinal was so struck by the young man's remonstrances that he did him full justice, and ever afterwards treated him with the greatest esteem and respect.

Notwithstanding my father's high sense of honour, he was by no means subject to those illusions of youth which, by exciting a man's ambition, often carry him on to do great things. He never wished to be a politician, nor to gain popularity, but rather limited his views to the performance of private duties in his family and to his country, in regard to which he always aspired to be irreproachable. Many of his early letters from Naples indicated this as his habitual tone of mind. 'To be, rather than to seem,' was his motto, and surely there could not be a better foundation to build upon.

VI.

Among my father's early friends he counted Alfonso Lamarmora, whom he met as a subaltern of Piedmontese artillery in the little inn at Ostiglia, where he had been sent to buy horses for the army (1836). The two young men took to each other, and passed a long evening in conversation about horses, the army, politics, &c. They met again at Mantua, afterwards at Turin, on occasion of the marriage of Victor Emmanuel, and at the table of Count Cavour in later days; then, after many great events, they were associated in the public service, one as General-in-Command, and the other as Governor of Milan, in 1860.

Gino Capponi was another friend of nearly the same date, and it fell to my father, as President of the Senate, to pronounce his funeral oration nearly forty years afterwards.

VII.

On October 2, 1843, my father married Antonietta Bassi, who 'did him good all the days of her life' (Proverbs xxxi. 12).

My mother, born 1825, was the eldest daughter of Paolo Bassi, of Milan, a good Christian, zealous in religion, learned in mathematics and the fine arts, kindly yet strict in the bringing up of his children, and so thoroughly upright in every relation of life as to be universally respected and beloved. Antonietta, young and simple, was quite ignorant of the ways of the world; but who fears to begin his journey at early dawn? is not the bright certainty of daylight approaching? The young couple spent a little time near the Lake of Geneva, and wintered in Paris, where they enjoyed many opportunities of pleasure and improvement. They attended the Court festivities as well as the private receptions of the royal family of Louis Philippe, but were not hindered from pursuing their favourite studies under the best masters, and many hours were spent by them at the 'Jardin des Plantes,' where my father was admitted by his friends, the Professors, to assist in their re-arrangement of the Herbaria, and other scientific collections. In the spring of 1844 they returned to Italy, and established themselves in their quiet home at Coccolia, where on September 21 their first child was born—the same who now desires to perpetuate the memory of his beloved parents.

CHAPTER III.

PASOLINI AND CARDINAL MASTAI.

Montericco in 1845—Recollections of Cardinal Mastai, Bishop of Imola—Sad condition of Romagna since 1831—Centurions and pontifical volunteers—How Mastai happened to read the works of D'Azeglio and Balbo—His agitation at the predictions of Vincenzo Gioberti—Aspirations, hopes, and dawn of new ideas—Death of Gregory XVI.—The Cardinals dread an insurrection—The people hope for better times—Pasolini signs the memorial addressed to the Conclave by the city of Ravenna—Mastai is elected Pope.

I.

In the following year Giuseppe Pasolini was living quietly with wife and child, occupied with his books and the cultivation of his estates. The then Bishop of Imola was Cardinal Mastai, an old friend, with whom my father became more intimate when he removed from Coccolia after his marriage and came to inhabit Montericco, the ancient villa, near Imola, which he inherited from his mother's family. The Cardinal had a great liking for my father, which increased as he came to see more of his domestic life and of his liberal principles combined with firm religious faith. The general knowledge he had acquired in his travels and by study were very interesting to Mastai, who was never tired of hearing his experiences and opinions on all new subjects, politics included. This led them to discuss together in the most unreserved confidence all sorts of questions, and the Cardinal, a man of candid mind, took much pleasure in these conversations, whether relating to literature and the fine arts, or to horses, farms, and gardens. Having been himself a diplomat, a missionary and preacher of the faith in South America, he had already seen and heard much; he earnestly hoped to see and do much more in years to come. As a zealous guardian of ecclesiastical discipline, he was particularly anxious that the clergy should

set an example of spotless integrity, propriety of manners, and frugal living. In one instance he returned, without tasting it, a beautiful fish sent him by a parish-priest, and remarked that he ought to employ his spare money in helping the poor instead of offering dainties to his Bishop. He was liberal in alms-giving almost beyond his means, and he did his charities unostentatiously without caring for thanks.

He thought the world was going on badly in secular affairs no less than in the Church, and he used to say that those who pay taxes have a right to know about the public expenditure. He wished to put the religious institutions of Imola on a new footing, and to admit some laymen as administrators along with the clericals. His talent for entering into people's private affairs, which was resented by some as evincing a love of gossip, turned out a very useful check upon certain priests, when once they knew that their little indiscretions would reach the ears of the Bishop, who was sure to reprove them, sometimes facetiously, with cutting sarcasm, and they gradually withdrew from the theatres and from lounging idly in the market-places. They were also observed after this to be more attentive in the performance of their sacred functions, and more seemly in dress and manners.

Every act of the Cardinal's proceeded from the sincere desire to do good. He rejoiced in every generous idea, and his heart warmed towards any undertaking which he thought might be adapted to useful and benevolent ends.

But, unfortunately, bad health and the fatigues of mission-work had interrupted for Cardinal Mastai the regular course of study which might have made him a practical man, and he had never found either time or opportunity to obtain correct knowledge of public affairs. I have often heard his character discussed by the Imolese of every different party in politics, and all agreed from their personal observations that the above description of Mastai is true.

II.

The political conversations between my father and the Bishop became more frequent as time advanced. Truly they were very sad times, a shame both to the Government and people.

Romagna was pointed out by all Italy as a land of desolation; but to understand this, we must inquire into the expedients by which the Pope's Government had attempted to insure obedience.

Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary of State, believing the popular movements of 1831 to have concerned only the middle-class population of towns, without sympathy from the nobles (who seemed to stand aloof from them as passive spectators), took it into his head to arm and array the peasantry against the citizens and the landed proprietors. Such was the origin of the 'Centurioni,' who, being safe from the rigour of common law, became as a body an exemplification of the most insolent and overbearing licence and espionage.

D'Azeglio, in his 'Casi di Romagna,' after describing the insolence of the Swiss mercenaries, goes on to say:

'Still worse, in Romagna a set of wretches are maintained, the lowest and worst characters, hardened in debauchery, idleness, and tavern-brawls, who howl out that they are devoted to religion, the Pope, and his Government. With this cry they claim exemption from all restraint, and think themselves authorised to commit every sort of violence against those who profess different opinions. This abominable brood, profiting by the scare of the Government, meet in secret corners to invent, not only conspiracies and defamations, but even acts of "vendetta" and assassination! The citizens and country people of Faenza are divided by a miserable party-feud inherited from old times, and fresh fuel is now added to this hatred by bringing in the name of "Liberals" for the city, and "Papalini" for the country villagers. The suburbs, always abounding in roughs, ready for all sorts of violence, make plenty of work for the detestable "Centurioni," who can provoke, beat, or kill at their pleasure any man dubbed "Liberal, Freemason, or Carbonaro."'

III.

These passages may suffice to show cause for the indignation of Pasolini and Mastai, who had come into Romagna at the very time when these 'Centurioni' were beginning to show their real

colour; and in Imola the wretches were increasing in number and audacity. Their misdeeds found support or indulgence from the Government, whose servants they professed to be; but they soon roused the burning indignation of Bishop Mastai, whose youth had been passed in purely clerical duties, and who could have no sympathy with the unclean school of politics, nor any toleration for violence so contrary to the spirit of Christianity. He simply wondered how the Court of Rome could be so often averse to such reasonable changes as were naturally demanded by the inevitable progress of knowledge and civilisation. One evening in conversation with a noble of Ravenna he said: 'I cannot understand the captiousness of our Government in liking to persecute the rising generation who must needs breathe the air of the present century rather than of the past. It would be so easy to gratify their aspirations and to win their love.' Neither could he understand the opposition to measures of material improvement, such as railways, gas, suspension bridges, and scientific associations. 'There is nothing contrary to theology that I know of in the advancement of science, industry, and art; but then I am no politician, and I may be mistaken.' He had read the 'Casi di Romagna,' and one evening my mother lent him another new book which she had read with pleasure, asking him to favour her with his opinion upon it. It was Cesare Balbo's treatise on the 'Hopes of Italy,' and after reading this he began to think how desirable it would be for Italy and the Church to throw off the weight of foreign domination and to make common cause by uniting every sort of moral and material force in a federation of the Italian States. My mother also lent Mastai the papers of the Italian Academy of Sciences, which had assembled in Milan the preceding year. The Cardinal proposed taking all the volumes home with him to examine them more particularly, and remarked that, gratifying as it was to see Italy so pre-eminent in science, second to none of the most learned European nations, he felt the more grieved that his country should be so far behindhand from a political point of view, and so unhappy through the conflict between governments and provincial factions.

IV.

But the book which chiefly moved Mastai's heart was Vincenzo Gioberti's 'Moral and Civil Supremacy of the Italians,' which my father gave him, and often did he return to Montericco to discuss with him the daring novelties therein contained: for instance, 'Italy is the capital of Europe because Rome is the religious metropolis of the world.' 'That the Pope should naturally be the paramount civil authority in Italy is proved by the nature of things, and by the history of many centuries.' 'The plan of an Italian confederation under the auspices of the Pontiff, if destined to be fruitful, should begin by rooting itself in Rome and in Piedmont, which are the head-quarters of Italian piety and strength.' Again: 'Because the union of Italy should be an idea consecrated by religion, and a fact under guardianship of the country's arms, this movement must have its beginning from the centre of faith and the centre of military force.' 'Everything concurs to indicate the House of Carignano as destined to accomplish this work, to link the Alps with the Apennines, and make of their different races one united people. The nature of the times, the aspirations throughout Europe, the wants of Italy in general, and of Piedmont in particular, combined with the special genius of its royal lineage, all point in the same direction. On the unanimity of Rome and of Turin hangs the fate of Italy.' 'Therefore, brave Prince,' says Gioberti, apostrophising king Charles Albert, 'Italy looks for her liberator to proceed from your race.'

V.

These predictions of the triumph of Christian Rome and of the House of Savoy as the protecting and uniting power in Italy had a great effect on the mind of Mastai, who was further excited by Pasolini's reflection that the Piedmontese author might be a wise philosopher or an imaginative poet; but that in any case disorder could never be irremediable or eternal in this world, and the Almighty would surely one day heal or relieve the woes of Italy. He thought one should never lose courage in the

struggle between good and evil, nor despair either of human virtue or the Divine mercy; and being sanguine, in the ardour of his youth, he confidently hoped for a Church purified from worldly passions, no less than for the triumph of justice and peace throughout Italy. In this sense the worthy Bishop and his friend would converse, taking encouragement from that passage of the Gospel which says, 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled' (Matt. v. 6).

Mastai's whole soul was stirred with fervent zeal for the peace of his country and of the Church of Christ, thinking that he discerned in the dark and stormy present some dawning of peace and light to come. In his enthusiastic moods he would often throw himself from one side to the other of his great arm-chair, repeating Gioberti's words, wondering whether they were prophetic or illusory, gazing at the few pictures in the room, and then fixing his eyes on a portrait almost in front of him, as though he expected from it an answering look to enlighten his perplexity. This picture happened to be a likeness of Victor Amadeus the Third, of Savoy, King of Sardinia.

VI.

About a year after this, on June 1, 1846, Pope Gregory XVI. died at Rome.

The sacred college immediately committed the Government to a quorum of cardinals, who, fearing some disturbance during the interregnum, took active measures to preserve public tranquillity. The roads about Rome were diligently patrolled by armed police, and the greater part of the small pontifical army was assembled in the Legations of Romagna. At that moment, however, there was no need for any vigorous proceedings, as parties were quieted by the hope that the new Pontiff, whoever he might be, would take warning from the bad results of Gregory's rule, and know how to govern his people mildly and well.

The advice of Azeglio in his 'Casi di Romagna,' that they should leave off secret conspiracies, and with straightforward boldness make known their wants and grievances, was begin-

ning to bear fruit, and a first step in this way was made by the cities of Romagna, each transmitting to the cardinals in conclave a memorial expressed in plain and moderate language. This new policy was distinctly opposed to that of the old 'sects,' with which my father never would connect himself; and he, among others, signed the memorial from the city of Ravenna.

A moderate Liberal Government was the universal wish at this time. In this wish Mastai so earnestly joined, that when he set off to the conclave he carried with him the works of Gioberti, the 'Casi di Romagna,' and other books of liberal and enlightened principles, which he intended presenting to the new Pope as helpful guides in the path of truth and wisdom.

When Pasolini went to take leave of him at starting, the Cardinal put him in mind of their long peaceful conversations at Montericco, which had by degrees inspired him with the hope of better things, and of a possible harmony in future between the usages of the Roman see and the advancing aspirations of the people.

At parting, Pasolini said: 'I cannot help uttering, from the depth of my heart, the most earnest hope that your Eminence may be the destined Vicar of Christ, who from the Chair of St. Peter will promulgate with blessing those principles we have so often discussed together: and this will be the answer to our most fervent prayers before God for the welfare of the Church and of hapless Italy.'

There is a story told of a white pigeon perching on Mastai's carriage during his journey, and returning again after being several times driven away. This incident, it is said, made the superstitious crowd shout out joyful predictions of his approaching pontificate. Certain it is that most of the cardinals who had intended voting for some more celebrated member of the sacred college, combined eventually in favour of the devout liberal Bishop of Imola, who was elected Pope on June 16, 1846 (after the conclave had lasted but two days), and took the name of Pius IX.

CHAPTER IV.

PIUS IX.—PASOLINI IN COUNCIL.

First Acts of Pius IX.—Popular desires and opinions—Pasolini is called to Rome and named Councillor of State for Ravenna—Public rejoicings—Popularity of the Pope—First symptoms of disorder—Opening of the Council—Troubles in Rome at the beginning of 1848—Changes in the Council—Pasolini's propositions—Meetings of political men at Pasolini's house.

I.

As Pontiff, Mastai believed himself destined to lead the Church of God to renewed greatness for the consolation and pacification of Italy; and this persuasion became the ruling motive of all his actions, which, whether judicious or otherwise, were at the commencement of his reign always generous and noble.

It is not my purpose to relate the history of those days of bright and ever-increasing hope, when the mild words and the serene and majestic countenance of Pio Nono seemed a happy augury of good times to come.

On July 16, 1846, an amnesty was proclaimed for political offences, and after certain reforms, which were made without sufficient consideration, great rejoicings ensued among the people, although already some few more prudent and thoughtful men began to discern with regret a degree of uncertainty in the purposes of the ruler, who seemed inclined rather to follow public opinion than to lead it.

Public opinion, distinctly expressed by competent men of the best character, intelligence, and cultivation, was strong in favour of liberal reforms, to insure concord between sovereign and people. Such concord they deemed essentially desirable also as the basis for a firm alliance of Italian princes, who should aid one another by moral and material force to drive the Austrians from their territory. The name of Italy was in

every mouth, as the personification of hope and enterprise, culminating in the watchword, *Viva l' Italia*—'Italy for ever!'

But already the Liberals were divided into parties, as Moderates and Radicals, the first of whom intended, without violence, to set on foot a system of representative government, aiming at harmony between prince and people, and wishing for a confederation of Italian princes to make head against Austria; whereas the Radicals looked upon every reform as a mere first step towards many others in the same direction. They kindled the passions of the multitude, as their weapon wherewith to expel the Austrian, and they dreamed of an Italian Republic, one and indivisible. Government was apprehensive of danger from the Radicals, and did not accord full confidence even to the Moderate party, who although called into Council were never consulted, because the Roman Curia did not like lay coadjutors. And here we must keep in mind that the Court of Rome was in all its traditions adverse to the reforming policy of Pius IX., who found himself thwarted continually.

All the acts of clemency and partial reform hitherto effected proceeded entirely from the mild and generous spirit of the Pontiff, who, notwithstanding many difficulties, arising from the timid, suspicious nature of the clerical party, felt himself called by Heaven to fulfil a holy mission of justice and peace.

In the midst of anxieties, uncertainties, and contradictory counsels which were oppressing him on all sides, he often thought of his friend Pasolini, whose honest conversation used to fortify his mind in hopefulness and serenity. Pasolini, a Liberal, but entirely above all suspicion of sympathy with those sects to whom a conscientious ecclesiastic must necessarily be opposed, had naturally much influence over the mind of Mastai, who had already approached as nearly as circumstances permitted to the Moderate party, and often remembered with affection his former neighbour, the young man whose extensive information was employed in aid of agricultural and municipal improvement at Imola, and whose intelligence was educated to the idea of progress and better times. Therefore he felt that Pasolini might be a help to him in the present distressing exigencies, and he called him to Rome.[1]

[1] As evidence of the confidence with which my father was treated by the

Towards the end of March 1847, my father arrived with his family, and was immediately admitted to long conversations with the Pope; but there is very little notice of them in his journal. On April 12 he wrote, 'I was sent for on Tuesday by the Holy Father, who kindly talked to me about the days when he was our bishop at Imola, and the discourses we used to have there. I gather from what he said to me that he really understands the condition of the provinces, and is animated by good courage and hopefulness in his determination to work for their improvement. Since this long audience he stands higher than ever in my opinion, and I could only wish myself capable of taking a more worthy part in response to his conversation. On Friday he again received me and my wife in the most kind and cordial manner.'

Firm in his persuasion that the acts of Government should be subject to approval by the educated portion of the community, even if not actually dependent upon their consent, Pius IX. set himself to plan the formation of a State Council, and consulted Pasolini several times during the fortnight before issuing his edict to that effect. On April 10 it was promulgated, with the signature of Cardinal Gizzi; all the cardinals and prelates being called upon to propose three names to the Pope, out of whom one councillor was to be chosen for each province, and this council was to continue its sittings for two years in Rome, to assist the Government by its advice on all important subjects.

Great demonstrations of joy ensued on the proclamation of the edict, and my father wrote to a friend on April 23 as follows:—'Yesterday the Pope's circular, addressed to the provincial presidents, was published in the city, and a vote of thanks was immediately transmitted in return. From the end of the Corso that afternoon a number of men and boys proceeded in marching order, with a large banner, on which was conspicuously displayed the circular, written in enormous letters.

Pope at this time, I quote the following letter from G. Card. Ferretti, Secretary of State:—'*Rome, October* 1*st*, 1847. (*Private*—for yourself only.) My dear Count,—By order of the Pope I request your opinion in perfect secrecy about the propriety of sending Cardinal Ugolini as Legate. The Holy Father does not know whom else to choose, but would by no means name him in defiance of public opinion, if that were ascertained to be decidedly contrary'

The procession, numbering four or five thousand, came to Monte Cavallo, all armed with torches, a mixed multitude following the torches, which were arranged in military phalanx below the pontifical balconies, with their standard in the middle, and a dense crowd in the piazza loudly applauding. As soon as his Holiness appeared in the balcony, Bengal lights were let off, and illumined the whole place with indescribable tints of red and white; everybody waving torches, hats, or handkerchiefs. At the first words of Benediction, silence was, as usual, unbroken; but very soon a whisper arose when a pigeon, whether by chance or otherwise, flew and wheeled about before the Pope's face. "Emblem of the Holy Spirit!" said some of them. At the close of the Benediction, the crowd dispersed quietly to their homes. I believe what Pius expressed to me, hoping that, despite all present contradictions and difficulties, it is God's will which bears us onwards. The Pope is under no delusion in regard to the gigantic amount of evil with which he has to contend; but, for mighty evils he has devised powerful remedies, and he puts his trust in the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Almighty.

'I know he had before him the plan for a Civic Guard, but am not aware what obstacles have come in the way of it.

'Towards the middle of next month I expect to be again among my trees at Coccolia. The Pope's life is a wonderful example of self-denying activity, and we will hope that his blessing upon us all may tend no less to the discomfiture of the evil influences which hinder his efforts, than to the encouragement of the good, who fortunately are in large preponderance. I cannot trust to paper the circumstances of my last audience, during which he honoured me with a confidence that almost took my breath away. The Pope said to me that it would be impossible for him to recede, even if he wished it; but he felt in his own mind that supposing he had an army of a hundred thousand at his back, this would make no difference in the line of conduct he is prepared to pursue. He thinks more justly than any of those about him, and it is observable that whatever the Pope does not order in a very decided manner is sure to be delayed by all sorts of excuses.'

II.

The bright opening of Mastai's pontificate is well described by Farini in his history:[1] 'The star of Pius IX. then shone with dazzling brilliancy in the calm sky. His subjects never ceased praising him. The Italians set him up as an example to all their princes; the Turks had done homage to him; Protestants spoke of him with more respect than they had formerly evinced to the successor of St. Peter, and Catholics looked forward to the full triumph of the Church. The Holy Father looked with indulgence on their excessive demonstrations of joy and gratitude; for he had observed that since the amnesty there was more respect for sacred things, and in general a greater attention to religious worship; while his heart was also gladdened by the reconciliation of souls with God, as of subjects to their prince.

'There is no doubt that the words of pardon falling upon many softened spirits had solemnised them; and the virtues of piety and benevolence, which shone so brightly before them in the personal example of Christ's Vicar, had helped to reawaken religious sentiments; so that many consciences were calmed and comforted by the benediction of a Pope who was friendly to the progress of Christian civilisation.

'Religion is truly an affection, a sentiment, a need of the heart, rather than a speculation of the intellect; the tide of sorrow or of joy, the influence of a blessed example tend more than many sermons to revive and confirm it.'

My father expressed himself to the same effect on this subject, saying: 'It is impossible to suppose that the voice of one man pronouncing benediction should have power over a crowded multitude to move them to tears, unless they were pervaded by an idea beyond the earthly and material,—an idea which raises them for the moment to a height not often reached by the human soul, and too exalted to be lasting in its fervour.'

The Councillors were elected on October 15: three for Rome, two for Bologna, viz. Antonio Silvani and Marco Minghetti; for Ferrara, Gaetano Recchi; for Forli, Luigi Paolucci; for

[1] *Lo Stato Romano*, by Farini.

Ravenna,[1] Giuseppe Pasolini; twenty-three Councillors in all, with Cardinal Antonelli as President.

Roman affairs looked less favourable a few months later. The frequent 'fêtes' and loud demonstrations which were encouraged by agitators began to give uneasiness to the authorities, who, however, did not like to stop them abruptly. But on June 22 it was decided to forbid them, and at this time fresh disorders broke out in turbulent Romagna, some of their old feuds leading to bloodshed and assassinations. Thence ensued the perils of intervention by the Austrians, who occupied the city of Ferrara, and at the same time there arose an alarm from the 'Sanfedisti' revolutionaries, who hated and vilified all the Pope's measures of reform. The anniversary of the Amnesty became an occasion of riots and arrests; for in those days the popular fancy was heated by suspicions of what they called the 'Greek Conspiracy,' a phantom raised by sectaries for their own ends. Conspiracy there was none; but there were little cliques, full of chatter and wine-shop wisdom, the noisy ones of this class becoming leaders to a dangerous extent in Rome, where many people began to rejoice in the idea of getting a vote for excommunicating the Austrians, who domineered at Ferrara, and who, incensed at the loss of their old predominance in the Peninsula, were always reviling the Pope and the Italians. Popular impatience now rose to such a height that whispers began to circulate against the Pope, accusing him, if not of duplicity, at least of lukewarmness, because of his being slow to fulfil all the promises he was supposed to have made or implied. His authority was being weakened by the restlessness of the Liberals, whose ascendency was such as obliged the Government to take strong measures against the sect of Sanfedisti, and it thus happened that many individuals formerly proscribed became the judges of

[1] Thus described in the 'Album of Deputies,' drawn up in Rome with biographical and statistical notices, and given to the members of the Society of La Speranza:—'*Giuseppe Pasolini*, a young man of high character and public spirit, well informed on social subjects; he loves what is good, and despises unmerited honours; he has travelled much for the sake of studying men and things, and has gained such practical knowledge of the world that he will not easily be deceived; honesty is a necessity of his nature in all relations of life.'

their old persecutors, and had the gratification of condemning them. Many 'Sanfedisti' priests and executives of the obnoxious 'Centurioni' were exiled or imprisoned, the Gregorian Volunteers disbanded, and the Civic Guards everywhere established. The action of Government, having lost its initiative, became subservient to the capricious fancies of the populace, and from day to day there was an observable advance of insubordination and confusion, under the name of liberty.

Things were in this state when my father returned to Rome (October 20, 1847), and had many interviews with the Pope; but, to my extreme regret, we find no notes remaining of the important subjects then discussed. The Radical party were becoming more immoderate in their desires, and the Pope expressed his sense of this to his Councillors at their meeting on November 15, with especial emphasis, finding that several of these agitators had been permitted to enter with them. His words of just censure were afterwards used as a means for exciting the multitude against him.

III.

The year 1848 began with the frightful cry of 'Pius the Ninth, none but he!' (*Viva Pio Nono solo!*), 'Pius the Ninth for ever!' I say frightful, because of the sensation experienced by my mother and many others on hearing it. Until then, the applause bestowed upon all the Pope's sayings and doings had extended to his immediate followers; but this new cry seemed to indicate that the populace thought themselves indulgent in excepting merely the person of the Pontiff from the bitterness with which they regarded the administrators, the laws, and every institution of the State.

The Councillors assisted at the Requiem on January 12, in honour of the Lombards who fell, as may be remembered, under Austrian bayonets in the first week of the year; and my mother, among other Lombards, was present at the solemn ceremony in the Church of San Carlo al Corso. It had been intimated beforehand that the prayers were neither to be interrupted nor followed by any word of politics; but all at once a chair was brought in, upon which mounted a Barnabite friar named

Gavazzi, who disturbed the congregation with loud cries for vengeance, equally unsuitable to his religious garb and to the sad solemnities of the consecrated place. In the midst of such incentives to riot, the only authority that could be looked to for the maintenance of public order in Rome was the Council of State; and, as Farini remarks in his history, 'so few of the members possessed any sound political knowledge, that as a body they were naturally led by the deputies of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, who were better versed in politics than their colleagues.' We find a memorandum of 1848, by which Councillor Pasolini is directed to inquire and report on the following subjects, viz. Administration of the Provincial Hydraulic Works, House-taxes and Direct Taxes, Government arrangements for General Business of the Country, the Condition of the Ports, and the Regulation of Shores and Embankments. My father set himself zealously to his appointed duties, though far from sanguine of good results; because, said he, 'the State Council is neither an advising nor a legislative body, and therefore radically defective.'

No accounts were forthcoming of the Government expenses later than 1834, and the Councillors found great difficulty in procuring the necessary data for their calculation of estimates, which were the object of most patient and minute investigations. My father had made his report upon house property, Minghetti on the lotteries, and Mastai on the public debt, when the turn of political events unfortunately deprived the Council of its best and most active members. They had all shown an excellent example of diligence and conscientiousness in their labours, nor was there any marked difference of politics apparent among them, although it was known that some of their number were more liberally inclined than others. Of the advanced party were Minghetti, Recchi, Pasolini, Simonetti, and Benedetti; less so were Barberini, Vannutelli, Odescalchi, and Monsignor Pacca. Mastai, the Pope's nephew, inclined towards the Liberal side, and Antonelli took a middle course, feeling himself drawn in one direction by his personal circumstances and disposition, and on the other hand impelled forward by the spirit of the times. The leading men of the Council, viz. Recchi, Minghetti, and Paso-

lini,[1] derived great encouragement from the prudent advice of their friend Pellegrino Rossi, French Ambassador at the Roman Court, who never rested from entreating the Pope to grant speedily, and of his own accord, those concessions which, if delayed, were certain to be extorted from him eventually by force. At this time there used to be a daily gathering of friends in our house, D'Azeglio among the number; everyone believing that my father, from his personal intimacy with the Pope, might have unbounded influence for the public good. Towards the close of 1847, Lord Minto arrived from England on his mission of encouragement to loyalty and moderation between people and princes; and I believe that the sight of so many Italians of different characters and opinions thus assembling on friendly terms, without any other motive than the pure love of their country, did much to inspire him with confidence in the destinies of Italy.

[1] Farini, vol. ii. pp. 162, 163.

CHAPTER V.

PIUS IX.— PASOLINI COUNCILLOR.

New troubles—Pasolini joins the new Ministry—The Constitution—Difficulties in the Cabinet—Francesco Lovatelli.

I.

THE news of revolution at Palermo, and the Constitution proclaimed at Naples, caused increasing agitation in Rome. Cardinal Ferretti had already left the Ministry, and was gone as Legate Extraordinary to Ravenna; Cardinal Bofondi having been appointed Secretary of State and President of the Cabinet Council. My father, as soon as he heard of this nomination, wrote to Bofondi, strongly representing to him the need that the Ministry should be united and harmonious in their political views. Seeing that the country was divided by so many factions, 'retrograde,' 'moderate,' and extreme, it became of the utmost importance that Government should adhere to the moderate party. After touching upon some errors of administration, he thus continues: 'I see the Government acting without discretion, and nothing to be depended upon except the Pope's personal good faith. On the other hand, there is an increase of dangerous disturbances leading us in the road to anarchy and foreign invasion, as I remarked to his Holiness before things became so serious. I have since then spoken about them to Cardinal Antonelli and other of my colleagues.' Bofondi, on his arrival in Rome, had long conversations with my father, who earnestly recommended him to take at once some resolute step in the sense of liberal reforms, but firmly to resist by word and deed the disorderly clamour of the multitude; as it was indeed necessary to make reasonable concessions in a straightforward manner, without flattering the populace, or being driven by their

tumultuous will. This was opportune advice, because of its being observed that the Pope had hitherto yielded more to popular demonstrations than to the opinions of his most faithful and devoted counsellors, who often found that measures, proposed by them in vain, were afterwards conceded when the common people applauded and clamoured for them. It was dreadful to contemplate the natural consequence of this weak policy, which encouraged the mob to be always more exacting and insatiable in their desires.

On February 8 a fierce riot occurred. It had been reported that the Ministry refused the application of the Council for a vote of military supplies, and immediately the word 'Treason' began to be whispered in an ominous manner among the assembled mob. The Senator of Rome tried to quiet them by an assurance that the Pope would change his Ministry, to which he received answer that they wanted no ecclesiastics, but laymen, who would be quick and zealous in military preparations to repel the dreaded invasion of the Austrians.

The 'Patria' newspaper of that day said: 'The people call aloud for arms, being roused to excitement by the warlike armaments of Piedmont and Austria. This morning Prince Aldobrandini, Count Pasolini, and the Advocate Benedetti went as a deputation to explain to the Pope the actual position of affairs. Pius IX. replied that in the course of the week he would secularise his Ministry, that he was in treaty with the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the King of Piedmont, and only awaited the consent of Charles Albert to take into his service some Piedmontese officers and put them at the head of the Papal troops. In spite of this answer the mob gathered themselves in a threatening attitude all along the Corso, crying 'Down with the Ministry,' 'Down with the Moderates,' 'Give us Guns,' 'Long live Pio Nono,' 'Only Pio Nono.' This tumult lasted for many hours, and elicited a tranquillising proclamation from the Pope, who assured the citizens that he had made arrangements for increasing the number of laymen in his ministerial Council. The fury of the Roman populace now changed to joy, and on February 10 they walked in orderly procession with banners and tricolour ribbons, headed by the Civic Guard, and followed

by several bands of ecclesiastics from the Piazza del Popolo to the Quirinal. The Pope, greatly touched, appeared on the balcony, spoke to them, and gave them his blessing. He was very ready to proceed to new reforms, but these should have been enacted spontaneously, without appearing to be forced from him by clamour.

II.

Every delay appeared dangerous, and on the 12th there was a modification of the Ministry, Pasolini being named (instead of Cardinal Riario Sforza) to the Department of Commerce, Agriculture, and the Arts, without his own knowledge or consent. On seeing the announcement, his first impulse was to decline the office, though he ultimately accepted it on condition that other laymen were to be his coadjutors. Pasolini's hesitation astonished the Pope, who intended to confer upon him a highly honourable appointment without in any way estimating the immense weight of responsibility it entailed. In the end two other laymen, Francesco Sturbinetti and Don Michele Gaetani, were admitted, the former as Minister of Public Works, the latter as Minister of Police; Mons. Pentini was made Minister of the Interior instead of Mons. Amici; Morichini continued in the Finance Department; Mons. Roberti in that of Justice; Mezzofanti, Public Instruction; Cardinal Bofondi, President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs. In Farini's history, Pasolini is alluded to as a man 'esteemed and beloved for his high principles of honour, his uncommon learning, and temperate Liberal opinions.'

The newspaper 'Patria,' of Florence, February 16, thus writes:—'Three secular members are now admitted to the Cabinet of Pius IX., a fact which is important, because secularism nowadays means Liberalism, and thus the success of Liberal principles will become more solid and assured in proportion to the number of laymen connected with the Roman Government. Count G. Pasolini, formerly "Consultore" for Ravenna, now Minister of Commerce, Arts, and Agriculture, has the privilege of possessing both the friendship of his Holiness, and the confidence of the country. His nomination is univers-

ally approved, and appears to us all a happy augury for those necessary practical improvements which the Pontiff intends to effect in the fundamental laws of the Papal provinces. Pasolini as a Councillor of State has conducted himself admirably; his loyal, generous, liberal spirit, and undeviating integrity of purpose have assured him the sympathy of his colleagues and the esteem of all parties. He will be the political leader of the new Ministry, which is already spoken of as Pasolini's; but he needs none of our encouragement nor advice, for he understands the spirit of the times, the conditions of Italy, and the magnanimous heart of Pius IX., and he will worthily respond to the trust reposed in him. Noble and glorious is the end to which all his efforts will be directed—he will work for it with his whole soul and intellect, and success will surely attend him.'

A Roman correspondent about the same time writes:—'Count Pasolini was distinguished in the Council for his liberality and irreproachable uprightness of principle, his political tact, and conciliatory manners. His character will give a consistent tone to the present Cabinet, and his nomination is universally approved, the more so as the Pope's well-known regard for him gives hope of unlimited benefits from his personal influence.'

'*Rome, February* 14:—Yesterday came news of the Constitution given to Piedmont, and the promises made for Tuscany; you may imagine the joy it produced, and the Pasolini Ministry now see their way clearly, in accordance with the exquisitely good heart of their prince, to open in a peaceful manner the path to Constitutional freedom in the Pontifical States by this new concession.'

Here I must report some of my father's letters, which seem written with reference to these newspaper articles, in order (after seeing how his contemporaries judged of him) that we may know his own view of the times, and of the political action he was induced to take. Writing to Girolamo Rota, he says:—'The "Patria" praises me to an extent far beyond my small merit, and gives a false view of my position, which it is important that I should rectify, so as to stand clear in the eyes of friends whose esteem is valuable to me. I do not complain of the way my

appointment first appeared in the "Official Gazette" without any previous intimation to me, at a time when the agitation between prince and people was so great as to require instant fulfilment of the promises made on the 8th of this month. To accept office under such circumstances, provisionally at least, was no question of politics, but a matter of moral obligation. A politician naturally refuses to enter on official duties in a Cabinet composed of heterogeneous elements, where the predominating influence is contrary to his own opinions; but a man of honour may see it right to endure temporarily the hardship of such a position, sacrificing his personal considerations in order to save the country from fatal discord at a crisis when momentous questions of the State and the Catholic Church are hanging in the balance. Honestly I tell you it was no wish of mine to have a portfolio, nor to give my name to a Ministry which had lent itself to acts of arbitrary imprisonment. I like my friends to know that I hold office just now only from necessity, in compliance with peculiar exigencies, and in the hope of helping to calm these dangerous agitations which, if they were to grow to the point of being revolutionary, would bring untold woes on my country. I am like one of the vanguard, sent forward to slacken fire and make way for the coming conqueror. My politics are these: their object, the Constitution, purely Italian, as is befitting; means to be used, conciliation, through which alone can any good be done by working on the mind of the Pope, who, though he might not at this moment permit the direct action of a laic as I am, may yet be indirectly influenced, like any other man. He, though sometimes alarming from his impulsiveness, and the violent excitement that comes over him at any possible whisper of scepticism in regard to the faith for which he would cheerfully lay down his life, has truly a most tender heart; and whatever the world may say about him, I know that the Pope has suffered terribly from the agitating alternations of hope and disappointment, which have left him no rest. Among the ecclesiastics around him, there are none fit to help him, none who can rise to the height of the great questions now pending, while the country has started to its feet, as one may say, open-mouthed, full of expectation; and if the

Government acts foolishly in a way to threaten the disappointment of their reasonable desires, or even to rouse a suspicion of trifling with them, what in the name of Heaven is to happen next? The worst of it is, that inopportune measures are daily enacted, and I am supposed to be aiding and abetting them. The only thing I could do for my justification was by putting those few words that you know of into the "Official Gazette." It is really too tantalising to see the way of safety without being able to walk in it, and yet to hear people say that one has the power but not the will to do right; to hear all this without being even at liberty to resign, and at the same time to be considered a politician who is supposed to have chosen his position! Is it not an extraordinary fatality?

'I told the Pope yesterday that no Parliament could ever let its power be so circumscribed as ours now is by the vicious circle in which we are moving; for, though he can do acts of personal government independently of his Cabinet, public opinion is necessarily guided by inquiries and discussions, which often lead to ends contrary to those intended, with unseemly results following, such as have lately damaged our consistency. I still hope that the chief question may be solved in a good sense, and yesterday's conversation has encouraged me, for, though there are difficult points, requiring a strong hand cased in velvet to deal with them, everything may come right, if time only be granted us; but we must have patience.

'I have written to you without reserve, knowing you are to be trusted, and I beg you will make use of my letter to let certain friends amend their judgment on the peculiarity of my position. I shall deem myself happy in having contributed, if ever so little, towards the settlement of the most momentous questions, after which I must retire.'

To General Giacinto Collegno he writes:—

'Dear Collegno,—I cannot deny that the "Patria" of to-day has filled my mind with bitterness—a bitterness not unexpected, yet I hoped to have been spared it. My nomination was only made known to me by the "Official Gazette," but I accepted without hesitation, protesting that I did so not as a politician, but as a man bound by moral obligation to his prince and people, who

desired the continuation of his name in the Cabinet, that it might not be entirely a new one. What can I do? All the other ministers may bring forward their plans, and resign if unsuccessful; but I must do nothing more than speak, and speak again. The only thing I have hitherto been able to effect was in hastening the appointment of the Commission which is to pronounce upon the great question of the Constitution. The vote upon the armament will come next, and had I been supported by a Minister at War equal to the present exigencies, with officers of my choice commanding under him, we should have insured such vigorous action as to prevent our vote from being a dead letter, which I fear is now likely to be the case. Meantime, many injudicious things have been done. No one here has any idea of what a minister ought to be, and I am sure you cannot imagine what it is to be one under present circumstances. My only object is to carry out what I am allowed to do, that the country may not have to wait too long in expectation of the great decision, and to exert the utmost energy of my soul and life that it may come out thoroughly Italian. This is the only bright hope remaining in my mind at present, and I wish my friends to know . . . .'

Collegno replies, 'I have read and imparted the contents of your letter to all the sensible, right-thinking people of my acquaintance in Florence, and they understand the loyalty of your sentiments. They appreciate the generous sacrifice of your political career which you have made, in order to diminish the dangers of the present threatening crisis. God is with us and with Pius IX., and Rome will surmount this crisis. You also, my good friend, will have a reward in the approbation of your conscience and the esteem of all honest men.

'There is another part of Italy now exposed to different trials, and it seems as though those victims in Lombardy were to be the holocaust for saving the rest of the Peninsula. But the Lombards cannot be aided unless by public opinion, emphatically pronounced against the recent imperial decrees. You, Italian *par excellence*, and like myself half a Lombard, ought to call the Pope's attention to those decrees, printed in the "Milan Gazette" of February 20, and explain to him the manner in

which they are carried out. Paolo Bassi and Antonio might be brought before the statutory commission as guilty of wishing success to the opponents of the police force, and their children as guilty of resistance if found in the street when the police are pleased to arrest them; all may at once be condemned to death without appeal. If the tocsin sounds, the parish priests are to be responsible. I think that to publish such iniquities should be enough to rouse all public opinion against the Government that permits them; and the Holy Father ought to lead and consecrate this opinion, for has he not invoked the Divine blessing upon Italy? Let him say to his two hundred millions of Catholics that the Lombards are also Catholics and brothers, and let him plead with the united prayers of all his spiritual children for the Lombards, imploring God's pardon for them, if driven into crimes like the Sicilian Vespers. But neither you nor the Pope need to be reminded of our country's wants; and Borromeo, who is always about him, will be sure to speak in behalf of his own family and fellow-citizens. You must understand that this letter is written as a safety-valve (*sfogo*) for the fiery wrath of the Arconati and Collegno, kindled by the dreadful "Gazette" which has just arrived. Continue to me your friendship, and believe me always your attached, G. Collegno.'

'P.S.—Does H. H. know that several passages were quoted from his Encyclical of September 1847, and ordered to be read from the parish pulpits, as though he desired the Lombards to submit blindly to their local police, making Pius IX. appear to be the authoriser and approver of their violent measures?'

III.

On February 19 and 26 my father had long conferences with the Pope, who opened his mind to him, greatly wondering how such sad effects should ensue upon the bright hopes with which his reign began. 'How ungrateful people are!' said he, 'when I have given them an amnesty and so many reforms!' He could not get over his astonishment and grief at finding none of the gratitude he had been led to expect, and which he had so clearly merited.

On March 8, the public mind being further excited by news of the Republic proclaimed in Paris, it was proposed to increase the lay element in the Pope's Ministry, and Pasolini earnestly recommended Marco Minghetti to him as Minister of the Interior; but Pius replied that he wished for councillors who had already struggled and suffered for their country. To all the representations made to him of Minghetti's rare and excellent qualities he objected that he was too young: 'What can he have suffered?' said the Pope? 'How and when can he have experienced the perplexities of political life?' He was inclined to prefer Recchi, as a more mature man who had suffered personal reverses; or even Galletti, on whose gratitude for the amnesty he placed some dependence. Eventually, in compliance with my father's strong recommendations, he consented to intrust Minghetti with the Public Works Department. The new Cabinet stood thus: Antonelli, President; Gaetano Recchi, Minister of the Interior; F. Sturbinetti, of Grace and Justice; Mons. Morichini, of Finance; Minghetti, Public Works; Pasolini, of Commerce; P. Aldobrandini, Minister of the War Department; Cardinal Mezzofanti, of Public Instruction; Giuseppe Galletti, of the Police.

A letter from Farini to my father on February 15, 1848, runs thus: 'Among the many congratulations which you will receive at this time, you must accept those of a sincere friend who rejoices in your nomination, as I do indeed most heartily, knowing how fully you understand the present condition of the country, its needs, and its just desires. I am sure also that you possess that solidity and energy of character which is especially required to make head against the presumptuous demands of one party and the obstinacy of another. If I can be useful to you in any way, do not fail to tell me; for I offer myself with the frankness of a thorough-going friend.'

The Magistracy of Ravenna also addressed a formal letter to his Excellency the Count Giuseppe Pasolini, 'Minister of Commerce, Arts, and Agriculture at Rome,' which I copy, as a specimen of the style and sentiment of those days.

'Excellency:—The honour of being selected by that first of men, whose very name is synonymous with that of Italian regeneration and progress, to be his Minister for Commerce,

Industry, the Fine Arts, and Agriculture, is one which will not be diminished in the course of centuries to come; and we, while congratulating your Excellency in the name of the whole community on the high distinction bestowed upon you, do not fail to recognise in this selection the transcendent mind of Pius IX., whose penetration causes him to discern in you the combination of gifts which such an office demands, recognising your Excellency as the worthy heir to the virtues of your father, Count Pietro Desiderio, formerly Finance Minister in difficult times, and of your uncle, the Archbishop Codronchi, of happy memory, who was Grand Almoner of the kingdom of Italy, revered and loved not only in this city, which was privileged to have him as its pastor, but by all (and they were many, both in France and Italy) who were capable of appreciating the ascendency of his intellect, the steadiness of his religion, and the rare perfection of his virtues. Thence it arises that from the deeds of your ancestors, your own great learning, and the strong affection which you have always felt for the great cause of Italian independence and progress, we derive powerful reasons for good hope of benefit through you to the public; or rather, we may assert our absolute confidence that the exercise of the office intrusted to you will add less to your personal fame than to the honour of the State and the social advancement of the country. With these sentiments, which are those of all our fellow-citizens, we have the honour of signing ourselves, with profound respect, your Excellency's most faithful, humble servants —

'Giulio Rasponi (Gonfaloniere).
Bonifazio Spinto Anziano.
Ippolito Gamba.
Dom. Boccaccini.
Giulio Facchinetti.
G. Monghini.
Girolamo Rasi.

'Ravenna, February 18, 1848.'

Shortly after this, as assistant to G. Recchi, Luigi Carlo Farini da Russi was called to the Home Office. His reputation was that of an eminent physician, who had long been familiar

with the tactics of various sections of Liberals. He wrote to thank my father for his appointment, and Farini's biographer thus relates how it happened: 'In the Cabinet of which Antonelli was President, the Home Minister was G. Recchi, of Ferrara, who being obliged to choose a subordinate, consulted with his colleagues Pasolini and Minghetti, and at their suggestion countersigned a mandate from the Holy Father, appointing Luigi Carlo Farini to that honourable place. When he heard of his nomination he was utterly astonished, and could not imagine how he should have been thought of to fill that position, for which he believed himself very unfitted, from want of practice in duties so entirely different from his accustomed line of study and occupation. A letter from Pasolini at the same time exhorted him to make no delay, but to come immediately to Rome and take up his position there, telling him that the man who had written the Rimini proclamation could have no possible difficulty in becoming the useful right hand of a Cabinet Minister. "If you regret leaving your sick people down there, please to remember that here you are called to an important patient under the name of 'Pontifical Government,' who has at least a hundred times as much need of your services." '

The juncture at which these ministers took office was especially critical, owing to the unbridled predominance of the populace. On March 14, a Constitution was proclaimed, much to the surprise of my father, who could not understand such a novelty in the Pontifical history nor imagine the possibility of a Pope governing under it. The scheme had been long in preparation, but came forth all at once without any opportunity for revision by the ministers who were to be responsible for its being acted upon. When the prince took to himself the prerogative of war or peace, with or without, or even contrary to, the advice of his ministers, and spoke in this sense to the ever turbulent multitude, what was the use of the Ministry? What could they venture to promise or expect? How could they give any assurances on any subject whatever?

IV.

Nevertheless, the Cabinet did its best to give a wide interpretation to the statute, and they might have sent trusty and efficient governors into the provinces but for the inseparable difficulty of excluding the ecclesiastics. Only three laymen were appointed, one of whom was Count Francesco Lovatelli for Ravenna, his native place. He had emigrated from Ravenna in 1843, but after the amnesty he returned home from Algiers with opinions much moderated.

It was said that Pasolini's friendship for him paved the way to his appointment as governor, but whether this be true or otherwise, there certainly existed a great intimacy between them, notwithstanding the remarkable difference of their characters and habits: Lovatelli, an egregious conspirator, and my father utterly averse to all factious movements. Lovatelli, in his early experiences as conspirator, had become acquainted with the most remarkable men of the day, so much so that afterwards, when desiring some favour from Azeglio, whom he did not know, he exclaimed, 'Wonderful! I thought I had conspired with all of them, but never yet with Azeglio!' This Francesco Lovatelli was the most powerful and influential man in the provinces, and had many devoted and obedient admirers. He used to drive a pair of fleet fiery horses all about the villages and towns of Lower Romagna, by turns exciting or checking the political spirit of his countrymen. Women ran to the windows to hear and admire the handsome orator, and all the turbulent rustics would rally around him, while even the best and most moderate of the country party acknowledged his many admirable qualities. He carried with him in fact such an air of sympathetic and beneficent dignity, that the mob were often moved to cry out, 'Hurrah for Count Checco, the King!' My mother used to tell a story of having one day met some poor women coming out of the pine forest bowed down under their heavy faggots of wood. They looked at her dress and said, 'Ah! you have a silk gown; but you know that if Count Checco were king he would give silk gowns to all of us.' This little incident is worth mentioning, to illus-

trate the condition of the lower orders, and Lovatelli's brief supremacy among them, which came to so miserable an end. Many of his letters to my father are before me, written in 1848. Beginning on January 1, at Ravenna, he says: 'On my arrival from Africa, I found this country divided into two factions, both of whom came at once and requested me to lead them. I refused, having absolutely resolved never more to descend into the arena of popular strife. Besides, as our political principles must always keep us on the side of moderate progress, in union with the Government as far as possible, I may assure you of my faithful adherence to this line, and that you may always depend upon my unvarying and effectual support in every respect.'

Again, on February 13:—

'As to the Constitution, or whatever may be decreed resembling it, if our Government do not take up and maintain a strong position, the Constitution will be of no use whatever. I never thought to have pronounced such an opinion, but must now insist upon it, believing that we have 90 per cent. against us this day. For goodness' sake do not yield: keep up a brave heart and cool temper, my dear Pasolini.'

'*Ravenna, March* 1.—I am determined to admit of no anarchy nor disorder in my province, if the means be given me to keep things straight; but you will please remember that at this moment I am here without any military force, while Faenza and Imola are in an alarming state of commotion.'

'*Ravenna, April* 10.—I enclose you a Report which I have drawn up about the state of things at Imola. I beg you to read it, and give me your support, that I may not afterwards be called upon to use repressive measures without some means being furnished me for the purpose. When a governor has no power to do more than admonish and entreat in face of the most shocking violences and crimes, what can the end be?'

'*Imola, April* 28.—I hope to have re-established order in this district for a time at least, if I can manage to send off to Lombardy some sixty factious individuals. If quietness be now maintained by relieving the country of these disturbing spirits, people will recover themselves from the state of intimidation which does so much harm among them; and when once the

Civic Guard have learnt to act vigorously, we shall be able to get rid of the few anarchists who remain. The poor Imolese now think it wonderful that the last ten days have passed without an act of murder; but the troops must not be re-called yet, for any untimely blunder at this moment would undo all the good which seems to have been effected. This district cannot be thoroughly tranquillised, for the voice of sedition which rings through the piazza has its cause and origin in palaces. Although these secret prompters be clever and cunning, I should not despair of catching them out in course of time, were I to remain here long enough; and I should be glad to make examples of them for a salutary warning to others. But there is little hope of doing this, as I must soon go away. I don't wish to hurt your feelings; I know you to be a true man, a friend to the Pope, and before all things an Italian; I therefore freely tell you my opinions, and wish for your corrections if you think them wrong. You will always find me ready to learn the truth.'

On May 22, 1848, Lovatelli writes :—

'I am wild with vexation at the fall of the Ministry, and the new people, with whom I have nothing to do, have totally forgotten Ravenna, as though no such province existed. In the course of a few days this Ministry have done more mischief in the country than could be counteracted by many months of hearty good work. I make no complaint of their having left many important letters of mine unanswered, but I feel utterly disgusted by the change. The worst of it for me is, that they will not transfer me elsewhere, as the late Government intended to have done, and I should be sorry to continue at Ravenna for any length of time.'

This man, who exercised such great influence over the minds of the Romagnuoli, having retired into private life, does not again appear in our biography; but I must mention that he fell by the shot of an assassin on November 29, 1856. What followed?—*Nothing*. The populace were unmoved, the citizens made no stir, friends were absent or afraid, and the murderer escaped.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAY MINISTRY AND WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Pope's army marches to the frontier—Enthusiasm for the War of Independence—Vacillation of Pius IX.—Anxiety of the Ministry—Their remonstrance to the Pope—Papal allocution and dismissal of ministers—Notification on May 1—Anecdotes—Riot at Rome—Letters of Minghetti from the camp of Charles Albert.

I.

When the news of the Revolution at Vienna was published in Rome on March 21 a great tumult arose. The bells rang loud peals. The Austrian colours were hauled down and burnt in the Piazza del Popolo, to the cry of 'Italy, Italy for ever!' The Government publicly reproved this insult in their 'Official Gazette'; but they at once determined to form an army, or executive military corps, and began to enter volunteers, of whom Colonel Ferrari was to be commandant. To the banners of all the Pontifical troops they added the national tricolour; and the Piedmontese General, Giovanni Durando, was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the whole army.

On March 24 all the troops left Rome, Durando setting off by night, with Massimo d' Azeglio and Count Casanova as his aides-de-camp, and Count Pompeo di Campello as General-Inspector. The bands of the Civic Guard and volunteers departed in the night and morning of the 25th and 26th. On the 28th Count Rignon arrived from Turin with news of the Piedmontese army having entered Lombardy, and of the King's proclamation to the Lombards and Venetians. All Rome, intoxicated with joy, rang with the clash of arms and the music of war-like songs. The Pope and the religious congregations presented large gifts for Italy. Cardinals and Roman Princes

gave their horses, and many ladies devoted their jewels to the cause. A country woman sold her hair and contributed the price, while other poor people begged by the wayside for 'Italy.' More than twelve thousand volunteers went out from the States of the Church, among whom were two of the Pope's nephews. There were seen dukes, nobles, citizens, and peasants side by side, joined together in wonderful harmony of ideas and feelings; and the Pope blessed them all as brave defenders of the Roman territory. Every city welcomed them with acclamation, and added to their body, which accomplished more rapidly than could have been expected the march of four hundred miles to Ferrara, where they arrived on April 20. Ever since March 28 the Minister at War had been writing instructions to Durando to carry on his operations in concert with the staff of King Charles Albert; and early in April Monsignor Corboli Bussi came to the king in camp as the Pope's representative, to conclude as soon as might be possible the exact agreements of the Italian League. Events were proceeding rapidly; and the Ministry, aware of the necessity of taking part at the right moment in this war undertaken by Piedmont, used their utmost endeavours to persuade the Pontiff, whom they perceived to be still vacillating and agitated by mysterious scruples. Thence resulted cruel anxieties in the Cabinet, and unbridled impatience among the people, who could understand no reason for these fatal delays.

General Durando reported at this time the extreme ardour of his volunteers to cross the Po, in order to commence offensive operations, and the great difficulty that there was in restraining them. He entreated to be furnished with distinct orders from Pius IX., and strongly represented to the Ministry that they ought to have resigned office rather than come under the slur of failing to support Italy in the war. The Pope answered that he could not decide till after the next news from Piedmont in regard to the League, and that it was necessary to be guided by circumstances.

My father's letter to Farini throws some light on the situation :—

'*Florence, June* 25, 1850.—As to the declaration of war,

about which you inquire, no one remembers more clearly than I do how the Pope, when we explained to him Durando's difficulty in delaying the passage of the Po with his troops, gave answer that he had not decided what to do, that the Ministry must not go out of office, and that we must be guided by circumstances. Moreover, I recollect, after distinctly telling him that the question was not merely that of crossing the river, but of furnishing arms and money, of co-operating honestly in real warfare with cost of human lives, such as no Christian minister could feel justified to enter upon without express command from his lawful sovereign, the Pope desired me to set aside my doubts, and to go on as we were doing. He added that it would be time enough for us to draw back afterwards, in obedience to contrary orders, if he should see fit on consideration to decide against the continuance of warlike operations.'

On receiving Pasolini's letter, Farini entered the fact in his history, thus:—

'One of the Pope's ministers having explained to him that it was not merely a question of crossing the Po, but of taking part in real warfare with cost of human life, and that no Christian minister could assume such heavy responsibility unless by the authorisation of his lawful prince, Pius, in reply, told him to dismiss his doubts, and to be assured that there would be plenty of time to withdraw his troops if he found reason on further consideration to decide against joining in the war.'

The smallest word of encouragement is welcome to those who are nearly driven to despair, and on April 18 Aldobrandini wrote to Durando:—

'I have received your welcome letter of the 14th, and laid it before the Pope. He graciously desires me to reply that you are authorised to adopt whatever measures you judge necessary for the welfare and tranquillity of the Pontifical dominions.'

Could there be anything more explicit? Durando crossed the River Po on April 21, and thus commenced active operations; but this was not enough, for it required an open and formal declaration of hostilities to reassure the minds of the Italians, who, after being stirred up by Pius IX. to an unbounded ardour

of patriotic enthusiasm, now resented his lukewarmness and hesitation in helping them to independence, the supreme object of their desire.

My father's letter to Paolo Bassi, and one which he received from Gabrio Casati, President of the Provisional Government in Milan, will sufficiently illustrate the painful impatience and suspicion which prevailed at this time among the most enlightened Italians.

'Rome, April 18, 1848.

'I at last seize a moment to do what I have been intending for several days, and throw aside my own worries in order to sympathise with your glorious success, joining, as I do most heartily, in the shout of applause which resounds throughout Italy. You triumphed first, and I hope we shall all triumph in the same sense after taking our full share of the struggle. I beg you to give my warmest congratulations to your heroic Casati, in whom my confidence is unbounded. I would not mingle any sad words of doubt with the joyous notes of triumph, yet cannot forbear the heavy thought of what is to come after sheathing the successful sword, when a still more arduous work will press on our minds.—G. Pasolini.'

Casati writes on April 26 from Milan :—

'Paolo Bassi read me a paragraph of your letter to him, but your expressions about me were far too flattering. . . . Your wife told me of the misunderstanding which occurred about the presentation of the address to the Pope, and I think that may easily be put right; but what I anxiously wish for is, to see our Government adopt a more frank, straightforward policy, and that they should be more explicit in their proceedings. This absurdity of being neither at war nor at peace, and letting the troops advance without making a proclamation of hostilities, will make the good cause halt dreadfully! What can the Pope be afraid of? Is it not the cause of humanity, religion, and the Gospel which we are defending? Why should the Pontiff, benevolent, holy, and just man as he is, hesitate to consecrate by his word of authority the righteous cause of Italy? Will he let himself be lulled to sleep by Austria? Heaven forbid! Possibly Lord Minto may work against the Italian movement,

if only to hinder the union of Upper Italy: but his Holiness should not be caught in this snare! I suspect that Monsignor Corboli's instructions are not quite clear, and Monsignor Lucquet, the Nuncio in Switzerland, makes no secret of his belief that we are likely to establish a republic. Here you may discern the Austrian tactics, to sow dissension between Piedmont and Lombardy, in which our enemies had nearly succeeded; the republicans of their own accord abstaining from the manifestation of opinions which might tend to disturbance.

'You are in a position to find out the truth and to keep the Roman Government in a straight line, that the Popedom may not become a new embarrassment for Italy, and an encouragement to her enemies. Pius IX. has hitherto engaged universal sympathy; but if unfortunately in this vital question he were to disappoint the just expectations of his people, oh! what an injury it would be to the very name of Religion! Try to rouse up the Government, and to throw off those little jealousies which impede a real union of the States of Italy. This jealousy has always been our bane, and has been a subject of accusation against the Court of Rome: not that Pius IX. would err in this respect like his predecessors, but without real union we are powerless to resist the foreigner, and I fear that a simple federative alliance will scarcely suffice.—G. Casati.'

II.

So soon as it became known that the Pope was going to discourse upon the War of Independence, his ministers notified to him their apprehension lest he should utter anything at the approaching Consistory which might prejudice the cause of Italy. He answered that his only desire was to quiet the consciences which had been disturbed by the wicked arts of the Church's enemies, who were always at work to excite scandal and dissension.

The Cabinet were now firmly persuaded that a hearty co-operation in the war was our only anchor of safety, and, as their extreme final effort, they combined in a solemn unanimous declaration to the Pontiff that they judged the war to be necessary,

and to be the least of the impending evils. Cardinal Antonelli expressed this opinion even more warmly than his colleagues, and the remonstrance ran thus :—

'The undersigned Ministers, with humble reverence, beg that your Holiness will be pleased to accord your gracious attention to these notes which they have presumed to write regarding the present state of the country and the Government as between peace and war. Let it not be thought that their words are those of pride or presumption, for they are dictated by profound conviction and sense of duty. At the time of the insurrection in Lombardy, when the struggle for Italian independence began, an ardent spirit of nationality was awakened among the inhabitants of the Papal dominions no less than in other parts of the Peninsula. There was an outcry for arms, a gathering of troops everywhere, and an eager movement to set out in aid of those Italians who were already fighting against the foreigner. To bridle this movement, even if desirable, would have been impossible; but your Holiness's Government aimed at the guidance and regulation thereof, by providing leaders, weapons, and rules of conduct. Consequently, the operations which appeared so alarming were carried out in an admirable manner, without the slightest disorder occurring in your dominions; up to which point there is a clear explanation of facts, viz. that the Papal troops and volunteer corps were employed in defence of their own Romagnuolo frontier. This view of affairs, however, fell far short of the public and national sentiment. It failed altogether when the army, having reached our confines, demanded permission to pass onward. It was still possible once more to avoid an explicit declaration of war by intimating the Pope's permission to his generals to take whatever measures they might, under the gravity of the circumstances, deem necessary for the security and welfare of the State; but here it must be candidly admitted that these instructions amounted to nothing less than a substantial authorisation to the generals to cross the Po and enter Lombardy.

'The Ministry could not shut their eyes to a fact which was obvious to the whole country, and they would have been unworthy the confidence of your Holiness had they concealed from your eyes the truth of the situation. Since then, and

repeatedly, the undersigned have, sometimes individually, at other times through the President of the Council, addressed to your Holiness most earnest entreaties that you would deign clearly to enunciate your judgment respecting this war, and the rule of politics to be followed. A plain declaration on these subjects becomes every day more and more necessary for the tranquillity of the country, the dignity of Government, the pressing circumstances of the Ministry and of the army. On this momentous act mainly depends the future of the State and of all Italy. You have at last deigned to give assurance, most Reverend Prince and Father, that your Pontifical word is about to be pronounced, for which we wait with intense anxiety, ready to receive it with devout obedience; but before it be issued, let us have leave to lay before your Holiness the following considerations respecting the duality of your power and dignity, as Head of the Church and Prince of these States; whence it arises that the authority of your decision is founded on two different lines of ideas. As regards the first, your Ministry are deeply moved by the importance of the subject, and of your Holiness's most critical position; but they do not venture to express an opinion on that which is beyond their competence, and in which you can only be guided by inspiration from God and your own conscience.

'But as regards the temporal part, it is our duty to examine every possible solution of the question, and to consider what results are likely to ensue from each of the three possibilities which may be named.

'1. To give a formal consent to your subjects that they may carry on the war; or

'2. To declare distinctly that the war shall not be continued, or

'3. It might be declared that, although desirous of peace, the Roman Government cannot forbid the war.

'In regard to the first course, your Government believe it to be absolutely demanded by the exigencies of the times and the spirit which prevails. They believe it to be the way to establish authority and order, both moral and material, assuming a righteous ascendency over the present state of things, so as to

prepare for efficacious action in the future. The Ministry, although recognising the evil of war, consider it to be at this juncture the least of possible evils, and the only means of restoring to troubled Italy that natural and lasting peace which is the attribute of a justly acquired nationality.

'Again, it is the firm opinion of your Ministry that the second course referred to would produce unlimited evil consequences, and would gravely compromise the temporal dominion of the Holy See; nor could we reflect without a shudder on the reactionary violences which, if not in the capital itself, would in the provinces undoubtedly be excited by a decision entirely opposed to the enthusiasm which now animates our population.

'Referring to the third supposition, viz. that your Holiness might express yourself against the war, but affirm your inability to prevent it! Such a declaration, amplified and formularised, would amount to this: that war, being made without your will and consent, indicates a state of anarchy in the country which your Government is powerless to deal with; and all lawful authority being thus at once annulled, there can be no doubt of all evil results following which might be expected under the second alternative above-mentioned. Italian princes and people would grow cold in the cause of independence, part of the volunteers would return home, the rest would remain uncertain whether to continue the offensive in spite of their prince; and the link of devotion and love which now gathers all hearts round him would disappear, perhaps, for ever. On the other hand, our enemies, always ready with malignant interpretations, would say that there was here a deception in words; for if Government could not hinder the war of anarchy, it should at least use in good faith every means of restraint, but that if, on the contrary, it furnishes arms, men, and ammunition, this shows that the hostilities, however apparently disowned, are secretly approved; and the Pontifical authority would be subject to the same bitter attacks as though you had made the formal declaration of war which your Ministers recommend.

'Finally, under the third supposition, your paid soldiers and volunteers then remaining beyond the Po would be deprived of all the rights of combatants, such as are due to them even in the

most desperate warfare when the preliminaries have been duly declared, and they would be considered assassins or banditti, although substantially the Pope's subjects, under the orders of generals named by him, clothed in his uniform, carrying his flag and the banner of the Cross.

'These considerations are humbly submitted to your Holiness by the undersigned, with reverent obeisance.

	'Antonelli.	Recchi.
'(Signed)	'Minghetti.	Aldobrandini.
	'Simonetti.	Pasolini.
	'Sturbinetti.	Galletti.'

Pius IX. was much affected by this memorial, but did not answer it. His ministers had intimated that they would resign if he declared himself against war, and for that day he made no sign.

In the allocution of April 29, the Pope pronounced, among other words, the following:—

'But, although many may desire that we, along with other princes and peoples of Italy, should make war against the Austrians, we judge it right distinctly to state in this our solemn assembly, that such action is far from our intent, we being, however unworthy, the earthly representative of Him who is the Author of peace and the Lover of concord; and by virtue of our apostolic supremacy we equally embrace all people of every country and nation with the solicitude of our paternal love.'

By this sentence the Pope solemnly made known that he would take no part in aid of the independence of Italy, and his Cabinet the same evening gave in their written resignation, which Antonelli alone excused himself from signing on account of his vow of ecclesiastical obedience.

'Rome, April 29, 1848.

'Your Holiness has spoken as Pontiff to your cardinals in consistory, but you have also a Ministry who are declared to be responsible to the country; and the terms of your allocution oblige them to place their resignation in the hands of their president, to be by him laid at the feet of your supreme Highness. Still, if at this terrible juncture it might be possible to insure the peace of the country and the destiny of your troops and volunteers who are beyond the Po, it is the duty of

the undersigned to intimate to your Holiness that one expedient remains available, viz. that you authorise your Ministers heartily to second the ardour of your subjects for Italian independence by addressing an explicit note to the Minister of Austria, and that you place all the troops under command of Charles Albert, in order that he may employ every means which shall be considered advisable for the desired object.

'RECCHI. SIMONETTI.
'(Signed) 'ALDOBRANDINI. MINGHETTI.
'PASOLINI. STURBINETTI.
'GALLETTI.'

III.

Many people now alive can remember the incidents of those days, among whom, Pantaleoni, physician to the Russian Ambassador Bouteneff in Rome, records that the Austrian Ambassador was heard to exclaim, in allusion to the Pope's expected allocution, 'We have caught him now.'

At that time the offices of the Board of Trade were in the same Palazzo Giustiniani where the Ambassador of Russia resided, and Pantaleoni ran at once to tell Pasolini what he had heard. My father answered that he and his colleagues had already spoken to the Pope, he had read their remonstrance to him, and the Pope, not immediately, but a little while after had said, 'Trust to me!—trust to me! Fear nothing. I do not read you my allocution, because if I did so it might give some colour to the usual accusation against me of being too partial to the secular party, and of ruling ecclesiastical matters in accordance with their opinion.'

'After such expressions as these,' continued my father, 'what more can we do?' He wrote again, however, to the Pope, and then presented himself in person to express still more strongly his anxieties, but received only a repetition of the same answer: 'Fear nothing! Can't you trust me? Don't you already know Pius IX.? You shall be satisfied—no doubt of that.'

These words were said on the 28th, and next day, April 29, the fatal allocution was pronounced in Latin, of such involved

construction that at first no one could understand the sentences. Pantaleoni relates that my father put the paper into his hand without saying a word, that he then sent it to the Club (Circolo Romano) to see what effect it produced on people's minds, but soon perceived that the allocution was far from being understood. An advocate who was there did his best to explain the meaning, but nobody could at once measure its strength and importance. A little later, after many translations and comments, the real intention began to dawn more clearly, and public agitation became general.

We have said that ministers gave in their resignation that evening. 'But why?' said the Pontiff. 'What is the matter?' he repeated, in much distress and astonishment, as he endeavoured to attenuate to himself the significance of his allocution. It is possible that the obscure Latin phraseology (purposely adopted by the secretary) might have drawn him on to say what he did not intend. Ministers declared that it was not for them to pass judgment on the Pontifical utterances, but that the effects resulting from them were such as to make impossible the maintenance of public order, for which they were officially responsible. 'Well,' said the Pope, 'since you Romans do not understand Latin, I must speak Italian. Keep your minds easy, remain at your posts, and to-morrow you may expect to have full satisfaction.'

These words induced the Cabinet to delay their resignation. In the evening of May 1, Pius IX. walked in the Quirinal garden with Recchi and Pasolini, and said to them very quietly, 'You shall see that I am going to satisfy you, and I had better show you my rough copy that there be no more misunderstandings at any rate between us three.' He then sent a servant to bring the proof-sheets from the Quirinal printing-press. The man came back saying, 'They are not ready yet.' On sending a second message, the same answer was returned, and the Pope told him for the third time, 'Go back and say positively that I must have those papers before I move a step further.' The servant went away but did not return, and Recchi then remarked, 'The night is quite dark now, and the air damp. It would be a pity for your Holiness to linger here

and catch cold. No doubt the sheets will say the same thing to-morrow.' On this they separated, but early next morning a notification from the Pope was seen posted up at all the corners of the streets, entirely confirming his allocution. Pasolini and Minghetti drove to the Quirinal before eleven o'clock, and presented irrevocably their resignations. All Rome was already in an uproar. Now, whence came this mighty change? Why had not the proof-sheets been brought to the Pope, according to his orders the night before?

Monsignor Pentini, many years afterwards, at Frascati, in conversation with Pantaleoni, confided to him that he had been desired by Pius IX., on May 1, 1848, to write a notification in favour of the war, expressed in such terms as to satisfy the anxieties of his Liberal Ministry; and in writing this note it was stated that not as Pontiff would he make war for himself with a Catholic country, but as an Italian prince he could not decline the duty of defending his subjects, assisting their just aspirations, and preserving their rights. This distinctly gave it to be understood that he would co-operate in the war for independence, and the Pope had approved of the expressions used, adding with his own hand some verbal corrections at Pentini's request.

Thus corrected, the writing was immediately sent to the private printing-office of the Quirinal; but thither soon afterwards came Cardinal Antonelli, who took it upon him to make important alterations, and issued next morning that fatal proclamation which was posted up in all parts of Rome only to be torn down with violence by the enraged populace. Pentini said that he ran to the printing house, and was just in time to withdraw his own writing, which he carefully preserved; it was found afterwards among Pentini's papers, with the Pope's corrections.[1]

Here I must relate that during the night of April 30, the ministers assembled at the Quirinal had suggested a bold idea, which commended itself to the Pope, viz. that notwithstanding

[1] 'You must have heard of the papers left by Monsignor Pentini,' wrote my father to Minghetti on December 10, 1872. 'I made a first examination of them yesterday, and found the Pope's proclamation, upon our quitting office, written by Pentini, with notes by the Pope himself. This proclamation was never published, but another, too notorious, was substituted for it.'

his allocution, it was still open to him to take a grand and generous part, to the admiration and satisfaction of Italy. Since he had declared it his duty to be the guardian of peace, why should he not proceed to Milan and offer himself as mediator of a pacification based upon the re-vindicated rights of the Italian nationality? Pius IX. acquiesced in this suggestion, and was arranging to make the journey to Milan, attended by Pasolini. Communications consequently were opened on the subject by his orders with a certain Piazzoni, who represented at that time the Provisional Government of Milan; but Piazzoni's replies were so cold and uncertain that the project came to nothing.

The correspondent of the 'Patria' wrote on May 3 from Rome:—

'On the 30th ult. all the city was in an uproar, calling out that the Pope must either send twenty thousand men into Lombardy, or else give up his temporal power. The Municipality has taken possession of all the city gates, and prohibited the cardinals from going out. Della Genga was turned back when he attempted it. Unless the Pope give his consent for war, a Provisional Government will be formed, and the cardinals relegated to Castel Sant' Angelo.'

In a private journal of May 1 it is said:—

'There is a great concourse of people in Piazza Colonna, who refuse to let the post go out, and insist upon reading Cardinal Antonelli's letters. A deputation headed by the Duke di Rignano went to the Quirinal with this demand, which was refused. Minghetti and Pasolini repaired at once to the post-office, and found that one letter had been opened, the courier being still detained in the Piazza del Popolo. After entering their written protest against this outrage, the ministers ordered the immediate departure of the post, and were obeyed.'

Among my father's notes was found the following:—

'*May* 2, 6.30 P.M.—In consequence of his Holiness's attitude, this Ministry is dissolved. It is settled that Count Mamiani and one other remain, if possible, to be the nucleus (*ad interim*) of a new Ministry, and to be president of their council, which should be summoned to-morrow morning. The

intention of the undersigned is to leave their responsibilities to a legally constituted Government of his Holiness.

'PASOLINI.
'(Signed) 'MINGHETTI.
'RECCHI.'

IV.

On quitting office, Pasolini and Minghetti determined to repair to the camp of Charles Albert; but in the night preceding their intended departure, Pasolini hastened to Pantaleoni, whom he waked out of his sleep to consult with him. 'A dreadful doubt torments me which I cannot solve without your help; I had settled to start at daybreak with Minghetti, and my carriage is ready, but it occurs to me now that reports are getting up, and everything is likely to be magnified in a bad sense; might not our departure be represented as a flight indicating cowardice?' 'If you feel this scruple it would be best not to go,' replied Pantaleoni; after another minute's reflexion he continued, 'You are right; don't go away.' Pasolini therefore remained, and was seen in Rome daily for some little time afterwards, during which he visited his old colleague Antonelli, as did also Minghetti and many others, condoling in strongest terms, with irresistible outbursts of grief, on the ruined hopes and cruel disappointment to which the Pope had brought them. 'You are lucky in being able to get off,' Antonelli exclaimed to the secular ex-ministers, 'but look at me!' (pointing to his ecclesiastical dress). 'I take service no more with Pius IX. If he command me as Pontiff, I must obey in canonical allegiance, but as sovereign, he shall not rule over me.' Minghetti, on arrival at Florence, wrote to my father and sealed his letter '*Italiam, Italiam!*' quoted from a well-known passage of Virgil.

'Your comfortable carriage brought me hither all right. I meditated in my journey on all the mournful incidents of the last few days, and felt profoundly discouraged; possibly my departure may be deemed a flight or a treachery, but time will do us justice. I am going straight to the camp of Charles Albert.'

Another letter, on May 14, says:—

'Here I am at the head-quarters of the army, and to-day I

enter upon active service. His Majesty received me graciously, and I offered myself to him as a private soldier; but he has had the goodness to honour me with official rank. So it remains for me to do my best to be worthy of this distinction.

'The King's army is brave and splendid beyond all expectation; his soldiers are animated by a real spirit of patriotism, eager for the fight. At Goito, Pastrengo, and St. Lucia, they have given proof of wonderful courage, and the king is always in advance wherever danger presses. To see his tall thin figure and dark grey complexion, like that of a person seriously ill, but with an eagle eye, walking calm and intrepid amid the enemy's showers of bullets, makes an immense impression upon our soldiers. One might imagine him exercising a magnetic influence on the troops, whatever that may mean; and it puts me in mind of conversations we used to have with Contessa P. on the subject. The military position may be thus described: We have occupied all the heights along the Mincio, and are spreading ourselves out by St. Giustina to Pastrengo, Bussolengo, and as far as the Adige. Peschiera is invested, and our earth-works are nearly finished, in spite of the enemy's artillery harassing us from the fortress. To-morrow, I think, the assault will begin, and there is no doubt of our success. The taking of a stronghold is very different from fighting a pitched battle in the field, which the Austrians avoid to the utmost, intrenching themselves in their fortifications to make more protracted resistance. In regard to the political question, it seems to solve itself in the only reasonable manner, foreshadowing the formation of an Italian kingdom as the permanent bulwark of our independence in the north of Italy. When I think over the events of our ministerial career, they often appear to me like a succession of bad dreams, as the illustrious Cardinal Ferretti would say; but one solitary comfort remains, in the reflexion that our behaviour was always honourable towards prince and people; and it will be approved in days to come by all sane men who love their country.

'Did you see an article dated Rome, May 13, entitled "March Twenty-second," in the Milan newspaper? I know who wrote it, and it moves me less to indignation than to utter contempt.

'Farini is here, and was cordially welcomed, all the more so since Corboli had found no favour, his antiquated formal manners being objected to as Jesuitical. Farini's manner, on the contrary, is frank and open; but to tell you the truth in confidence, I think his frankness excessive, and he seems to me better fitted for legal employment than for diplomacy. (*Il brusque un peu les choses, et il manque du tact nécessaire auprès d'un roi qui est constitutionnel mais toujours roi.*) This to yourself only.

'Gioberti was here for two days, made much of; and, having begun to write confidentially, I must go on to tell you that he finds it difficult to think, after Pio Nono's last allocutions, that the temporal government of the Church can continue to subsist, at least in those provinces which show themselves opposed to priestly rule, and which were not easily reconciled even to the Pope himself. Gioberti seems to foresee that Rome will one day be for a time isolated, and the other parts of the State will govern themselves, or else be incorporated with the kingdom of Italy. Nevertheless, he agrees in our opinion that such a change would be inopportune and highly dangerous at present; nor could it take place during the life of Pius without incurring the charge of ingratitude. Charles Albert said that if ever there should come a time when kings could dispose of provinces at their pleasure, he would feel inclined to give one to the Pope rather than take any away from him! Gioberti has written something about the royal army which is to be printed by our travelling printing-press here, and I will send it you as soon as published. When you write to me address to "Marco Minghetti, Staff Captain, head-quarters of H.M. Charles Albert." In what way letters can come I have no idea, for since the 8th no news has reached me at all, not even a letter from home. Among the most pleasant recollections of my time in Rome is that of our close friendship together, and of so many kindnesses received from yourself and the Countess. I rejoice in having had the opportunity of appreciating your wise discernment, firmness, and undeviating uprightness of mind. I write among a crowd of people making all sorts of noise, and scarcely know what I have written; but Count Martini, who is sent here from the Milan Provisional Government, desires to be remembered to you,

as also Farini; and if you have a week to spare, I would recommend you to run down to us here, for this camp-life is much more delightful than our official experiences! Julius Litta is on service with us, and has already been under fire in General d'Arvillar's affair at St. Lucia. No more paper, so adieu.

'Your affectionate MINGHETTI.'

Minghetti to Pasolini:—

'*Somma Campagna, May* 24.—I accompany the king on his excursions, and have already heard the whistle of cannon-balls; but such was the indifference of those around me that I felt in no way impressed by the sound, so I don't deserve any praise for bravery. You must know that I have two horses, and am always on the move; I have become sleek and black as an Ethiopian, and my small maladies have disappeared—sometimes the remembrances of official life come over me like a nightmare.'

'*Peschiera, June* 20, 1848.—Do you know of the projects which have been devised at Turin against the monastic orders? Charles Albert, a profoundly religious man, is terribly grieved about them, and says he is more than ever resolved to give up politics for good at the end of the war. Such an ending would be worthy of the chivalrous middle ages!'

'*Valeggio, June* 21.—It seems that General Bex with his brigade crossed the Adige this morning. Heaven help him to push on vigorously! "Italy for ever!" As for me,[1] I do not intend to renounce political life, in which I recognise duty to be accomplished, rather than any object of ambition or interest to be aimed at, and it seems only right to persevere so long as one can hope to be of use; but while the war lasts, you see that duty and honour call me to the field. I greatly need to steady my mind by solitary reflexion, but although my leave of absence is extended for several days, it is still under the reservation of holding myself ready at a moment's notice. I therefore keep my portmanteau always packed, and never put off my uniform for fear of a sudden call.'

[1] Bologna, August 28, 1848.

CHAPTER VII.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE HIGH COUNCIL.

Pasolini, Vice-President of the High Council (Alto Consiglio), called to Rome to form a Ministry—He invites Minghetti to return, and recommends Pellegrino Rossi to the Pope—Domestic afflictions—Correspondence with Minghetti—Pasolini's speeches in council—Recchi's opinions—Political confusion in Rome and throughout Italy.

I.

WHILE Minghetti remained with the army, Pasolini was at work in Rome, amidst increasing public disturbances, and was also suffering from severe domestic affliction. He wrote to a friend on May 29:—

'I have accepted my nomination as Senator, *i.e.* member of the High Council, and the electors of Ravenna have intimated to me their regret at being baulked of the pleasure they would have had in voting for me. I also received offers from other constituencies, but preferred to accept the first nomination. You will call this an act of political suicide, but perhaps it is for the best. Cut off as I am from personal ambition and interest, the arena of politics holds me to a life which I feel irksome and even painful, each day of peace being counted a mercy.'

After quitting office, he wished to leave Rome without going too far away, and therefore stopped at Florence, whence he anxiously watched the progress of Roman affairs. They were by no means happy, Count Mamiani holding the reins of Government, but not possessed of the Pope's confidence. 'He was minister, not counsellor,' as Farini says. Farini's letter to my father on June 2 throws some light upon that time:—

'If you come quickly, as I beg of you, it will be most acceptable to the Pope, and more than comforting to me. I need to see my friends and talk openly and fully together, to

unbosom myself, in fact, to the utmost. Do come, dear Pasolini; I am acting Minister of the Interior, the only link, and a very weak one, between prince and people; but this state of things cannot last long. The Pope speaks with affection of you and others of our late colleagues, and seems to wish for your presence in Rome. The Ministry have no intention to prorogue the Chambers at present, but who can foresee what may happen in ten days more? To a casual observer the outlook may seem quiet enough, and the public applaud this tranquillity; but I, who am behind the scenes, cannot help discerning rocks ahead. I have no time to say more, except that in comparison with present troubles and anxieties the past seems to me light and easy.

'*June* 6.—The Chambers have opened peaceably. You will do me a great pleasure by coming hither at once, and the Pope again last night expressed his desire to see you; remember that you are Vice-President. Your affectionate FARINI.'

My father about the same time received a letter from Count Luigi Mastai as follows:—

'Feeling assured that you are now at Florence, I address you this line in order to hasten your return to Rome, on account of imperative circumstances, a ministerial crisis being imminent and absolutely certain. The Pope has been inquiring about you, both of Farini and myself. Do not be alarmed excessively, for the crisis does not arise through any very extraordinary circumstances, only from the personal components of the Cabinet, which certainly cannot stand; as you, who are acquainted with it, must be aware. Yesterday the Chambers opened, and to judge by the coldness of the elections, the scant attendance of deputies, and the utter indifference of the populace, one would say that Constitutional Government seems no more acceptable to us than Christian rites to a Mahometan!'

My father travelled immediately to Rome, leaving his family to follow, and arrived there to find more confusion than ever in the Government, and riotous discontent among the governed. The Pope's irresolution and irascibility had also increased so much in consequence of his dislike to Mamiani, that

he could scarcely have patience to listen to his opinions, however respectfully and delicately worded; his displeased countenance being always evident to this unacceptable minister. Pasolini waited on the Pope, by whom he was graciously received, and again sent for several times, to be consulted in regard to a change of Ministry, for which his Holiness was most anxious. At that time the sincere and hearty confidence of his sovereign, which continued unbroken, made Pasolini the most important and efficient of all his contemporaries in political life, and he was the only layman whom the Pope trusted.

II.

'I have news from Rome,' writes Minghetti (July 8, from Roverbella), 'and rejoice that you are the leader of Liberal, moderate, national opinion. May all success attend your generous efforts! But I cannot help saying (from the little that reaches us here in print) that two facts are discernible, which may have fatal consequences in the future, viz. the inability of the Government to maintain public order, and the want of harmony between the Pope and his ministers. I am resolved to stay and fight along with the army, which seems the most honourable course of action for me at present, and I trust that my letter to the electors will have justified me in the eyes of all who have any sense, that they may not blame me for risking my life in the cause of our country's independence. As for what others may think about me I care not, and fools may croak as they please without disturbing my peace by their abuse. I am not sure whether it be necessary formally to apply to the President of the Chambers; Farini thinks I ought, and if so I would ask you to do it in my name; for which purpose I inclose you my signature on a blank sheet. Write what you think proper under the circumstances. Of course you have now many opportunities of conversation with Rossi, and I envy you this privilege; remember me kindly to him. Here I must stop. Our friendship, dear Pasolini, confirmed by unanimity of feeling and opinion in the midst of the many trials we have passed through, I believe will be lifelong. Your affectionate MINGHETTI.'

While Minghetti was writing the above, Pasolini had written to him on the same day (July 8) as follows :—

'My dear Friend,—The necessity for a change of Ministry becomes daily more evident, and you know that the present Cabinet has never been on a harmonious footing with the Pope. The Chamber is dissatisfied with this state of things, and has latterly given decided evidence of displeasure. His Holiness sent for me to consider who might be the available men at this juncture, and after much private reflexion, I ventured to speak to the most influential of our Deputies. The general vote is for *you*; as even a temporary Ministry composed of entirely new elements would fail to command confidence, and could only give another shock to the country, already so seriously disorganised. I laid before the Pope every supposable combination, but told him that in order to do something reasonable, lasting, and re-assuring, his only course would be to call upon you to determine clearly from the first on what basis the new ministerial policy is to be founded, you yourself to undertake whichever department suits you best (probably the Home Office), and proposing the men with whom you wish to act. The Pope particularly approved of this last suggestion. Now, I believe that you cannot honourably turn a deaf ear to this appeal, which I make a point of keeping as secret as possible thus far; but if it were to transpire at any time that you had failed to respond to such a call, the blame attaching to you would be indelible. The thing must be very distasteful to you; and I, as your friend, am grieved to be the instrument of such vexation. But if you consider on one hand the Pope and all his antecedents, on the other our country's deplorable condition, you are sure to excuse me, and your mind will be settled. I had intended to tell Recchi of the appeal now made to you, but have not done it; so you are left entirely free in the matter. Should you wish to have somebody from Bologna, you can arrange accordingly; and I may say that Bevilacqua, or such-like, would probably be acceptable to the Pope. At any rate you have *carte blanche*, for I insisted upon this point, and thus it stands. Do not delay.

'G. Pasolini.'

Minghetti replied by express :—

'Your letter, just received, has come upon me like a thunderbolt. You who have known by our frequent conversations in Rome, and by our constant correspondence since then, all my thoughts, wishes, and expectations, may well understand how painfully I am affected. I had considered it the great joy of my life to fight with my own hand to the very end of this war, hoping to have nothing further to do with politics; but what you have now said comes so strongly home to my mind that I am ready to face every personal sacrifice if it be a question of usefully serving my country, and though I see that this thing is above my strength, I should still be willing to undertake the task; not single-handed, but in combination with yourself, Simonetti, Recchi, and other mutual friends, to form a new Ministry, as soon as a clear and well-considered programme of politics can be made out for the approval of his Holiness. Of course it would be impossible for me, in answering you thus hastily, to devise the desired programme, nor could I by letter give such minute explanations as would be necessary. I must therefore limit myself to a mere outline of fundamental considerations. As regards internal affairs, let me simply say that there are two necessary things to be done, viz. to re-establish and to keep up the strength of Government for the preservation of public order. I think the concessions already made should suffice to content all sensible persons, at least until the Constituent Assembly of the kingdom of Italy can be established; and my reason for making this reservation is, because I cannot help anticipating that our provinces will before long demand their own institutions similar to what the predicted Assembly shall have granted. This anticipation does not alarm me, however, as I believe that in the Constituent Assembly moderate opinions will prevail, to favour liberty and good order.

'The dark and heavy question in my eyes is that of the war! Why have we stumbled? Because when we wished for war, and had promoted it with all our strength, the Pope deemed fit, as a conscientious duty, solemnly to protest against it! In consequence of his act we drew back, and all Italy knows it. Now, is the mind of his Holiness changed on this subject? Is the allocution still in force? or has it been with

equal solemnity annulled? Can the Ministry oppose Austria openly and freely? and can they efficiently assist the Italian cause? Yes or no? This is the question. If we have to resume the reins of Government under similar conditions to those in which we gave them up on May 1; if we are required to use subterfuges and reservations in carrying out our principles, I would at once answer that my honour and my conscience forbid me to accept. The only other possible solution might be by the Emperor of Austria's acceptance of peace on the terms proposed in his Holiness's letters. I cannot help telling you that the capitulation of Vicenza seemed to me a senseless act, as I told Marchetti in writing to him; nor could anything short of the most distinct reasons persuade me to the contrary.

'I have thus briefly given you the outline of my ideas, and if you still think it possible for us to form a Ministry let me know by express, that I may then start immediately for Rome, and we will set ourselves in earnest to make out the definite programme, and to agree about the men whom we can name for the Pope's approval. For my own part, I should prefer the portfolio of foreign secular affairs. Please to observe, however, that the fact of my having been with the army may be an endless source of bitterness against me, both from Radicals and retrogrades. I knew this when I joined, though a good conscience commanded me to throw off the timid objection, as I only came hither to serve my country. Adieu in haste,

'M. Minghetti.'

My father replied:—

'Rome, July 17, 1848.

'Yesterday morning the express arrived with your answer of the 12th. A great deal has happened since I wrote to you, and things are so seriously aggravated as to make the change of Ministry a more pressing necessity than ever. The Pope has sent for me several times, and I have had many conversations with Mamiani, always endeavouring to have the final resolution delayed until receipt of your answer, which has now come, just as I expected from you. I intimated the substance of it at once to his Holiness, and expressed to him the impossibility of you and your friends taking office unless the war question were

clearly settled; recommending also that it be arranged for Mamiani to continue in the Ministry, assisted by some other more efficient person in his office business. This Cabinet has had to stand against many Parliamentary criticisms for retaining among them several incapable men. The Ministers for War and for Justice come under this reproach, and the Minister of Police has to-day been obliged to retire. The dismissal of the Ministry has been written out, and lies on the Pope's table, dated from the time when he was anxious to modify the department of foreign secular affairs and make it a secondary one; not, in my opinion, a change of any importance except as being inopportune. In the meantime, Mamiani last night was the object of a great ovation in the Piazza di Spagna, and at the same moment arrived couriers from Bologna and Ferrara with news of the Austrian invasion. This morning the Pope sent for me in haste, and said that the question was obviously changed if the facts of Ferrara constituted a real aggression, and that he desired to defend himself. I encouraged him in this sense, entreating him to publish something in correction of former injudicious proclamations, and to call his people to arms in defence of their country. I told him this is the right moment to make war, and if Charles Albert comes to the rescue, his Holiness may well give him active assistance in virtue of a just reciprocity, and of an alliance to be at last established between them. The Pope replied that before deciding he must needs ascertain the truth about Ferrara, and proposed to send somebody there; perhaps Cardinal Ferretti. I asked him to tell me what I should write to you, because it was necessary to give you an answer: and to sum up all, this is the substance! You know well enough the facts of Ferrara, which I doubt not are more than ever warlike. It appears to me that Charles Albert might make offers through you to the Pope, requesting him to promise some definite co-operation, which might be the solid basis of an alliance. You could come and bring this proposition to Rome, upon an understanding with the King that you may remain there and take part in the Government, if it shall appear that you are called to it on your own principles in the interests of your country. In such case you send a messenger to the

camp, but if otherwise you return thither yourself. At present it is impossible to tell which way things may turn. Mamiani says he must resign office as soon as possible, because his colleagues are impracticable, but he is ready to come in again with better men; how to find them is the question! The Pope apparently yields on every point; but in the event of a new Ministry he would wish things different in the secular foreign affairs department. I expressed to his Holiness my fear lest you should arrive too late for any good; he answered that he would give you timely notice. After all, for every reason, it seems that your coming would be far from useless, and I beg you to make haste. It is too late to write more, but you will understand that even were your journey all in vain for the immediate object, it may still help to bring an increase of strength to the Italian cause.—G. PASOLINI.'

A note came to my father next day, desiring he would wait upon the Pope that evening; and similar messages used to be sent him daily at that time, or even several times in the day to his lodging in the Villa Aldobrandini, from which he could come in a few minutes, and enter by a little door at the bottom of the Quirinal garden, without being observed.

III.

As confidant of a Pontiff who was generous and upright, but vacillating in his temper by nature, and more especially so from the difficulties of his complicated position as head of the Church and Prince of a small Italian province, Pasolini could not help foreboding the ruin alike of the Pope and country; neither power seeming to understand what to aim at, nor how to proceed. Resolved, however, with all his heart to work for his country, and for the Prince who had always been zealous for his people's good, although without any clear knowledge of means adapted to that intent, Pasolini, after long meditation upon the misfortunes, necessities, and dangers which were pressing, recommended the Pope to call in Count Pellegrino Rossi of Carrara, an illustrious economist highly esteemed in France, where he had served in the Government of Louis Philippe. He was

then at Rome, living as a private individual; but all the provinces of Italy would have rejoiced to have him for their compatriot. After many hesitations and discussions, the Pope desired Pasolini to speak with Rossi, and send him to the Quirinal. The secretary's note conveying this message to Pasolini was as follows:—

'You are requested to speak to the person in question, in the name of our Superior, and tell him to present himself to the said Superior at six o'clock. This is enough for me to notify. With much respect and esteem, 'Your humble servant,

'G. Stella.'

Evidently the proposal had been approved by the Pontiff; it pleased the Deputies, to whom my father communicated it, and satisfied those friends at a distance to whom he wrote on the subject.

Recchi wrote to him on July 29:—

'Your advice was wise in referring to Rossi, who has certainly the best head for politics to be found in Italy. Any country might rejoice to have him among its statesmen, and if we do not secure his services, he is sure to be engaged for Tuscany, whenever he appears there. Had I felt at liberty to join the Ministry, I should be proud of having him for our chief, and I should be more proud of being chosen by him than of being appointed by any king in the world! But such is the confusion at this moment among high and low, so unbridled is the licentiousness of slander against the best men, that a printed libel has appeared asserting Rossi to be an emigrant renegade who was under sentence of death in his own country twenty-two years ago! Truly, while such outrageous lies are propagated, I cannot see the possibility of coming to a good end.'

I do not pretend to write the history of Italy at this juncture. Yet it is necessary the reader should bear it in mind, that he may be able to understand how opportune was the benefit of bringing Rossi into the Government. Already were the hopes of Italy somewhat damped by the unhappy incidents of the war between Piedmont and Austria, while the armistice and the mediation set on foot by the Powers made it still more necessary

that the reins of Government should be in the hands of a man well versed in diplomacy, honoured also throughout Europe for his wisdom and well-known love of order.

I have heard my father say, with reference to Pellegrino Rossi's task of forming a Ministry, that he had three great difficulties to encounter at the outset: first, that of having a Protestant wife, which might be thought an objection against the Pope's minister; next, that he was a member of the French Academy, and for this reason he requested that his nomination might be made by an autograph letter from the Pope; 'for if it be written with the Pope's own hand,' said he, 'nobody can cavil about it.' Lastly, Rossi put the Pope in mind that some of his writings had been put on the Index. 'That is of no consequence,' answered Pius IX. Rossi, who constantly frequented our house at that time, was persuaded by the Pope and my father to take office, though almost against his will; being, as he said, little accustomed to do business with Italians. He desired that the law should no longer be a dead letter, but rather the basis of political and social life. He wished to restrain both republicans and 'Sanfedisti,' to abolish privileges and monopolies, to maintain a wise and liberal financial economy for the profit of the State; to make a league with Tuscany and Piedmont, possibly also with the unstable Government of Naples; to settle at once the vexed question of war or peace, and decide what proportion the Pope should contribute to the military force of the League. Rossi desired to have Pasolini and his chief friends as colleagues, and would not accept my father's reasons for declining to enter the Ministry, but made a special point of having him at whatever cost. My father at last consented to give his name, but told Rossi that it was unfortunately impossible then to promise him any personal cooperation.

As my father's biographer, it is not within my scope to write a history, and I must interrupt the narrative of Roman affairs in which he took so important a part in order to relate the events of his private life, which seriously affected him; since it is only by entering into these that I can measure or describe the sacrifice he had made in continuing up to the present point his indefatigable devotion to political work.

IV.

On being recalled to Rome, my father had unwillingly taken his family there in the summer, when most people are going into the country; and hoping to have good air for them on the hill with a large shady garden, he took up his abode in Prince Aldobrandini's villa near the Quirinal. The result, however, defeated all his paternal precautions, though he had used the utmost care and consideration. His two elder children were taken ill, and the baby only remained thriving; but its nurse was prostrated by malignant fever which brought her soon to death's door. My mother struggled on under this dreadful affliction, but gave signs of sinking, and my father, worn with all sorts of anxiety, was also reduced to a state of great physical weakness, consequent upon distress of mind. Those were miserable days to him, when he would be suddenly called from his child's bedside by a messenger from the Pope, who wanted him immediately. He obeyed of course, and would spend an hour at the Quirinal talking about things, trying to forget his domestic affliction for a time; then run back to his dear invalids, and perhaps had scarcely looked at them before another hasty call from the Pope would interrupt him. At every return home he found things worse, all three children now ill, their mother in deepest distress, and the nurse dying. I can just remember this good creature, who was a simple peasant of Romagna, 'Stella' by name, tall, with dark hair, and beautiful soft black eyes, much loved in the family; and I have heard her spoken of as being one of those gentle and noble characters, refined not by education, but by nature, such as are sometimes met with among our Romagnolo people. She said to the friends who tenderly watched over her at the last, 'But why did we come to this place where people get ill and die? Why did we leave our beautiful Romagna, where God had given my master so much land, and where the children were always blooming like the flowers?' It would sometimes cross my father's mind that the words of this poor peasant were wiser in their way than all the discourses of statesmen or philosophers, and that Heaven was admonishing him by the voice of the dying woman! He then

called God to witness that not from any ambitious motive had he entered into politics, but solely from a sentiment of duty, which had also induced him to bring his dear ones to Rome with him. Now alas! he wished he had remained a hundred miles distant, among his own quiet fields.

Those conferences with the Pope were also seriously distressing. Pius, indeed, had not deserved the misfortunes which weighed upon him, but he had no adequate conception of causes and consequences, and while constant in his desire to do right, he continually mistook the small and now uncertain means which remained to him. Thinking himself surrounded by distrustful and ungrateful men, he began to distrust everybody and everything; and thus, weary and disappointed with the world which he had not been able to ameliorate as he desired, his distress found no relief save in quiet meditations on heaven. Neither goodwill nor human wisdom could restore tranquillity to the unhappy mind of Pius when, as an anchor of safety, he accepted Pasolini's advice and called Pellegrino Rossi to the rescue. On July 23, the Pope's secretary was commanded to write as follows:—

'To Count Pasolini,—The Holy Father is persuaded that your lordship will be a member of his Cabinet, and he sends you his Apostolic benediction, wishing to comfort you under your domestic sorrow.—G. Stella.'

To this note my father answered:—'Monsignor,—Yesterday my invalids became worse, and from what our doctors say it appears that a prolongation of the present sad conditions is the least of the evils to be apprehended. My spirit, I confess, is quite prostrated by my wife's afflicted state and my own weakness. In days gone by I made every exertion to serve the Holy Father, who knows that I never hesitated in my obedience even under the most difficult circumstances; but now that I am no longer master of even the small degree of mental strength which used to be at his disposal before my mind was preoccupied as at present, it would be unjust to his Holiness, the country, and myself, were I to accept a responsibility which is above my powers. Will you have the goodness to intimate my

humble sentiments to the Holy Father, and beg him, who is always so kind, not to add to my agony of domestic grief.' This was written in the evening, and my father sat up all that night, seeing the infant almost in extremity, and her nurse already passing away. The Pope again sent for him, and he went next morning; but no explanations were needed, as his looks sufficed to tell the Pope that his faithful friend was overwhelmed, and that nothing short of unbounded devotion to him could have constrained the suffering man to enter his presence. My father told the Pope of his distresses at home, and he prayed God to strengthen him for his duties as father of the family; he alluded to his coming to Rome, resolved to do all that was in him to serve his Prince and his country, but the hand of God was upon him. 'Ah! do you think I did not know how much rather you would have remained at your Coccolia?' said the Pope, with warmth of grateful feeling; and in tender sympathy he abstained that day from speaking any word of politics. Several years afterwards, in a letter to Count Mastai, my father wrote, 'When I proposed Pellegrino Rossi, and he found difficulty in choosing his colleagues, it was impossible to make him understand that I was obliged to decline office. He went to the Pope, who then wrote desiring me to accept, and called me to his presence; I respectfully informed him of my family troubles, and said that being utterly worn out by fatigue and distress, I felt it necessary to retire. The Pope rose up in great emotion, laid both his hands on my shoulders and said, "Go in peace. May God grant you at least a little repose!"' Our young nurse was dead; and after two more days of agonising anxiety, the baby also expired. Much sympathy was shown to the bereaved parents, and at the funeral numbers of people assembled on the Quirinal Piazza, along with the children of the Orphanage and public schools, to attend the remains to their resting-place in the tomb inherited from the Enriquez in the church of S. Maria della Minerva.

V.

I have no more details to give of this sad time, the most miserable days of his life, as my father called them, nor could

he ever after allude with calmness to the misfortunes of his sojourn in Rome. He lamented over his little daughter in writing to a friend: 'Poor darling! she had scarcely opened her eyes to the daylight, and now is gone from it! You may fancy our agony in the parting; but "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be His holy Name!" Alas! for my poor wife.'

To Marco Minghetti (Staff Captain at head-quarters of Charles Albert) he wrote from Rome, August 2:—

'I received your letter of July 8, but delayed answering because I had hoped to tell you the result of the deliberations alluded to in my former despatches by express, and since then a dreadful visitation of sorrow has overwhelmed me. Our youngest child's nurse was taken ill, and died in the house; the dear baby herself shortly afterwards expired in my arms. It may be that to you, in the midst of deaths on the battle-field, it is scarcely possible to realise our extreme grief for two such losses; a soldier's death gives one such a different impression from what is felt at the slow destruction of life in the family! You can imagine my poor wife's distress, and in the midst of it we had constant calls from the Pope, obliging me to think and speak of politics, sorely against the grain! It would do no good to describe those useless conversations, which you may guess at sufficiently from what I last wrote, nor need I allude to the numerous questions which must continue insolvable so long as persons are considered rather than principles, and illusions are sought for rather than facts. At last in despair, unwilling to desert either the Pope or the country, both of whom seem on the road to ruin, I proposed to him to call in Count Rossi, and the proposition was well received by all parties, including seventy members of Parliament, who were strongly in favour of it. These were all agreed with regard to the secular foreign affairs department that it be abolished, and the Articles of War be made out afresh by Rossi for the Pope's approval. I added, by common consent, a few phrases adapted to satisfy the Chambers and the country on this particular point, but I begged to be excused from any personal part in the combination because of my domestic circumstances.

Rossi, however, persisted in making a *sine quâ non* of my adhesion, and after having refused as long as possible, I was obliged to consent that he should make use of my name, but give me a month's leave of absence, and in the meantime appoint a deputy to do the work, who might, as I thought, become eventually permanent in office as substitute or successor. Rossi and I were very nearly sending for you, and we also intended to have summoned Recchi to consultation, but it seemed that the country could not wait long enough. You were to be named for the Finance Department, Rossi being ready to take either that or the Home Office, and it was decided to do nothing in regard to the Trade and Public Works Offices until after hearing from Recchi whether he would undertake the former of them. I spare you further details, and how this ended I know not, only that on the first glance at Rossi's paper the Pope found fault with my phrases, and Rossi found him less amenable to the war policy than he had been the previous day. Then your last express reached me, and I sent it immediately to Rossi, with a note telling him to judge for himself whether you were likely to accept or not. I thought not. My door was afterwards shut against everybody, because of two deaths in the house, and I heard nothing more except that Rossi had gone to Frascati, and that the Ministry was dissolved. Again, I heard that they will remain under modifications, and another contradiction followed, but I remain aloof from it all in the most complete retirement. I had not for some time attended the councils, though they were rather enjoyable, like a passage-at-arms; but it became too vexatious to see one's own speeches, poor enough at the best, made worse by blundered reports, nor could I spend half my day at the printing-house to correct them. What may happen now I cannot imagine! Yesterday's news from the camp produced some excitement, and there was a very slight demonstration got up when the Chambers transmitted their message to the Pope about reinforcements for the war. How vexatious it is that Rossi should have been absent! Unless superior men come to the front there will be nothing short of ruin to the country, for everything is going down-hill, and even if we put

our utmost strength into the war we are too weak to do much good until our means of warfare be thoroughly reorganised. Campello has succeeded Dina—there is no Minister of Finance, and the man who provisionally held that portfolio has failed us. Incapacity and disorder reign supreme. I shall take no step about getting your leave of absence from the Chamber without further orders from yourself. Most of them regret that you are not here, but after feeling my way a little I find it best to keep silence about you unless to defend you when attacked. Even then I fear my words do no good. Adieu, my dear friend! There is nothing here but sadness and discouragement, especially for me with my family dying, the country going to ruin, and the climate most unwholesome; my house has never been clear of illness since we returned. Think of us sometimes; we send you kind regards.—G. P.'

Minghetti replies (without date) :—

'My dear Friend,—I must begin by condoling with you on your family affliction, of which I heard from the Countess's father in Milan, when we were in the midst of those dreadful outrages which caused such grief and scandal to all honest men. On these I forbear to enter, as the newspapers will have sufficiently informed you. The King was brave and loyal as ever, and the army, fighting single-handed against Austria and Germany combined, showed no want of courage and endurance, although their brave conduct was neutralised one way or another by vacillation and incapacity; those two fatal causes of boundless evils to mankind! What, in God's name, did the other powers of Italy do to help them? Nothing, except to crown themselves with flowers, dancing, singing, spouting, and calling each other "sublime," "valorous," "invincible"! Your last *fêtes* in Rome, when the legion returned, gave me the impression of a shameful carousal, while nearly ten thousand Piedmontese were lying on the battle-field without any voices of lamentation sounding for them! I have no words for such Governments as those which lavished honours and rewards, but never contributed a hand to the cause. Discord, presumption, and licence have of late gone rapidly ahead, and the daily papers are a continual evidence of our disgrace.

'What of the people? the nation? It does not yet exist in Italy, politically speaking at least, and there is no sentiment of nationality except among the cultivated classes. The greater part are indifferent, and tolerant of foreign dominion because it procures them quietness, even the quietness of the tomb! I promised not to write bitterness, yet must permit myself this indulgence in confidence with a true friend. God grant us sense to act more wisely in the future! But the future, who can even guess at it? I hear to-day from head-quarters that the King is making every effort to increase and organise his army, hoping to have a hundred thousand men ready for action at the expiration of the armistice; but I am far from believing in the prosecution of this war, and to tell you the truth I fear it will end with the *status quo*, or at best a Constitution, to guarantee in some way to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom an autonomy, after the manner of Hungary! I do not despair of the Italian cause, which is too holy to be forsaken by Providence, and if past errors be retrieved we may go forward a few years hence with more vigour than ever. Even these unfortunate events cannot fail to sow such seed among us as will bring forth fruit by-and-by. If the war goes on I shall remain at my post, believing it my duty not to withdraw at the moment of reverses and perils; but in the meantime I am on leave for a few days to visit my family, and this is how I happen to be at Bologna. Supposing peace to be made and likely to continue, I shall resign, though with much regret, as I enjoy military life. In the army you learn the primary lesson of obedience, which is a great thing in these times of turbulence and intemperate opinions; besides which, war affords the largest and most instructive range of human experience.

'Now, to speak of Bologna: the resistance and expulsion of the Austrians makes a fine honourable page in our history, but the city is at present in critical circumstances. Offensive weapons are in the hands of the populace, who know not their own power; the Civic Guard is disorganised, and there are no regular troops; for you would blush to call by that name those few disorderly companies who are more apt to create than to quell a riot, and we find no men apparently capable of taking

the lead. There is very little money, but the citizens keep quiet, and go on paying two pauls a day to each man. How can this last? and what is to happen when they can pay no more bounty money? Meanwhile, in Rome our existence seems forgotten, and the newspapers have named Amat as our commissary extraordinary. Amat tells me he has received no official letter, but that a despatch reached him by some curious mistake, with orders to refer the affairs of his office to "Cardinal Amat." This is the way of doing business nowadays! What a Babylon it is! Possibly I may mistake facts, or judge of them wrongly, but it seems to me that for the last three months nothing has been done except to confuse the tangled skein worse and worse. You will think, dear friend, that I am in bad humour, and see things in their darkest colours, but indeed I have not said half what I might have said; and if we go on to speak of all Europe, what shall we not say? In this crisis, which cannot soon pass away, and of which no one can foresee the end, when religion and morals are cast to the winds, political faith obsolete, nations steeped in debt, the wants being in all cases above the means of satisfying them, intellectual licentiousness goes unbridled, always bringing forth new and monstrous doctrines. But I must not run on in such a desponding tone—pray burn this horrid scrawl. I had come here to rest for a few days and refresh my spirit by quiet meditation, instead of which I find things in such a state that, although I cannot officially interfere with them, I have not the heart to go away again. Your answer is sure to find me still here, if you send it speedily. By Montanari I sent you word about Giulio Litta, whose health has been very good. He narrowly escaped with his life, and has gained the medal for bravery in the field. As for myself, I am pretty well, and have borne fatigue and hardships better than could have been expected; in fact I did my duty with zeal and diligence, which procured me the rank of Major. From what I hear it would seem that all which was written about me in the "Bologna Gazette" is mere fable, which I should desire to contradict if I did not know how soon these things are forgotten. After all, the present moment would be inopportune for bringing one's self into the newspapers. The operations on the

23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th were very serious, and full of wonderful incidents. Giulio Litta was often with us at that time, and I will tell you all about it next time we are together (perhaps at Coccolia). The action before Milan was also a sharp one; but more of that hereafter. Remember me kindly to your wife, and I trust that in the love of her two remaining children she may be comforted for the loss of the dear little one. I don't write often, but, you see, my letters, when they begin, seem endless.

'Your lifelong friend, M. MINGHETTI.'

'P.S.—I had great pleasure in seeing Recchi at Florence; he gave me anything but a bright description of Roman affairs, and I am afraid he is right. Remember me to Farini. I was much surprised at what you wrote to me about Rossi. Should you have occasion to see his Holiness, assure him of my heartfelt devotion. Here and throughout Romagna heavy accusations are thrown out against him. I firmly believe in the purity of his intentions, although, alas! his indecision has done dreadful harm to Italy. There was a moment when Pius IX. had before him the most beautiful of all good works to accomplish! He might have restored religion, regulated liberty, and pacificated Europe; but that moment has gone by, never to return, and the Pope's temporal power is once more considered pernicious, in Machiavelli's sense. But I must have done; this letter is a medley, written at random.—Adieu, M. M.'

VI.

Farini, in his History, says that Pasolini's speeches were characterised by elegant facility, and in the reports of the High Council many of them are extant, dating as late as July 1848, when he took an important share in the discussions. I will only quote part of his discourse on the regulations respecting the 'manner of giving votes,' which came under discussion June 28:—

'Is it just, is it honest that those who argue in public should vote in secret? Does it not imply something disloyal or ungenerous to go out of sight in this way? The right of speech

which we have is not only a right, but a duty from which we cannot always excuse ourselves, and it passes my conception that any man who has been explaining his opinions publicly should retire out of view to act upon them. What becomes then of the necessary equality at the council-table, when some councillors must profess their opinions and others may hide them? In order that our discussion be thoroughly fair and open, as befits those who seek only for truth, I would inquire what is the characteristic essential effect of public voting? Is it not that of making the voters amenable to public opinion? Some might say then that the vote is no longer free; but I reply that it is perfectly free, as much so as any other human action, though subject to criticism. What are the questions debated in this place? Do they not concern the fate, the fortunes, the life of the nation? or, shortly to express it, the public weal? Now, nothing conduces more to the public good than a real public opinion, by which malversation and falsehood are always condemned, faithfulness and honesty approved. Honourable members need not have any fear of this public opinion being stifled by the intrigues of a few, for that would be against nature; and in the ordinary affairs which we are considering such deceptions could not be of long duration. The appeal to public opinion tends rather to silence empty clamour, and to give men courage, strength, and perseverance, since candour of opinion obtains even the respect of the opposition; and to have the courage of one's opinions is often a greater virtue than that of military valour. I therefore believe that all deliberative assemblies who publicly discuss ought publicly to vote. We hear praise given to our council for preserving order in the country with mildness and discretion; but do you think that the constitutional freedom which we are bound to maintain could stand this uncertain mixture of light and darkness, alternate publicity and mystery? It will be said that to enjoy the full benefits of liberty, a people must have reached maturity, the maturity probably of virtue and morality; but if this morality does not take root in the higher orders of the State for an example to society, where can we expect to find it? If it be not in us to set the example of civil courage and virtue, we

are not worthy to sit in this place where our rights are inseparably combined with duty. I find a difficulty sometimes alleged by people who tell me we ought to move on gradually with liberal institutions, not by "leaps and bounds." True, there is an immense distance between absolute monarchy and constitutional government, as I am well aware; but I fail to see, when constitutional government has been once established, why it should not be made consistent in all its parts. I should think it a spasmodic effort to combine the tactics of an obsolete *régime* with the modern conditions of freedom, or to combine public speech with secret voting, but not so to associate duty with rights, and morality with justice. I fear that some persons may be suffering from a suspicion lest our proposition imply one of those exaggerations of an abstract idea, attributed to what has been called in this Chamber the "young" party (Young Italy); but it is not so. On the contrary, I assure you, gentlemen, that I only hold to the legitimate results of that Liberalism which has given us our constitutional freedom, and which we must preserve; that Liberalism which, apart from all exaggerations, ambition, or covetousness, has no other object than the welfare of our country. This Liberalism we have professed in the past, we profess it now, and we always will!'[1]

The debate continued, but Pasolini's generous views appeared to the majority too liberal, and were rejected by 15 votes against 11.

His old colleague Recchi wrote to him from Ferrara, July 16:—

'I have read your speeches in Council, and entirely agree with you—one must be blind indeed not to see the right as you have put it! So much the worse for the "Alto Consiglio"! I admire you for working so indefatigably at public affairs, notwithstanding such numerous difficulties and disappointments; in this you stand alone, for I did not attempt it. Minghetti is become quite a soldier. He writes and tells me to study Polybius, Cæsar, &c. &c.'

Again, Recchi, from Florence, August 11, writes:—

'You may be sure that amidst all our great misfortunes I

[1] V. *Gazzetta di Roma*, Supplement, No. 120.

have felt especially for your heavy domestic sorrow. If you had stayed here instead of sacrificing yourself at Rome, it seems that you might have escaped many griefs and annoyances; but you have done your duty better than I did, and this may be some consolation or satisfaction to you. The press is disloyal; exaggerated opinions are doing more and more harm every day. The scarceness of men, and the nature of our rulers, make me think that no efficient Ministry can be formed in Rome; they will have to accept whosoever may come, and beg them to take office! Our only hope was in Rossi, but the vile newspapers calumniating him beforehand—with intent to keep up Mamiani, because he abolished the stamp and allowed them to say what they liked—had made it impossible for him to form a Ministry.'

VII.

Rossi could not gather up the reins of government, because, according to Farini's History, 'People knew his manner of doing duty, and cavilled at it.' The most ignorant parties were set against him because of his learning; the riotous ones dreaded his strictness, and their whispers of discontent soon became gross calumny, uttered not secretly but aloud, in clubs and on the Piazza.

Sturbini one day, several deputies being present, broke out into violent abuse, declaring that if he, Louis Philippe's Minister, Guizot's friend, should dare appear in Parliament as Minister of the Pope, he would be stoned! It was not on account of these threats, which his brave spirit despised, that Rossi failed to go forward, but because of some hesitation on the Pope's part, and because he was not able to find suitable colleagues. This difficulty obliged Rossi to desist from his undertaking, and Mamiani remained in the Cabinet.

Another of my father's letters on Roman affairs brings us down to August 25, 1848:—

'My dear Friend,—Your letter reached me yesterday, and has fully satisfied my anxious desire to have direct news of your welfare. I was told that Montanari had heard from you several times, and I tried to find him, but could not. You seem to

suppose I might accuse you of having written those descriptions in a fit of ill-temper; but let me tell you that your dark colours are still pale by comparison with those in which I see things present and future. Everything here is folly, incapacity, and confusion. The condition of Bologna is also known to me, by what the Bolognese deputies have described; and from our own province of Romagna I receive letters reporting how low things have fallen in that centre of government. Well, then, where is the Government? Our "Alto Consiglio" have shamefully done nothing. The Chamber of Deputies has done worse than nothing, having forfeited the confidence which it used to command; it has had no leader to direct its business, and, for want of that, none of the better sort of members have been able to exercise their influence to any good effect. Your Bolognese, who have more sense than the others, did not arrive till late, and I see them altered in manners and ideas since the spring. They find the Chamber degenerated into muddling partnership with the mob, which makes them talk about the ruin of the country like puppets! The ruling power has gone astray, and fallen into the worst possible hands, without even a decent shred of tinsel to cover the disgrace. Oh that the sword of justice could be discreetly used upon ourselves before we go to fight with others! And what good can we do with our liberty if we think only of flattering, caressing, and admiring one another, or worse? Here they are already wistfully regretting Lambruschini's Ministry; in Romagna and at Bologna they will be making way for the Austrian with cane and handcuffs to drive us back into that slavery which we had neither patience to endure nor courage to resist. After Heaven had given us the most glorious of opportunities, we knew no better than to add another dark and shameful page to our history; nor is there any ground for recrimination, since we have all sinned and failed in our duty.

'You are wiser than I am, and perhaps may view these things with philosophic calmness, believing in your metaphor of seed sown for harvest hereafter; but I feel nothing except grief, and cannot get over the pain and irritation of seeing that our folly has brought us to ruin. Lovatelli was lately offered the War Department, but declined, nor is it likely that Farini would con-

sent to sit in the Cabinet, even without office, as had been proposed. The present Ministry is a farce. You know them, yet can scarcely imagine what a laughing-stock they have become through absolute incapacity. You told me none of your reflexions upon Rossi being invited to take the helm, only that you were astonished: did you think it right and desirable, or simply impossible that he should stand to it? I have not seen his Holiness since that combination failed; but if ever he should speak to me about you, desiring to have your services, do you think you could feel disposed to entertain the idea? and would the association with Pellegrino Rossi be satisfactory to you? The Chamber of Deputies has shown no sign yet of possessing any men likely to save their country. Your friend, Audinot, though not listened to with much attention, seems the only one who has gained any decided esteem, and Bevilacqua is kept down by bad health. I do not know Giovanardi; but it is said that, although a good upright man, his temper is too hasty, and he is too much the follower of Montanari.

'I beg you to destroy my letter as soon as read, for it is shockingly ill put together. So you are going back to the army? I don't believe in this war continuing much longer, at least for the present, yet I am sorry you should absent yourself from us again for an indefinite time. Who knows when we shall have the chance to hear your long stories? I do not return to Romagna at present, and if the Chambers be dissolved or prorogued, I would rather go out of Rome to some place not far off, where the air may be better, for here it is very heavy and unpleasant. If you ever have the happy thought of writing to me, however, you should address here, to be forwarded. I hope you received my letters of 18th and 20th. My wife desires her kind regards to you. Adieu.—G. P.'

CHAPTER VIII.

ATROCIOUS FACTS—DELUDED HOPES.

Rossi's Ministry—Rossi is assassinated—Pasolini and Minghetti are sent for by the Pope—Did they advise him to call in Galletti?—Riots in Rome—Anecdotes of that time—Letters from Pasolini to Minghetti in December 1848 and January 1849—Pasolini retires with his family to Pisa—Farini, at Florence, begins to write his History—The Allocution of April 20, 1849—Pasolini's reflections on contemporary characters and events.

I.

THINGS were going from bad to worse, the credit of Government falling daily lower and lower in the hands of Fabbri, who had succeeded Mamiani. The Pope therefore appealed again to Pellegrino Rossi, who formed a new Ministry, and entered into office on September 16, 1848. Then began without delay the serious labour of reorganising State affairs in the face of desperate disaffection, and a complication of difficulties almost too great to be imagined, far less described. My father dined one evening with the Duke of Rignano, and met Rossi, who was looking extremely grave as he sat beside the Duchess at table. She whispered to my father, who was on her other side, 'I don't know what to make of this man, so silent and absorbed as he is; it is of no use speaking to him, for he scarcely answers a word.' My father replied, 'Well, I think when people have such heavy responsibilities, under such dreadfully difficult circumstances as Count Rossi's, one must admit they have a good right to be taciturn and preoccupied.' Not many days afterwards Rossi was assassinated. I have often heard my parents speak of this atrocious murder, which was a most terrible grief and horror to them. The circumstances of it were something like the death of Cæsar, for Rossi also received many anonymous warnings. A noble Roman lady wrote advising

him to be on his guard. One worthy priest vainly sought an interview with him, and, on being denied admittance, waited in the passage, and followed him downstairs as he was going out, in order to give him secret notice of a conspiracy, the existence of which had been revealed in the confessional. Rossi only answered, in quite a loud voice, 'Much obliged for your kindness,' and hastened out, as though impatient of a troublesome interruption. We remark, as another coincidence, that Rossi was stabbed in the Palace of the Legislature, which may be held to represent (*mutatis mutandis*) the ancient Senate of Rome. It was on November 15, that ill-omened day, when Rossi was going to the opening of the Chambers; the assassins artfully contrived to touch him on one side with an umbrella that he might fancy himself hailed by a friend and turn his head, which he did, thus leaving his throat open on the other side to the murderous blow. He immediately fell, bathed in blood, and was carried to Cardinal Gazzoli's room, where Dr. Diomede Pantaleoni found him a minute or two later in the agonies of death, and held him in his arms to the end. There was a priest passing on his return from a death-bed, and Pantaleoni had the presence of mind to call him in to administer to Rossi the consolations of religion (knowing what a heavy thought it would be to Pius IX. if his minister should expire without the rite of extreme unction); but Rossi had already breathed his last, and the priest could do no more than pray for his eternal peace in a better world.

Pasolini's grief and consternation may be imagined when Pantaleoni ran to his house with the dreadful tidings, and asked for water to wash his hands, which were dyed with the blood of the unhappy Rossi.

'This day,' says Farini in his History, 'the city was dark and gloomy, as though struck by the wrath of the Almighty. At the Quirinal there was heard first a vague whisper that something was wrong, next the report that Rossi was wounded, then that he was dead. Uncertainty, anguish, and terror pervaded all hearts. The Pope was struck down as by a thunderstroke. None of the fair-weather courtiers now showed themselves at the Palace, which had become a house of mourning,

horror, and sounding tempests. The Pope ordered Montanari, Minister of Commerce, to act as temporary governor, and sent at once for Minghetti and Pasolini, to consider how another administration might be constituted with the least possible delay.'

Minghetti, on returning to Rome that very morning, had gone to his friend Pasolini, and said to him, in view of the many changes past, of the sad misfortunes now irretrievable, and of the dangers still impending, 'Let us not go on with interminable repetitions and discussions, but tell me what you think on summing up the whole. At what point have we arrived? That is what you must make me understand.' Pasolini answered, 'Things are going on worse than I ever thought they could have done, and I see no limit to the ruin which seems approaching.' In saying these words, however, he was far from imagining what had happened. Shortly afterwards came the news of Rossi's murder, and then a peremptory message summoned him to the Quirinal.

II.

The unhappy Pontiff, in his extremity of desperation, had recourse once more to his first counsellors, whom he was not mistaken in believing to be the most faithful and the most clear-sighted. Thus, at one of the most terrible moments recorded in Papal or Italian history, it happened that neither cardinal nor bishop, but only two young laymen stood by the Pontiff's side, ready to serve him to the utmost of their ability. They put themselves at his disposal, and he knew they would shrink from no personal sacrifice; but they could not shut their eyes to the truth, which compelled them to intimate to the Pope that after his fatal allocution of April 29, followed by increased disorders at home and misadventures in the field, it had become almost impossible to establish a government for any Italian State the ruler of which persisted in holding aloof from the war of national independence. In their opinion it would be true wisdom now to join the war of independence, as the only solid foundation for a right policy in the future; and, acknowledging war to be in itself an evil, they must still declare to the

head of the Church their honest belief that, compared with other evils of the present time, this was the least. They had said as much to the Pontiff before, when things were yet hopeful, and they must repeat the same truth to him now. It was too late to hold any other opinion or give any other advice; and whatever political modifications might ensue, the names of Pasolini and Minghetti in the Government must be considered to promise and insure a straightforward participation in the war. To sum up all, they clearly stated to their prince that they would not and could not dedicate themselves to him, nor serve in his Government, unless they were also serving the cause of Italian nationality.

Alas! at that juncture the Pope's judgment failed him. He had not boldness enough to resolve upon the prosecution of hostilities. Shocked and overwhelmed, he said something about 'the will of God,' and could not utter another word. All that day Rome was left to itself: all authority had lapsed. Towards evening a small group of people ran into the Corso, carrying a tricolour flag and making great noise. The crowd gathered by degrees, with loud cries against the murdered Rossi; and, applauding the assassin as a second Brutus, they proceeded at midnight, torches in hand, to the house of their victim, where as a climax of insult and cruelty to the unhappy widow they brutally howled 'Miserere' under the windows.

The defection of the Carabiniers was next reported, and I can do no better than quote from a contemporary print, which described the situation.

'It was known that the mob had assembled and were in motion; it was known that they were rabid and clamorous against Minghetti, Pasolini, and others, to whom it was reported that the Pope had given his instructions to form a new Ministry; it was known that the enraged populace, full of threats and uncontrolled, had now obtained such ascendency that it was already too late for any practicable measures of resistance. Nothing could be done but to watch patiently for some moderating turn of the tide, or else to take refuge in temporising, after the manner of what is called a transition party, which,

being constituted by fear and necessity, must always be detrimental, or at least humiliating. Pasolini and Minghetti were inclined to think that some of the worst evils might be averted by calling in Galletti, to which the Pope consented, and they spoke to him accordingly. Galletti went to the Quirinal, but no arrangement was made, and the Pope desired him to return in the evening.'

Farini inserted this newspaper narrative in the first edition of his History published at Turin, 1850; but my father and Minghetti did not consider it altogether correct. On reading it Minghetti wrote to my father as follows:—

'I think Farini's second volume even better than the first; he is truthful, judicious, and generous in his views. We can perhaps point out to him a few inaccuracies, impossible to be avoided in dealing with such a farrago of facts, especially when he enters into minute details. For instance, unless I greatly mistake, it was not we two—certainly not we two only—who proposed Galletti to the Pope, as Farini says. My memory is not quite perfect; but I recollect we were in the Secretary's Office with Sturbinetti, Muzzarelli, and others, when you asked me the question, "Do you consider Galletti really an honest man?" I said "Yes," believing it to be true. I cannot remember the particulars of what else took place, and should be glad if you will remind me of them; but I feel certain the proposal did not come from us, or at least it was not made by us two alone.'

Again, Minghetti writes on September 27, 1850:—

'I wish you would write somewhat fully to me on the subject of my first letter which you showed to Farini, but considered neither opportune nor pleasing. I begin to fear he may have been offended by my remarks. However that be, I feel conscious of having written them mildly, and cannot repent of them since you have confirmed their accuracy; besides which, the short passage which I pointed out had already drawn upon me a tempest of animadversions from those who had read it, all asking me, "Why did you and Pasolini propose Galletti? why did you not say this, that, or the other? and why did you not hinder this measure, or promote something different?" I can do no

more than shrug my shoulders in silence, because the explanation would be too long and complicated, neither do I remember exactly every circumstance; but I feel certain that our words that morning were very few and far between. At any rate you will write and tell me about Farini, whether he be vexed or satisfied in the matter?'

My father wrote to Minghetti on October 2:—

'I must now tell you the facts, as you desire, and will relate them again to Farini. There is certainly no need to remind you that on the evening of that 15th November, when you were summoned by the Pope, he asked you to form a new Ministry, and on leaving him you spoke to me about it. I answered that it would be well done on our part to make the attempt at some sacrifice to ourselves, if only to show our goodwill to the Pope and the State, though I did not believe any success could ensue. We passed the night in reconsidering the possibilities of the situation, and how to deal with them. Next day, as you were going to make your explanations to the Pope, we found ourselves already forestalled, because the Presidents of the Chambers were, by the Pope's orders, assembling a committee of Senators and Deputies at the Quirinal to discuss the composition of the Ministry. Muzzarelli and Sturbinetti being there, it was natural to find along with them Sterbini, Torre, Guiccioli, &c. Then came a message from the Pope to say that only the Presidents and Vice-Presidents were to come to him; these were Muzzarelli and Sturbinetti (Presidents), Pasolini and Fusconi (Vice-Presidents). Dishonourable words were uttered to his Holiness by those Presidents, almost praising, as it were, the murder of Rossi, although the Monsignor who was present interrupted them with prayers "that the soul of the departed be received by God's mercy into the rest eternal." Sturbinetti went on to say he had heard some carters disputing which of them should carry out the "carcass to rot beyond the walls"! I indignantly stopped his brutality, by saying that his Holiness had sent for us to deliberate on measures for the future, not to descant upon the horrors which had happened. In continuation there was some desultory talk about the Ministry, Sturbinetti asking Fusconi to take office, which he utterly

refused; and I at last entreated his Holiness to give us time to discuss the subject among ourselves, as it seemed impossible to come to an understanding all at once. The Pope then desired us to go down and confer with Minghetti, who had been brought to the Quirinal expressly for that purpose. "Minghetti! Minghetti!" said Monsignor Muzzarelli. "No, he is an excellent, cultivated man, but not one for the present moment; the country would not have him, he is too unpopular," &c. My voice at length prevailed, and some of us went to the Home Office (Ministero dell' Interno), where we found *you*, and, I think, one or two others. On raising the question of who should be proposed for the Cabinet, some one observed that Galletti had arrived in Rome the previous evening; another went on to say "Why should not Galletti be intrusted with the composition of the Ministry?" and this idea was hailed by a shout of applause. At this point I, having great suspicions of the man, asked in a loud voice, looking at *you*, "But is Galletti an honest man?" to which you answered, "Yes, certainly, an honest man;" and I was then unanimously deputed to wait on the Pope with this proposition, which I intimated to him, adding that among present evils this seemed the least, and that Galletti was "considered" to be honest. Certainly the Pope could not say that I made any personal recommendation, but without more ado he consented, and told me to send Galletti to speak to Montanari. You, Fusconi, and I then went to find Galletti, and intimated that he was to go and speak to Montanari at the Quirinal. In reading over the above, my story strikes me as being very egotistical; but this will show you that I wrote it straight from my very clear recollections of the subject, in which I necessarily took a leading part.'

Minghetti replied: 'I am much obliged by your letter of the 2nd inst. The particulars you give of that fatal 16th of November are most interesting, and perfectly exact; I value them also as the confirmation of my own recollections in every respect. You would do well to write a memorandum of the same for Farini, who will correct his narrative in the second edition.'

My father accordingly sent Farini a short memorandum, by

which, in his second edition,[1] he gave the corrected narrative, as follows:—

'The Pope sent only for the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the two Councils, and after a few melancholy words desired that they should confer together with Montanari, Minghetti, and other members of Parliament who had been brought to the Quirinal. Muzzarelli, Sturbinetti, and the majority of the meeting were of opinion that it would not do to propose Minghetti, nor any one of his party; but that the Pope might intrust Galletti with the composition of a new Ministry. Certainly Galletti was not one of those who had been invoked the previous day by an insurgent mob; but he had always stood high in popular favour, and no sooner was his arrival known than crowds of people gathered together, welcoming him to Rome with joyous demonstrations. Thus it came to pass that Pasolini and Minghetti named him to their prince, as being in the opinion of the meeting the most fit person to constitute a Ministry at this present juncture. His Holiness had accepted him, and Galletti presented himself, on the summons of Pasolini and Minghetti; but his interview with the Pope had no results.

'The insurgents,' continues Farini, 'proceeded from the Piazza del Popolo, gathering strength by the way. A crowd of rustics, Civic Guards, soldiers of all arms and of every grade, pressed on to the "Cancelleria" in search of deputies to go as delegates, and set forth to the prince their wishes or demands, parts of which were the "Costituente Italiana,"[2] and a democratic Ministry, including Saliceti of Naples, Sterbini, and Campello. Others called out for Sereni, Mamiani, and Mariani; but all concurred in howling against Minghetti, Recchi, and Pasolini. Between the Piazza and the Palace of the Cancelleria the mob overtook Galletti, whom they loudly cheered as their comrade and representative to speak for them to the Pope.'[3]

Galletti now entered the Quirinal along with other leaders of the populace, and appeared before the Pope as their deputed speaker; but his Holiness replied that he would not yield to

[1] Printed by Le Monnier, Florence, 1850.

[2] See note 1, p. 111, on 'la Costituente Italiana,' meaning the people's government of themselves, *i.e.* their right to choose their form of government.

[3] Farini, vol. ii. pp. 377-378.

intimidation. The multitude forthwith ran to arms, meeting with no opposition except from the feeble Swiss Guard. The Quirinal was now assaulted, and one of the doors set on fire; several wretches climbed up, and fired muskets from the tops of houses or towers. Monsignor Palma was killed at the window of his room, and some shots reached the Pope's antechamber. Galletti went again to the Pope, whom he still found inflexibly determined that nothing should be extorted from him by violence. The people becoming furious threatened to beat down the doors, and a cannon was actually dragged forward and pointed at the Quirinal Palace. It would have been fired, had not Frederic Torre, an impetuous but honest youth, thrown himself in front, crying out that it was 'Shame to point cannon against the man who gave us the Amnesty.' The Pontiff meanwhile, without hope of assistance or means of defence, had no alternative but to surrender. He pointed out to those around him the extremity to which he was reduced, and called upon Cardinal Soglia to put himself in communication with Galletti on the subject of a new Ministry. The men now named were—Abate Rosmini, President and Minister for Public Instruction; Mamiani, for Foreign Affairs; Galletti, Home Office; Sereni, for Grace and Justice; Sterbini, Commerce and Public Works; Campello, for War; Lunati, for Finance. But the illustrious Rosmini disdainfully refused to take any part with them, and Muzzarelli was named instead as President of the Cabinet.

III.

I believe it was on one of those days that my father went in haste to the Pope, who had sent for him to tell him the latest details of riots going on, and his fears of what might happen that night. The Pope then asked, 'Where are you to be found if wanted?' 'I will not move from here,' answered Pasolini. 'No, no,' returned the Pope; 'I only inquired, that in case the tumult gets beyond bounds, I might not find myself single-handed in face of the mob.'

The streets of Rome were then so unsafe that my father on coming home one day said to my mother and a friend who was with her, that the rabble should not keep him from going in

and out when and where he chose; and though it were now a crime and a risk to enter the Quirinal, he would go to and fro to see the Pope as before; he had come in to arm himself accordingly, prepared to sell his life dearly if necessary. He loaded his pistols and went out again. The solemnity of the moment and the lofty courage of the man thus coolly going to face danger made such an impression on our visitor that she fainted; but my mother, more accustomed to control herself under strong emotions, was able to maintain her composure as usual. The outrages and crimes committed on November 15 and 16 had crushed and shaken the Pontiff's mind. My mother told me that during the wonderfully beautiful Aurora Borealis of the 17th, a phenomenon popularly supposed to betoken the Divine displeasure, he threw himself on his knees in fervent prayer, saying, 'If this be a sign of Thy wrath, O Lord! let it fall on me alone, not on this Thy people.'

Towards evening, November 25, his Holiness left the Quirinal secretly, and entering the carriage of Countess Spaur, wife of the Bavarian Minister, drove by the Terracina road to Gaeta. He wore the ordinary dress of a priest, and it was reported that he passed out as the Spaur's family tutor. Some of them advised him to wear a layman's dress; but he replied that even as an exile in peril of his life he would not renounce the clerical garb.

I remember that one day when there was a tremendous tumult in Rome, my mother, not knowing how it might end, took me and my poor little brother by the hand and walked out at the city gate by which she expected my father to return on horseback. When we met him, she explained that the increasing riots had made her feel unsafe in her own house. My father then rode into the town, while we waited outside until, after the rioters were dispersed and quietness restored, he came and brought us home. Word was brought one day to my father that some of the worst ruffians were banded together to take his life, and were watching to seize him. To this he answered nothing, but went immediately to the club, where he talked to everybody with more than his usual animation, and made various engagements for the next day.

IV.

At that time Minghetti, Bevilacqua, and others resigned their seats as deputies, chiefly on account of Galletti having broken his solemn promise to bring to justice the assassins of Rossi, and also because he had scratched off from the list Potenziani's motion for an address of respectful devotion to their prince. How was it possible to sit in the Chamber which refused to make any sign of loyalty at such a crisis? The refusal betokened nothing short of rebellion against the head of the State, and Minghetti expresed these reasons in an address to his constituents when he, with some other Bolognese, left Rome.

On November 29 my father wrote to Minghetti:—

'You are lucky to have got away from our troubles here. Keep yourself for better times. Who knows but that after so many misfortunes poor Italy may at last rise up renewed? I write to you from the Council Chamber, and feel very uncertain what to do. I absented myself from the first sittings, but the Pope afterwards told our vice-president that he wished us to assemble.'

Again Pasolini writes:—

'*Rome, December* 2, 1848.—The position here is beyond all conception. The Pope went a week ago to Gaeta, about ninety miles off, and no one has yet waited upon him, either from the Chamber or the city, so far as I am aware, nor has he made us any sign. It has even been said by some that he was going for a few days to Naples, and thence to Benevento, to hold there the Consistory, which was to have met to-day at Gaeta; at least, that report came yesterday from a member of the Spanish Legation. I cannot think how the Pope keeps silence for so long; it seems to me too long already. How could the wisest of political prophets ever have imagined such strange behaviour of both parties? No one certainly could have foreseen that Muzzarelli would go as he did last night with Gavazzi, exulting in the public square, nor that Sturbinetti would have raised the question in council of whether the Pope by his departure

had forfeited his rights of sovereignty? I am assured that this is what he did.

'Meantime, Del Bene, Caldesi, La Cecilia, and others, have arrived in Rome, expecting Mazzini to follow immediately and proclaim "the Republic." Garibaldi and Masina hold possession of Forli, with five hundred men, while amid the utter disruption of everything which constitutes a State, the name of it remains, and the unhappy condition of its subjects continues unmitigated. There are some very positive reports of a French intervention, but I really know nothing at all at this moment. Day by day things grow worse.'

Again, to Minghetti my father writes on December 6:—'The Pope's message must be arriving now at last; an unlucky one, I fear! The French boat from Cività Vecchia reports that he had not left Gaeta. You will have read the instructions given to the people's representative who is in charge of the affair. Alas! poor Italy! it is in thy name that a horde of wretches have raised themselves to power, well knowing that they open the door for foreign barbarians to enter, and drive out the natives of the soil! Lunati and Sereni have resigned office. Sterbini wished to succeed Lunati, but was prevented, and Mamiani has taken the place. Some of the most stirring spirits call out for Caldesi or Montanelli instead of Sterbini, whom they accuse of having brought on a revolution merely to put himself in office. I have not appeared again at the "Alto Consiglio," but keep myself apart until the turn of events shall enable me to come to a decision. I see Mamiani sometimes in Rome; but my only desire now is to withdraw altogether from the dreadful field of politics, and return quietly to my spades and ploughs. I held to one great idea, viz. the resuscitation (*risorgimento*) of my country; but now that we are fallen again under the feet of strangers, be they friends or foes, our honour is lost.

'They tell me that Tuscany is threatened with serious disturbances, making doubtful the maintenance even of material order; and I feel the more sorry for this, as I had thought of going to live there on my withdrawal from public life. I beg you to give me some information, and if I can do anything for you it will be a pleasure to receive your commands. Continue

to me your friendship, which is the only consolation remaining from my ill-omened career in politics.'

On December 7, 1848, Recchi writes to Pasolini :—'I feel distrustful and ashamed of my country as things now are. People seem to vie one with another in showing themselves unworthy of liberty or independence; and from Sicily to the Isonzo nothing but folly is propounded. Recent events brought to a climax my contempt for many persons and places, and I am now in despair at seeing the moral sentiments of the majority utterly perverted, as is too clearly evidenced by these last doings, with which all the Ultramontane newspapers justly reproach us. I confess to have shed bitter tears over them! I had sighed these thirty years for our freedom—it was the dream alike of my nights and days, for which I was at one time very near being hanged, and I spent my substance in the cause. What next? Assassinations, factions, blunders most unreasonable, without even a spark of sense in them, show too truly the future which awaits us. From Minghetti I have had news of you and the Countess, to whom I beg my respects. I have in truth been extremely anxious on your account, knowing how dreadful it was for you to find yourself face to face with such facts! Who would have believed them possible a year ago? There is nothing new to tell as a certainty, unless of some increase of Austrian troops along the Po, not of much consequence, as they are continually coming and going. Some people predict the withdrawal of the Austrians from that line; which would in my eyes appear a very bad sign, foreshadowing a purely French intervention. There is also an alliance surmised of France, Piedmont, and Naples! Could this come true? At Turin the army is being reorganised, as it was already almost fallen to nothing amid the ravages of party strife. Love me always, dear Pasolini. We ought at least to keep up love among "us, honest men"—it is the only good thing we have remaining.'

On December 13, 1848, Pasolini writes to Minghetti:—'There is nothing else talked of now but the "Costituente Pontificia."'[1]

[1] 'Costituente Italiana' of course implies universal suffrage, but has a much more extended meaning, and refers not only to the enlarged electoral

Each side lacks the strength either to go forward or to stand firm. Those who made the Revolution of the 16th dare not carry it out, and would wish the Chambers of Parliament to take up their work. The High Council is practically abolished, as the members have never mustered to a proper number. I had ceased to go there, when several very pressing messages were sent to me from Cardinal Castracane, through Vice-President Odescalchi. In consequence of these messages I attended the sittings more than once, but was so thoroughly disgusted that I am not likely to go again. The Chamber of Deputies, with great efforts and at some sacrifice of truth, had managed to rouse themselves from the lethargy into which they fell at the beginning of the session; but I fear they will relapse, now that parties seem broken up and dispersed by twos and threes—anyhow.

'You can have no idea of the waste of money which goes on here. Fancy Wagner, the horse-breaker, being made a General, and so on. There is no end to the extravagance carried out with a degree of ignorant impudence that brings shame upon Italy. I hear with regret that you are gone to Florence. Perhaps even now those unfortunate legations might be saved from utter ruin. Think of this. I deem it a mistaken policy to quit one's post, as though one could avoid sharing in the general collapse; while by remaining at Rome it is still possible to see and hear both what things are done and who are the doers.

'I will read your letter to Mamiani. Pantaleoni assures me, however, that he gave in his resignation yesterday, and left it in the hands of his colleagues. Perhaps he may hold on after all, until the new State Convention can form another Ministry.

'I know nothing of what is done at Gaeta. People here were ready to submit to the law, their rage once satisfied by the

system, but to the whole system of government, which was to be popularised in the widest sense by calling upon the people to invent a new programme of social order, and to choose new rulers. This idea was based on the assumption that the lapse of all rule and government necessitated another order of things, which should entirely cut off the past; hence the device of a Constituent Assembly ('Costituente Italiana') to make known, as was pretended, the freewill of the sovereign people.

'Costituente Pontificia' must be explained in like manner, assuming that the Pontiff's absence was equivalent to renunciation or forfeiture of his civil authority.

departure of certain individuals, and this gratification was enough without the "Costituente."

'Recchi wrote to me yesterday, "We must keep up love among us, 'honest men' (*galantuomini*), for it is the only good thing we have remaining." I say the same to you, and remain, ever yours,—G. P.'

V.

Meanwhile, the most conspicuous men of the constitutional party, although discouraged by having no word of recognition from their prince, were far from idle. By means of Bevilacqua and Ricci they had made propositions to the Pope and the Court. At the same time, through Rosmini, Montanari, and Rignano, they admonished the Court to stand faithful to the cause of liberty; but no answers had reached them, nor any sign of approval or goodwill. Finally, the constitutional party had arranged to despatch from Rome to Gaeta an authorised messenger to speak for them, 'who, after setting out, declined to go on, because he found that he would not be acceptable there.'[1] This accredited messenger was my father. Mamiani, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, at the suggestion of Pantaleoni asked my father to accompany Fusconi, and wrote to him as follows:—

'*Rome, December* 15, 1848.—Dear Count Pasolini,—I should be greatly your debtor, and the country would be also, if you would extend your goodness so far as to accompany our excellent friend Fusconi to Gaeta, and make a point, both of you, on arrival there, to instruct me fully about the state of things in that place, and about the Pope's little Court. I beg you to inform the gentlemen surrounding him very fully of the present condition of Rome, expressing as truly as possible the prevailing opinions and disposition of men's minds towards their prince. From this double mission, accomplished frankly and distinctly, nothing but good can result, and we know that such is the common and only aim of us both. Believe me, with profound esteem and affection, yours truly, TERENZIO MAMIANI.'

My father, though sorely against the grain, consented to go to Gaeta with Fusconi to persuade his Holiness, by firmly upholding

[1] Farini, vol. iii. p. 115.

the Statute,[1] to keep alive that confidence which the moderate Liberals had always had in him. My mother expected no good from the mission, believing there was not a possibility of concord between her husband's party and that of the new advisers who now surrounded the Pope; and her opposition induced him to delay his journey, in so far that he parted from Fusconi at the San Giovanni Gate, saying he would rejoin him next night at Terracina. In the meantime, Mamiani, who had been so anxious for him to go, changed his mind, and instead of my father following Fusconi, a messenger was sent to say that he was not coming; so Fusconi went on by himself to Gaeta. A cold reception awaited him in the Papal ante-chamber while his arrival was being announced to the Pope, and he related that Cardinal Antonelli detained him so long, trying to find out what he had to say, that at last the Pope himself came out and asked, 'Where is Dr. Fusconi, who came from Rome?' 'Here, your Holiness,' answered Fusconi, immediately obeying the Pope's sign, and following him into his room. Antonelli entered also, to be present at the conversation; but after a few words of commonplace, it was announced that a steamer with the royal ensign had come in sight, and that the King of Naples was about to arrive. The Pope then turned and told Antonelli to go and make arrangements for his reception, and the moment the door closed upon him, he inquired of Fusconi 'what was the news from Rome, and the object of his mission.' Fusconi answered that he was sent to entreat his Holiness to reassure the public mind in regard to his firm maintenance of the Statute. 'I am preparing a paper in this sense,' said the Pope; 'but who supports me?' 'I have asked General Gallieno,' replied Fusconi, 'how many men of the National Guard can be depended upon, and he says eighty per cent.' 'That will do very well. . . . . Why can you not stay here?' added the Pope. 'Please your Holiness, I have my family in the Ionian Islands—wife, brother, and my six children, of whom I have had no news for three months, and my mind is uneasy about them.' 'Go then, in peace, with my blessing,' returned the Pope, 'and we will hope to meet again in better times.'

[1] 'Statuto.'

Pius IX. had received and listened to Fusconi with much personal kindness, but he failed afterwards to fulfil his expressed intention of maintaining the liberties already conceded to his people; for when, on January 1, 1849, he condemned the Convention which had declared his sovereignty forfeited, he did not take occasion then to confirm the Statute, as he was expected to do.

My father wrote to Fusconi about this time the following:—'After my departure was arranged, baggage packed, credentials and all, a man came to me bringing messages entirely contrary to what had been said before, which changed my plans at once.' . . . . 'I often remember your telling me how, in the land of exile, you used to watch the sunset with heart and eyes longing for Italy! Should you do so again let it be without envy, for probably those who remain here may almost wish themselves exiled. It will certainly be long ere this letter can reach you; and who knows what new tempests may be raging by that time? yet I hope we may meet again to talk of these things, with calm consciousness of having saved from the wreck our honour, and our conviction unshaken. At present all our friends are away from Rome, and I live quite retired, occupying myself more than ever with books—those constant friends!'

Again, to Minghetti, December 16, 1848:—'I have written to Fusconi, and now turn to you. All those whom I hold in love and esteem are already far from this. Believe me, I am broken-hearted. Fusconi departed the other day in search of his family, of whom he had not had any news for three months. I heard him say in taking leave of Mamiani, "Honour forbids my remaining here." He had wished me to be associated with him in a secret mission to Gaeta, and I reluctantly consented, yielding to the persuasions of Mamiani and Pantaleoni. All was settled, and I was on the point of starting when a message came from Mamiani, advising me not to go. You may fancy how glad I was to be excused. The reason of this change arose from the fear lest a report should be spread of some conciliation movement, which would displease the parties now uppermost, or who seem by their talk to be so. Truly, I expected no good from this mission. It is impossible

to predict what may happen here, and the present lull proceeds only from exhaustion, while agitators are trying to spur on again, though without much effect. The other day a large body of labourers, from the roads which the Minister of Public Works has ordered to be made near Rome, were brought into the city as far as the Chamber of Deputies, but no deputy was there. The poor men gave cheers and howls alternately, without knowing for whom, and so the demonstration ended. There is nothing more to tell, but that subsidies are coming in. Garibaldi's company will be stationed at Velletri, and your Ferrari seems to be advancing on Rome with two thousand men, brought from Venice; he has put forth a manifesto, very vague, calling to "arms"—I know not whom nor where. Perhaps he wants to make himself the Cavaignac of Rome! Campello takes care that we shall be in no want of officers; Wagner, the horse-breaker, being one of the generals. Fusconi has the best of it in returning to exile, and will have serious food for meditation on the rocks of Santa Maura. What will other nations think of our liberty and liberalism? It seems always true that one people never learns wisdom from the experiences of another. Adieu.—G. P. [You may be sure that I am more discouraged even than yourself.]'

I subjoin further letters from my father to Minghetti the same year:—

'*Rome, December* 20, 1848.—I have received yours of the 15th. We are witnesses here of the most miserable farce in politics that ever was seen; the people without a master, not knowing what to do next. "Now that we are our own masters we cannot do anything." This is what some of the foremost men were saying yesterday; and the fact is that endless circulars are pouring in from the provinces, demanding Provisional Government and a Convention. The demand is made loudly enough, but no man here ventures as yet to proclaim either the one or the other. In place of Zucchini, who resigned, the Deputies, in their notorious State Committee,[1] have already appointed Galletti, and the Senate are to confirm him to-morrow. Last night the People's Club, at a tumultuous sitting, named five men, of whom the

[1] Giunta di Stato.

Deputies are intended to select three this morning, as a Provisional Government. The five names are Sturbinetti, Guiccioli, Campello, Galletti, and, I think, Muzzarelli.

'Yesterday there was a great civic demonstration, or rather, the preparations for it were going on, when an announcement came from the People's Club putting it off, and intimating that the demonstration should take place to-day at the Chambers. Everybody returning from the club last night reported wonderful things to be done this morning; but it happens that Parliament does not sit to-day. There is no word now spoken of public affairs but in ridicule, and we laugh at ourselves, our meanness and our folly. I scarcely know what to say about your election as deputy, but certainly should be far from recommending you to come to Rome at this moment. I cannot make up my mind to go away, because, in spite of the prevailing imbecility, it seems to me that something decisive must turn up before long, and I wish to see how things advance. You may imagine, but cannot half know, how very delighted I should be to get away with you to some retreat far removed from political troubles, where you could be my director in peaceful studies, to which exclusively I desire to devote my mind henceforth.'

'*Rome*, *December* 20.—After I had written to you the drum beat to arms, and several thousands of the Civic Guard got ready in haste for action, supposing themselves called to drive out some intruding strangers. When they were assembled, it was found that they were wanted to enforce the demand for the [1] Convention and for the expulsion of agitators. Upon this, about nine at night, the guard made a grand progress through the city, under arms, with band and drums, but without any cry. This morning came out a proclamation from the "Roman (not Pontifical) State," represented by Corsini, Camerata, and Galletti, who have consented to form a junta on condition that the State Convention shall be assembled. This implies that the Pope's government has lapsed, and it is questionable whether the Chambers can meet again as such. Now, if unbounded freedom be permitted to us all, may not the northern provinces be united with Rome? I know that in Ancona the majority are for

[1] 'Costituente.'

annexation to Tuscany; but they cannot make an isolated movement, and politicians in the provinces will have to consider seriously what part to take. I, seeing more danger in the probability of social disorder here, would rather not quit Rome at present, unless Galletti should drive me away by his persecutions. He says that I have been to Gaeta, but knows neither what happened nor who could have sent me thither. I preserve the letter desiring me to go on that mission, which never took place after all.—G. P.'

From the same to the same.

'Rome, December 29.

'By Audinot I take the opportunity to send some of your papers along with this letter, believing it to be more likely to reach you this way than through the post. You will hear from Audinot how things are going on. I cannot conceal from you my opinion that your absence and that of the Bolognese Deputies (principally yours) has been a great injury to the country. The resolution you took provided for your own honour and saved it. Your name stands all the higher for it; but I am sadly convinced that the departure of good men is a sure opportunity for the triumph of the bad, which of all evils is the worst that can fall upon any country. I know it is customary to say that things must pass into bad hands in order to return afterwards to better keeping more surely than before; but in this abandonment, this giving way to evil, is there not something repugnant and irritating to honourable minds? Enough of this, however. Yesterday a deplorable fact was accomplished, nothing less than a *coup d'état*, which confirmed the power of those who seemed to be losing it; and Parliament is dissolved. I am no admirer of what was done in the Chamber since November 15, yet there was always a hope that among fifty men good sense would revive again; but it was not so, and in the threatening gloom of universal ruin that phantom of constitutional power took form and strength. What can happen now I know not. Humanly speaking, the cause of Italy is lost, unless its salvation come from a quarter whence least might be expected. Now, if we cannot work any longer for the good of

all, we must at least think of what can be done for our province of Romagna in particular; and you, the first initiators of our original move in politics, ought to take this deeply and earnestly into your consideration. Since you, by word, writing, and example, gave impulse to the first movement, it would be dishonourable on your part to remain idle spectators now when it has advanced in such a different direction from that which you intended. Besides, it may be that the present moment is our only opportunity for action, and I implore you to think what is to be done. My hopes are very small. Yet if we cannot be of use to Italy, let us at least do some good to our own provinces, which were so unhappy in the days of despotism, and are still more unhappy now, when they ought to feel the sunshine of freedom. I follow you in spirit everywhere, and I refuse to believe that there can exist a noble and generous mind like yours, so cultivated in the highest sense, without bringing forth good fruit to the service of his country; but you probably know better than I how to find the opportune moment. Adieu, dear Minghetti. Write to me now and then under cover to my wife. Oh that I could have had a quiet month to spend with you, so profitable as it would have been to me. The strangest causes have kept us separate, and here I remain far from my friends, also feeling degraded and irritated. My wife desires her kind regards to you.—G. P.'

VI.

Thus ended most mournfully the year 1848, and with the new year arose new troubles.

Pasolini to Minghetti.

'Rome, January 8, 1849.

'I have this moment received your welcome letter of the 3rd. Yesterday we had news of the Pope's excommunication, and his prohibition against the meeting of the Convention ("Costituente"), which to my mind makes it impossible.

'In the evening a few hundreds of people gathered together, carrying high upon poles three or four cardinal's hats, and a Pope's "biretta," borrowed from a hatter's sign-post, and went

about singing "Miserere" and other funeral tunes. Things are getting worse, and the idea of a reaction gains ground; an omnibus and other carriages full of armed men have passed through various streets calling out "Hurrah for Pius IX!" This encourages hopefulness at Gaeta, and even now perhaps all is not lost, if only we keep clear of foreign intervention. On the other hand, Sterbini meeting Foligno, "wondered to see him" still unhanged! for that there was "but a mere handful of retrogrades now left to oppose the good cause, viz. Minghetti, that humbug Audinot, Pasolini, and Farini;" that Bologna wanted money, and he would send it, but by faithful hands, not to that "dirty retrograde" Spada, nor to the vile municipality.

'It is understood that Caldesi and Cattabeni are employed to watch the Piedmontese troops who may be marching in this direction (I know not by which road) to defend the Pontifical boundary from the Austrians on the Po. I have seen Martini, Piedmontese Minister to the Pope; he had looked for you in vain at Florence. I have no idea when he is likely to reach the Pope's presence, but believe he has been commissioned to offer a restoration by means of Piedmont. I doubt whether the Pope would accept this, or whether Piedmont has the power and will to effect it. All this reminds me of the "Prince" of Machiavelli,[1] whose politics still prevail after the lapse of centuries! My eyes, my hopes have been turned towards Piedmont, believing that some happy idea might proceed thence for the good of Italy, but I almost despair of it now, and "*Io spengo la lanterna, che più non v' ha che far*" ("I put out the lantern, which is of no further use"). I know that in a general way this is one of the worst resolutions that can be arrived at, and I should be far from recommending it to anybody; but when things have come to extremity, the extremes must meet and struggle together. I feel incapable now of belonging to either of those parties. Bevilacqua must have returned to Bologna, and from him you will have heard whether the Pope accepts the idea[2] of the "League," which I very much doubt. What do you think about it? It implies war, and he will be

[1] See Chapter XI.

[2] This evidently alludes to the idea of Gioberti.

less inclined for that than ever: since November there seems less likelihood than before of his adopting the Liberal principle.

'Sterbini, in the above-mentioned conversation with Foligno, said he wished for the Roman republic, and that Rome would see if it was not better to be the capital of Italy than of Catholicism.—G. P.'

From Count Luigi Mastai, the Pope's nephew, my father received the following:—

'Gaeta, January 12, 1849.

'My dear Pasolini,—It was only on the 9th that I received your most welcome letter of the 29th ult., and on my return from Naples I hasten to reply. I cannot enter upon politics because there is nothing definite to be told, but I will give you the suppositions which appear to me most probable. The Pope will remain here some time longer, as is suitable for him at this season, though it is hard for the rest of us. His Holiness is not likely to move from Gaeta till he leaves the kingdom altogether to go to some foreign country—France, or perhaps Spain; and even under the most favourable suppositions, he will not hastily return to Rome. He says he now feels himself the true Pope, because he meditates only on spiritual things, and thinks little about the temporal dominion. Those who write and make speeches upon the projects and intrigues going on here deceive themselves greatly; for there is neither intrigue nor project! A simple narrative has been written to all the Powers of the facts which happened on November 15 and 16, without any addition of question or entreaty. This is all; for everything else has been published in print, so that you must already know it. We spoke a great deal about your coming to us here, and I am sorry the intention was stopped, for it would have given me sincere pleasure to see you. News from Sicily bespeaks the *status quo*, and Naples is kept quiet by the attitude of the military. In the event of their coming to blows, which fortunately is a moral impossibility, there would be dreadful bloodshed, "no quarter given," they say! Some evenings ago the authorities tried to prohibit smoking of cigars, but failed; the police keep diligent watch to arrest such emissaries as may be attempting to pass the frontier. A Spanish flotilla is expected

here. Give my compliments to the Countess. Adieu.—Your most affectionate LUIGI MASTAI.'

These letters, I trust, will have sufficed to show clearly the state of things and of men's minds at this time. More especially it is my hope that they have fully illustrated the opinions and judgments of my father. It is well to record here that the Pontiff's 'Monitorio' of January 1, 1849, condemning the 'Costituente,' and every act of preparation for it, stigmatising as rebels all those who took part in it, had dissolved the constitutional party, who still adhered to the Pope, and would have done their best to influence the elections. Many right-thinking men now remained mere spectators, each one acting according to his own conscience, and leaving an open field to the machinations of unprincipled agitators.

Pasolini to Minghetti.

'Rome, January 23, 1849.

'Since writing to you on the 8th I have no other letter of yours except that of the 12th. On Sunday I was out of Rome; but they tell me that the concourse of voters was very large, that the brothers of the Araceli Convent marched in procession to the poll, and that the men of several "dicasteri" also went in a body to vote. By what is written to me from Romagna, it seems that everybody there who takes the slightest interest in politics desires to vote, and they tell me here that the Cardinals of Bologna and Ferrara have declared that the excommunication does not apply to voters. I wish you would let me know for certain the truth about this? At any rate I cannot deny that the excommunication provoked and disgusted me, although possibly from defective knowledge I may have misunderstood it, and I willingly throw up the game; but in what sort of hands will it be left? . . . Tell me, you who know better than I, is it not an unheard of barbarism to wish to drag as many others as possible into the ruin from which there is no possibility of saving one's self? Tell me, is it not clearly true that in the Gospel, the only source from which ecclesiastical

authority proceeds, no reason can be found to make an exception of these twenty provinces, to place them under conditions of civil government different from all the other countries of the world? Enough and too much for the present on these unhappy affairs, of which I am thankful to be now only a spectator, but I long to see some worthy hand at the helm. If we may believe what is reported among the diplomatists who remain in Rome, every treaty or movement in diplomacy is suspended till after the meeting of our great Assembly, and that which appeared to be settled a few days ago for the armed intervention of two, three, or four nations is left among the many abandoned projects (*proh dedecus!*).'

VII.

It is not within my scope to write the history of Italy in 1849; but I must note how the Pope, as is well known, being an exile at Gaeta, horrified and confounded by the disorders in Rome, lost all confidence both in his subjects and in the other Italian Governments, Piedmont especially; and with her fall at Novara fell also every hope of success for the arms of Italy. The tumults in Rome, the Constituent Assembly (*la Costituente*), the Republic, and the French intervention are matters of world-wide notoriety. On February 1 my father witnessed the opening of the 'Costituente,' and two days afterwards he left Rome with his family, travelling with carriage and horses along the Maremma road, which he had first explored for himself. I have heard him speak with pleasure of this patriarchal journey, as he called it, in which we went leisurely short distances each day, sleeping at the houses of friends, who used to load our carriage with parting gifts. We went by Cività Vecchia, and visited the Etruscan tombs at Corneto, on the very day that Cività Vecchia hoisted the Republican banner. We proceeded by Montalto, Orbetello, and Grosseto; and on the road, I know not exactly where, we met the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was said to be fleeing in alarm from the people of Leghorn. At Grosseto lived an agent of the Grand Duke, who having heard that his lord was a fugitive hesitated what course to take, and consulted

my father, who told him it was his duty to seek out his master wherever he might be, and put himself at his disposal. He did so, and expressed himself grateful ever after for my father's timely advice.

From Grosseto my father went to see the Alberese estate, and inspected the iron foundries at Follonica, and on February 20 this poetical journey ended at Pisa, where we found, with his family, my maternal grandfather Paolo Bassi, until lately 'Podestà' of Milan. From Pisa, in April, my parents went to Florence, and in June to Viareggio, where we lived in daily intercourse with Digny, Giorgini, and Giusti. We stayed from September 19 to December 5 at Villa Rinuccini, near Florence, and spent the rest of the year at Casa Franchetti, where the Barbano Gardens had been recently converted into the Piazza called Maria Antonia, now 'Piazza dell' Indipendenza.'

At this time Farini, despairing of the Italian cause, had also taken refuge at Florence, where he was hospitably welcomed in Villa Loretino by Laudadio della Ripa, a very wealthy Pesarese; and I have heard that he passed his life in alternate study and pleasure. He used to spend his nights mostly at play; but having set his heart on being the worthy, conscientious, and elegant writer of recent Italian history, he occupied himself in the daytime with Davanzati's translation of Tacitus, to inform his mind and train himself to write in the robust harmonious style characteristic of Italian 'cinque cento' literature. This done, he set to work in earnest at the 'History of the Roman State,' from which I have so often quoted with satisfaction, remembering that in my father's opinion Farini related the facts with great truthfulness and good sense, and often made in few words most graphic portraits of character.

What of the Pontiff? He pronounced, on April 20, a new allocution, praising Austria and the King of Naples. He said nothing of Piedmont, but condemned the seditious, and seemed to allude to Pasolini, Minghetti, and their friends as those 'simple, well-intentioned citizens, who had held out a friendly hand to sectaries and agitators, in order to bring them back to the paths of justice and moderation.' (*Nec defuere quidam bonæ voluntatis homines qui amicam illis manum præbuere, ea forsitan*

spe freti, fore ut eos ad moderationis et justitiæ semitam reducere possent.)

These words sounded not a little harsh as applied to them, apparently meaning that they had involuntarily opened the way and contributed to the triumph of the demagogues, while they, on the contrary, were convinced that the Pope's discomfiture had been brought on by his not defining at first the extent and limits of his reforms, by his having allowed himself to be influenced in his actions by the applause of the populace, and by his not having taken part in the war, thus outraging that sentiment of nationality which, had it been frankly supported and encouraged by him, would have been able to stand against the destructive waves of irresponsible Radicalism.

I remember my father saying that Pius IX. at the commencement of his reign imagined and hoped for impossibilities, and that he himself, even while working his utmost in the cause of liberal reforms, had always felt doubtful of their stability, because he could not realise in his own mind the possibility of a Pope adhering to such principles when carried out practically to their inevitable consequences. He continued, however, to place implicit trust in the Pope's personal rectitude, of which he had had abundant evidence from seeing him constantly and intimately under the most trying circumstances. Writing on January 26, 1851, to Count Luigi Mastai, my father expressed himself thus:—

'Whatever opinion he may be induced to pass upon current events, and under whatever aspect the past may appear to him when viewed in the light of the present, or whatever future may now open before his eyes, the Pope cannot be sorry to know that in him personally, apart from political troubles and deceptions, I discern my friend, whom I trust as in my own soul and conscience.'

After many vicissitudes and bitter disillusions, my father intended now to stand aloof from public affairs, 'because,' as he told the Pope many years afterwards, 'I have acquired the sad conviction that in party politics few men are thoroughly fair and honest; and after having had to do with so many in 1848, there were scarcely any on whom I could venture to count as abiding friends. It would be impossible to describe how indig-

nant and disgusted I used to be at that time with the never-ending new ideas, so violently urged on all sides. Then, to witness the undoing, the annihilation of all things, and have to give up the field to worse men! One would rather have died on the spot.'

CHAPTER IX.

HIS LIFE IN TUSCANY, 1850–1855.

Refuge in Tuscany—Purchase of Fontallerta—News from Piedmont—Journeys to Switzerland, Germany, and England—Return to Fontallerta—Plans for a studious life—Correspondence — Studies— Excursions—Visit to Baron Ricasoli at his Castle of Brolio—Death of Paolo Bassi.

I.

I STILL remember my father's reply to Lord John Russell, who asked him why he came to live in Tuscany. 'After the sad way things ended in Rome, I found myself alike cut off from politics and from my own province, as of course it would have been very unpleasant for a Liberal ex-minister of the Pope to have his residence in the States of the Church. It was therefore impossible for me there to continue the simple, useful life of an improving agriculturist of the soil of Romagna, as I had always wished to do; and, in short, seeing no hope of better days at home, I said to my wife, "Let us retire into Tuscany, because I think that will always be a quiet country."'

He expressed the same sentiment in a letter from Florence in 1849:—

'What times we live in! They show no sign of amendment, and although everywhere alarming, the profound demoralisation of Romagna makes me always fear the worst there. I must tell you that without entirely giving up my native place, I intend to remain some time in Tuscany, and may, perhaps, buy some sort of holding here, for I feel lost without a bit of land in my possession. Of course it would not be wise to risk the whole of one's money in land at this time, but one

could never do any good at all if every imaginable doubt or fear were to be attended to. Thank you for the scheme of expenses you have made out for me, which I think is all right, and by this method the accounts can always be kept in hand (even though I were to stay a good while away from Romagna) without occupying too much space. I may probably have a house-steward with me by-and-by, but up to the present date my wife has arranged all these matters herself to perfection.'

It was on June 5, 1850, that my mother, then recovering from an illness, was brought to see Fontallerta, Cavaliere Gondi's villa, out of Porta a Pinti. 'I could never expect to possess such a beautiful place! it is too lovely,' said she to my father. 'Then I will buy it,' he answered, and immediately completed the purchase of the villa and farm of Fontallerta. This is the place mentioned more than once in Varchi's History, and described with admiration by Scipione Ammirato when it was being adorned at the close of the fifteenth century, after the designs of Ammannato. Many works of art were gathered together there by the owner, Niccolò Gaddi, whose house was commonly known as Gaddi's paradise. It passed from the Gaddi to the Pitti family by inheritance, thence to the Ponticelli, and afterwards to the Gondi, a well-known family in France in the time of Louis XIV. The traditions of the house were ancient and illustrious; yet I think if walls could speak these might tell that no more noble words had ever been uttered there on the destinies of Italy than during the years of its habitation by Giuseppe and Antonietta Pasolini. They never made their dwelling a centre of conspiracy, of intrigue, of political partisanship, nor of gossip; but it was always a hospitable house for social gatherings of honourable and generous Italians. I seem to have still before my eyes our worthy Tuscan guests, again and again renewing endless conversations on the hopes of Italy, with Piedmontese and Lombard friends, besides several exiles from the States of the Church, who had taken refuge at Florence. Among these was the illustrious Alessandro Cialdi, late Commandant of the Pontifical Marine, who was writing a scientific work on the port of Leghorn (published 1853), and who dated it from Villa Pasolini, at Fontallerta, near Florence. This

society was kept together not only by sympathy with my father, but in great measure through the influence of my mother, who having been a witness of the past anxieties and distresses, ardently joined in all their aspirations for our country's future. And when foreigners happened sometimes to meet these patriots, they were led to observe and predict that the cause of Italy was not entirely lost.

II.

The year 1850 was marked by reaction, tyranny, and foreign intervention. 'There is nothing new here,' wrote Minghetti, 'but the circular about whiskers is quite true, and another has come out threatening dismissal to any *employés* who are heard to speak against the Government measures.' 'It seems as though one's only safe plan would be to flee to the mountains armed with a few books anterior to the Vulgar Era, there to converse with Homer and the ancients, ignoring everything of the present day!' But no sooner has the mind had time to rest from the shock of misfortune than hope begins to revive among mortals; and on July 17, 1850, my father was writing again to Fusconi from Leghorn:—'Minghetti returned the other day from a short visit in Piedmont, whither he had gone to see for himself the state of the country, and he is wonderfully well satisfied; finding the king's integrity and firmness beyond all doubt, public order perfectly maintained, as can be proved by the criminal statistics which have never had a cleaner page to show, the parliamentary opposition being very nearly reconciled to the Government, while the emigration party are simply powerless. By a strange coincidence, Prince Canino happened to be on board the same steamer with Minghetti, but was not allowed to land, and I know not whither he was sent. Farini is at Acqui with Azeglio, as energetic and joyful as possible. The fashionable excursion nowadays is to Piedmont, where people go and see for themselves a state of things such as might have been established in all our provinces if fate had not been against us, or rather if men's minds had not been so terribly perverse and foolish.'

On May 12 he writes to Minghetti from Florence:—'I stay

here bewailing the misfortunes of our unhappy country; but now that everything has been turned upside down, I feel some dawning of renewed belief in a better time to come, and I am persuaded that sooner or later the world will make a start out of the old worn tracks, and that at any rate we shall have a change of evils.'

Minghetti wrote to my father from Turin on July 24, 1851, still descanting on the happy, orderly development of liberty in Piedmont, and concludes his letter thus:—'This great fact in Piedmont proves that we were right, as our programme was for all the other States of Italy to go forward on the same lines. I had another audience yesterday of the king, who talked freely to me about his own principles of conduct, saying he was determined to ignore all political intrigues; and that he considered it the best policy always to speak the truth, to hold to his word, and to act with energy. He said, with much feeling, "You may be sure I will not fail in my duty, and you will always find me at my post, so that I am not afraid of any factions; and even if the Reds were to triumph in France, I should hope to save this country from them." It is evident that the king has a generous spirit and much heart. Azeglio has had great merit in cultivating these good dispositions, and the king, who fully recognises his obligations, speaks of him with almost filial affection.'

Minghetti, writing again on January 23, 1855, says:—'I have a letter from Massimo d'Azeglio, which I should much like you to see, but dare not trust it by post. He says there is no change in Piedmontese politics, but that the present order of things seems firmly established, and that the king's straightforward good sense is admirable.

'Farini has published his fourth volume, and had sent me a copy; but the bearer took fright on the road, and gave it to somebody at Piacenza, so I may still have to wait two or three weeks for my book.'

III.

In June 1851 my father travelled with his family through Lombardy to the baths of Schinznach, in Switzerland, and I remember his intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature, when he used to go about the country making collections of plants and minerals. He afterwards became anxious on account of my mother's delicate health, and began to long for the quietness of home again.

While at Schinznach he determined to learn German, and for that purpose shut himself up daily with a master who knew no other language. This voluntary penance was at first extremely tiresome, but he persevered, and by degrees made himself understood in German, and succeeded in understanding his master, whom he discovered to be an enthusiastic student, well versed in history and literature. His esteem for this man rose to the highest degree on finding that he never had time to study except in the evenings, because he was employed all day with his old father working their land.

On July 14, 1851, my father wrote to Minghetti from Schinznach:—'I heartily thank you for your kind letter of the 6th, and must reply at once, in the hope of finding you still at Turin. Your sad reflexions upon Tuscany are too true, but what can you expect? After spending a month at Milan, the conditions of Central Italy seem to me comparatively happy, but these Governments vie with one another in working for the hatred of those over whom they rule; and wherever the sword of the stranger is most boldly displayed before them, *there* will the hatred be most deeply seated. I am convinced that we have no adequate idea among us of the state of things in Lombardy, and I said so to Recchi when he was at Milan. It is impossible to understand them by merely passing through as a stranger and a tourist, without the opportunity of entering into family life, so as to know the real daily goings on. That appearance of order and quietness, added to the luxury which abounds in great cities, even under circumstances of serious misfortune, often leads to wrong conclusions. When I left behind me the double

guard of German sentinels on the Chiasso Bridge, and entered this Swiss territory with no need of passport nor Custom House inspections, I seemed to breathe more freely. Yet for a good distance here Italian is the language, and we are still in Italy. To me who had not been in Piedmont for many years it seems a delightful dream to see this corner of Italy tranquil and happy, free from oppression and provocations. What I regret is, that I have to lead the life of a stranger, without gaining any intimate knowledge of the country. I had thought of spending a few days at Berne, while my wife was occupied with her baths; but I am not acquainted with anybody, and it is a very different life from what we had at the Ardenza. Here it is all one huge establishment of hotel, baths, and grounds, everything regulated by the sound of a bell, which seems always to be ringing. I don't understand its intimations except the stroke of one o'clock, which means dinner. There are more than a hundred of us at table; but my nearest neighbours happen to be mere children, and I know not who are the people further off, neither does there seem any temptation to make new acquaintance. I am impatient for the day of release, and hope to Heaven my wife may be the better for these baths, though I greatly doubt it. I should be extremely pleased to have a letter for Richard Cobden, and any other introduction which you can give me for England. If I realise my hope of getting there, I still fear that my arrival may happen at the season when most people are absent from London. If it is not putting you to too much trouble, I will ask you to write a letter, on chance, to Radowitz, because the direction of my tour is uncertain, and I should be vexed to be without an introduction to him if the occasion arose. Give my kind regards to Azeglio, Farini, Arconati, Collegno, Casati, and other friends. Address your next to me at Zurich. —G. P.'

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We now travelled through Holland, and passed on, *viâ* Paris, to London, where I remained with my maternal grandfather, while my parents paid a visit at Wilton House, and went to Scotland, where they visited Lord Minto in Roxburghshire, and explored as far as Edinburgh.

On our return homewards we found Switzerland covered with snow, and I remember my father's consternation at Amsteg, afraid to risk crossing St. Gothard with us little children; so we ended by going round to Geneva, where my mother went to see Calame, the landscape-painter, in his studio. A lovely moon shone on our passage across Mont Cenis, and at Turin we met with a most cordial reception from Count Gabrio Casati (my mother's uncle, an exile of Milan), from Farini, and Prince della Cisterna. After this I remember my father describing to our friends of Romagna the material and moral wonders of civilisation in the countries we had visited, comparing these with the sins and blunders of our native rulers and peoples. Truly he had reason to speak in this strain! My mother's journal records that on December 9 this same year, 1851, seven assassins were shot by the Austrians at the foot of the castle rock of Imola!

IV.

For several years after 1850 my father applied himself earnestly to the continuance of his studies, and he used to say that he had never studied enough nor on any good system in his youth. He called his knowledge a 'smattering,' and considered it insufficient for real usefulness. He said he had studied enough, however, to be in love with learning, and to hope for some benefit thereby in his advancing years.

I have already given extracts from his political correspondence with Minghetti, and will now quote some passages from what they wrote in quieter times about the studies in which they were engaged. Minghetti wrote on November 20, 1850, saying:—

'I must quarrel with you seriously for writing me such a short line, as though you had all the affairs of California to think of; and I warn you beforehand that the text of my letters shall be "*si vales bene est, ego quoque valeo.*"'

My father answers from Florence:—

'You need not expect me to write again now I perceive that you don't read my letters. You complain of my brevity, though I told you already that not having, like you grandees,

secretary to manage all my business and accounts, I am obliged to spend long hours over these minutiæ, in order that my son may not find it too difficult to bless my memory after I depart. But you seem neither to have read nor understood my reasons.

'Stung by your reproofs, I have been making good resolutions or the new year [January 8, 1851], and I am determined to throw off that old indolence which clings to me like ivy. I must try to do something more in the course of the day than hitherto, for your conversation is a really good stimulus to me. Lucky you, not to have wasted time like me in your youth! Our life goes on cheerfully enough in the retirement of Fontallerta, and though we have neither balls nor gay company, the evenings are by no means tedious. One of our recent evening readings was the "Don Carlos" of Schiller.

'Your letters always inspire me with envy, for though in these last months I have studied more than usual, it comes almost to nothing, in spite of my good resolutions. What with one interruption and another always recurring, my time seems frittered away.

'You must not believe that I have really taken up a regular studious life thus far, for I am sorry to confess the contrary, and my time is much occupied with trifles of busy idleness, though I hate idleness beyond everything. Perhaps, were I near you, your daily example might influence me to something better, or at least I should profit by your conversation.

'I am less content with myself than ever for living like a toad in a hole, seeing no society, and seeking none, yet always unable to carry out the five hours of study which you recommended: five, indeed! I may say not four, nor even three! Besides which I feel myself wanting in the *methodus et perseverantia*, which is necessary for reaping the harvest of results; and one study so much depends upon another in the natural connexion of the sciences, that an ignorant student has often to turn away from his immediate subject in order to make up some deficiency of previous information which he ought to have been armed with, but was not. Thus, philosophy, economy, history, and art are so deeply intertwined as to leave him at a

loss to know how to aim at the true objects of study, or to realise the nature and extent of his own aspirations.'

Minghetti replies: 'That for which you complain of yourself seems to me a merit, showing the clearness and uprightness of your mind, because really the sciences are so closely connected, making it continually necessary to branch off from one into another, that it becomes impossible to acquire thorough knowledge of any single science without dipping deeply into those which bear upon it. None but the most obtuse and narrow order of minds could ever dream of confining themselves within a limited circle under the idea of gaining in profundity what was lost in breadth of knowledge. The feeling which you have of its being impossible to pursue only one subject, apart from the rest, should be an encouragement to you, as showing that your mind readily perceives even the less obvious correlations, and is inclined to penetrate into the depths of science; in other words, that it is synthetic.'

'Your last visit,' writes my father to Minghetti, on September 20, 1855, 'has had on me the effect which is always produced after being with you, viz. a great regret for not having talked to you about everything that was in my mind, and an ardent desire to see you again to renew our conversations at greater length. I felt it the more this time from the long interval since we had met, and the extreme shortness of our time together. After all, I am continually pondering over things which I have left undone, and perhaps never may accomplish, especially in regard to some studies of real efficacy requiring a habit of application which should have been acquired in earlier days, a foundation of preliminary knowledge of which I have scarcely an idea, and leisure time, from which I seem precluded by family cares and the wandering life into which we have fallen. Perseverance, also, would be indispensable, and in this I am deficient, whether from the fault in myself or through the pressure of circumstances. I am one of those who believe that by method and perseverance almost all things are possible. The method I hope to be instructed in by you, not forgetting that without the second condition it would be labour lost. I often wish I could put out of my head the vain smatter-

ing of varieties which harbour there, and instead of them to gain the knowledge and power of doing but one thing in perfection, were it only the art of the carpenter. But whenever I try to realise my little idea, something else rises up as a necessary preliminary to it; so I find myself always going backward, and continuing in the attitude of a "smatterer," which I hate. It seems to me that every man should be able to answer clearly, when asked, what is his occupation, and should be habitually in earnest about what he professes to do, so as never to let the days slip on without adding something to his mind. I seem to myself a bundle of contradictions while saying this, for though a passionate admirer of learning, I am too stony and stupid to hold out my hand to grasp the golden treasure.'

The two friends were accustomed to judge each other very freely in their letters, which are full of home truths, expressed in the plainest words possible. 'Do me the favour to burn that composition of yours which you showed me yesterday,' writes my father to Minghetti; 'such trash would give an abominable opinion of your literary taste, and it is a hundred miles beyond me.' They did not boast to each other of their studies, but I find a list of subjects which occupied my father between 1850 and 1860, according to the headings of his numerous manuscripts—'Grammatical and Political Phrases of Machiavelli,' 'Remains of Thirteenth and Fourteenth Century Writers, compared with Moderns,' 'Studies on Dante, Cicero, and Sallust,' 'Studies on Modern Writers of Different Countries,' 'Extracts from the Old and New Testaments, with Notes for Practical Application,' 'Philosophical Studies of Holy Scripture,' 'Studies on Church and State,' 'On Moral Philosophy,' 'Astronomy,' 'Natural Science,' 'Politics,' 'Finance,' 'Political Economy,' 'On the Arts,' 'On Travel,' 'Jurisprudence,' 'Miscellaneous Statistics,' 'On Railways,' 'On Languages,' 'Trade,' 'Historical Studies,' 'Agriculture,' 'Botany,' 'Mineralogy,' 'On Chemistry as Applied to Agriculture.' He also studied medical science, &c. &c., availing himself of the counsels of Farini, who directed his choice of books.

During this time my father wrote so much, making large

notes from the books which interested him, that his originally clear handwriting deteriorated greatly, and in order to amend it he engaged a writing master, and took lessons with us children. When Minghetti staid at Fontallerta, my mother, who was always present at the philosophical, political, and historical discussions, used to take her part earnestly in every question of importance; and Minghetti often referred to her sound intelligence and right feeling for help in his arduous problems, complicated and darkened as they were still further by the subtilties of so-called philosophers. Minghetti would frequently inquire of my father about her opinion on interesting subjects. 'Has the Countess read that article in the *Débats* of December 12, 1851, on Bunsen's work? What does she think about it? especially of the point of view from which he judges of Church history? I should be glad to have a discussion with her on this notable subject.' A fortnight later Minghetti continues:—'Your wife's opinion in regard to Bunsen is too vague, and does not satisfy me. Her "*sunt bona mixta malis*" is not enough; and I wish she would, in studying the first centuries of the Church, take note how, saving a few fundamental dogmas, there was always very ample room left for the exercise of reason on all the rest; and how this liberty has been narrowed by degrees almost to the annihilation of reason, with damage in my opinion to the faith itself!'

'Now, why should you not in like manner take up some period of history to study and illustrate? You are very fit for the work, with your correctness of judgment and other necessary gifts; as for your style of writing, it seems to me that you express yourself with clearness, simplicity, propriety, and vigour. I cannot admit the apologies you are always making about your deficient method of study; for with a clear orderly mind like yours it can never be too late to take up your own special line, and I should certainly choose for you that which relates to the ordering of human society. Dear friend, if my words can be of any use or comfort to you, you shall be favoured with an endless course of exhortations.—M. Minghetti.'

On this my mother wrote banteringly to M. Minghetti, deprecating his advice:—'I am really angry with you; for my

husband, after reading your letters, always takes a mania for study, which does not suit his health; he is never so well as when he spends half the day on horseback. I therefore try to counterbalance your influence (unfortunately too strong for me), and not to let him study beyond moderation. I must entreat you to forbear from tempting him to excess by your sublime exhortations.'

In August 1852 Minghetti visited us at Fontallerta. This visit gave an opportunity for him and my father to explore the galleries and interesting antiquities of Florence. They used to rise early, and occupy themselves before breakfast with reading up the particulars of what they intended to see: after breakfast they went down to Florence, and regardless of the heat would pass the whole day in sight-seeing till nearly dark. In the evenings they wrote notes of what they had seen, and prolonged their conversations far into the night.

In April 1853 they enjoyed the same sort of pleasure in Romagna, going from Imola to Rimini, Forli, Faenza, and Bologna.

At this time Minghetti, while working at his political economy, became impressed with the necessity of connecting this science more distinctly with that of morals and personal rights. He perceived how some of the most eminent authors, for want of this link, had deviated from true principles, and he communicated his ideas to my father, who deemed it of the utmost importance to demonstrate to the world that economic science could not be repugnant to any real truth, but that its principles might be put in action with universal benefit. He therefore encouraged Minghetti to publish his book when he had completed it; but the writer was doubtful of himself, and hesitated long, until at last, finding that others had begun to take up the same line of thought, and that several learned academies had given a stimulus to it by the offer of special prizes, he was persuaded, in the latter part of 1858, to bring out his book, entitled 'Public Economy in relation to Law and Morals.' 'How will it be criticised?' he said. 'I almost fear that I am worth nothing; but the die is cast, and you are guilty of having spurred me on to the decision.'

V.

In October 1854 my parents paid a visit at the Castle of Brolio to the Baron Bettino Ricasoli, whom my father described as 'a man of iron.' 'He says himself that he feels hard enough to have lived in the twelfth century.'

My father afterwards had much friendly correspondence with Ricasoli on many of their agricultural interests, and I quote the following letter from Brolio, October 19, 1856:—

'Esteemed and dear Friend,—The sentiments expressed in your kind letter are so gratifying to my heart that I shall always retain a pleasant recollection of the circumstances which suggested it. Your visit with the Countess at Brolio was a happy event for me, and left on my mind the best of all impressions, viz. that in this world where our hopes are so continually disappointed the most true and lasting pleasure is that of friendship founded on mutual esteem. I rejoice that our minds have met in sympathy, and shall always remember with satisfaction that you have taken me into the restricted number (all the more special therefore) of your friends. You may count on my sincere and hearty correspondence, and I hope to Heaven that in all the rest of my life here below it may be given me to enjoy the comfort of a close and solid friendship between us two. I beg you will express to your wife my sense of her kindness in laying aside all punctilio to visit my lonely castle, and enliven the life of a solitary, who was truly grateful to her, as I will show by keeping the promise which she was so good as to insist upon. The only difficulty is that I fail to remember the size of the album in which she intends to put my drawing, but I will do my best to make it right, even without the exact measure. You express your doubts of the nutritive qualities of bran, and I cannot do better than refer to the result of Boussingault's analysis of it. In many places it is thought that the most nourishing bread and the most digestible is that made of the whole meal, without taking away any of the bran; and it was this bread which served in ancient Roman times to feed the gladiators, as their most strengthening diet. The whole meal bread has

a particularly good, substantial taste, and keeps fresh longer than the separated refined sorts.—Yours affectionately,

'RICASOLI.'

VI.

The year 1855 began sadly for us. My maternal grandfather being ill, my mother set out in February for Milan to see him, and we accompanied her as far as Leghorn. On arriving at the hotel there, near the docks, my father was called out, but presently came back with an expression in his face which, although he strove to be calm, told us the bad news. Paolo Bassi had expired in the night, so here was an end to the melancholy but cherished hope of being in time to receive his last breath. My father wrote to a friend: 'The untimely death of my father-in-law is lamented in Milan as a public calamity; the magistracy, the "Istituto," and an immense crowd attended his funeral. I am deeply grieved to have lost him.'

To Count Ippolito Rasponi, from Florence, he wrote more particularly:—'I had taken my wife to Livorno, whence she was to embark for Genoa, but a telegram came to us announcing that it was too late, so we came back to Florence. It is easy to write the facts, but, good God! what a dreadful grief to this poor woman, who was so full of hope to see her father once more, and had been for a month undecided whether to go or not. When she asked the direct question she was told in reply to wait a little; then suddenly came a bad turn, and all was over. Thus ended the life of a man apparently full of health and most vigorous, also especially discreet and temperate, who did not seem to have a weak point in his constitution for disease to lay hold of. He leaves a young family, whom he was educating so well, and his two sons at Pisa are considered the best scholars in that university. You did not know him much, but I assure you that his like is scarcely to be found, so religious and good, full of learning and wisdom as he was, who is gone from us in a moment! Excuse, dear friend, this outpouring of my grief to you. I cannot restrain my tears, and I have spoken of our sorrow with no one except my wife, who is in a state of grief impossible to describe.'

A few days later he writes to Minghetti:—'I did not intend accompanying my wife to Milan, because we did not like both of us to be away from the children; but I was satisfied that she should go, as the only solace to her grief. This is, indeed, a tremendous misfortune to the family in every respect, and for himself it was a sad case; he, apparently so robust, healthy, and temperate, to be worn out by an insidious disease, scarcely perceivable, and suddenly to die just when the complaint seemed conquered, and at a time when his children are in the flower of their youth, with unbounded need for their father's guiding hand. It makes me tremble to think how great is the misfortune, and I don't believe that any one of the family can realise it so completely as I do. But there is no good in troubling you with vain lamentations, and we will talk on these things when we meet.'[1]

[1] The Milanese newspapers, in dread of the Austrian police, scarcely dared sound the note of praise for Paolo Bassi; but foreign journals, in particular the *Indépendance Belge*, admitted some notes of him from an Italian correspondent:—

'Within the last few days Milan has lost one of her best citizens and Italy one of her most illustrious sons. A painful illness has carried off Paolo Bassi from his loving family, to the grief of all honest men. He was a mathematician of eminence, and his truth in practical life corresponded with his exactness in science. Of inflexible integrity, elevated sentiments, and rare modesty, his spoken word was no less trustworthy than his demonstrated problems of geometry. He practised the worship of truth and virtue without ostentation, and gained the affection and reverence of his fellow-citizens without ever seeking popularity. All Milan followed his remains to the grave, drawn thither solely by that sentiment of respect and regret which pre-eminent virtues inspire in the minds of men. In 1848 the lamented deceased was "Podestà" of Milan, and was by the side of Charles Albert when that unhappy hero came to Casa Greppi; it was his melancholy duty next day to consign the keys of the city to the Austrian commander. Paolo Bassi was a man of masculine mind and bold heart, yet in delivering up the keys there was a tear on his cheek—a tear of grief for the fate of his native place; Radetzky, perceiving it, said to him, "I sympathise with what your feelings must be at this moment." Self-sacrifice for one's country is always to be admired, but when accomplished in silence, under the certainty that few or none will ever comprehend the deed, it then becomes sublime; and of this character was not Paolo Bassi's devotion a grand example? He mastered his anguish, restrained his impetuosity, thought only of his country, and there were no witnesses to the cruel sufferings of his brave and noble spirit. He conquered himself, and was a hero of patriotism expiating the sins of others, not his own.'

CHAPTER X.

PASOLINI AND PIUS IX. AT ROME AND BOLOGNA.

Journey of Pasolini to Rome in April 1855—Audience of the Pope—His impressions—Journey to Rome and audience of the Pope in 1856—Hopes and aspirations—Letters—Lord Minto and Lord John Russell at Florence—The Pope's journey through Romagna—Pasolini's interviews with him at Imola, Bologna, and Ravenna—New trials—New hopes—Discouragements—Letters—Melancholy departure of the Pope from Bologna.

I.

ALTHOUGH my father's chief residence at this time was in Tuscany he used to spend several months each year in Romagna, where he energetically carried on the cultivation of his lands, and made experiments in agriculture. The Liberal party of Romagna held him in honour, and the Government gave him no molestation, knowing him as the friend of order and quietness, utterly alien from all underhand plots, and also as being a man of so much weight with all parties that it was prudent and even necessary to respect him. Once only it happened that an ecclesiastical delegate had excluded him from municipal affairs as a man of doubtful proclivities, and my father indignantly expressed himself on the subject to a friend. 'Is it possible I should be a suspected man? That the Pope should pass me over I could understand, the recollection of me being connected with times far from pleasing to him; or that he should think slightly of my ability, although in a universal shipwreck all the captains may be acquitted; but that he should be pleased to have disrespect shown to me, who never was anything but loyal to him, is hard to bear; the more so as no ambition of mine but simply his own desire caused me to be about him!'

In April 1855 he waited upon the Pope, who conversed a long time with him, inquiring kindly after his wife and children and all the circumstances of his family; also about Farini, Recchi, and other old friends and colleagues in the Government. From persons he proceeded to talk of events and changes. 'You were wrong,' he said, 'to be so hot-headed about that allocution, and if you were to read it now in cold blood you would see that I was right.' My father replied that he had never intended to criticise the Papal allocution. 'But,' said he, 'my colleagues and I consider that in consequence of it we could no longer officially serve your Holiness; for we had announced to the country that we would make war if it were within our power to do so, and your allocution said, "*make peace.*" No doubt your Holiness will have heard many strange things related of me.' 'Ah! my dear Count,' interrupted the Pontiff, 'I know you have always been true and loyal to me. God help us! The worst of all is that the good men have retired. But we will speak no more of the days which can never return.' This was said in the mournful tone of a defeated captain, who laments that he is unable to recommence the lost battle.

My mother and I met my father at Siena on his return from Rome, and he said to us, 'I had the satisfaction of breaking a lance the other evening in his favour at the house of X———, but it is too sad to see how the poor Pope is made a laughing-stock by all of them.'

Pasolini, during his stay in Rome, had found opportunity to procure the return from exile of the illustrious Philip Mordani and other honourable men, whose effusive expressions of gratitude I am reluctantly compelled to omit from these abridged recollections.

We spent the winter of 1855–56 in Romagna.

In October 1856 my father travelled from Florence to Rome with his family by easy journeys, taking time to explore all that was interesting at Arezzo and Passignano; and on Lake Thrasymene we read Livy's narrative of the famous battle between the Romans and Carthaginians, so that this bit of history remained bright in our memories for ever after. We visited the historical churches of Assisi, Etruscan Perugia, and its ancient sepulchres,

and came to Rome by Foligno and Spoleto; our young minds so well opened to imbibe stores of knowledge in the Eternal City that its monuments seemed to speak to us with real voice and meaning.

II.

Before proceeding further in my biographical record it will be best here to note how Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic, when he organised the expedition to Rome, expressed by letter to Edgar Ney, as well as in other quarters, his idea of restoring the Pope's temporal dominion, though modifying it at the same time in harmony with modern sympathies, secularising the Government, and adopting the 'Code Napoléon' as law. He had frequently and in various ways repeated and enlarged upon these ideas. It was no wonder then if, despite the miserable condition of Romagna, there still remained always some hope, not of impossible radical reforms, but of obtaining justice, safety, and good administration—in short, of making a step in advance towards better things. These thoughts engaged my father's mind when he had his audience of the Pope, just after Minghetti had written to him the following:—

'Bologna, November 7, 1856.

'Dear Friend,—On reading over the inclosed hasty scrawl I was almost tempted to burn it as a farrago of blunders and omissions, and to write to you instead a more simple, practical project; for instance, suppose for once, to gather together ten or twelve influential, upright, well-informed statesmen, whose characters are known to the public, and esteemed by both prince and people. Propose to these men that they thoroughly study the question, indicating the evils and suggesting the remedies; leave them with full liberty to explain unreservedly to the prince whatever recommendations their own good sense and judgment shall dictate. This would be the best course; but since you wish it, and even Cavour on the whole approves of my ill-digested scheme, I send you the long letter to read. It is unnecessary to exhort you to use the utmost discretion; but what I particularly desire is, that if by any chance the French Minister were to

make an analogous proposition, neither you nor others should imagine there had been any understanding between us, for this would be quite contrary to the facts. It is not without cause that I give you this warning, of which we will speak again when we meet at your house. Bevilacqua and I consulted seriously how to send you this letter with safety, and came to the conclusion that it had better be addressed to your own name, trusting that nobody is likely to open it. After all, if it came to the worst, there is nothing there but what ought to be expressed to the prince.'

I have no knowledge of what my father may have said to the Pope at this juncture, but his own ideas are expressed in the following letters to Minghetti:—

'Rome, October 30, 1856.

'I am now convinced, whether rightly or wrongly, that no one can tell what may be the probable solution of Neapolitan affairs, which may occasion serious changes in other parts of Italy, and in that case nothing can be done but to wait expectantly, or else the Powers will intervene to restrain such changes within given limits, in which case there will be a great deal to do. To the practical part of the problem we see no solution, since one of the parties refused the Congress of Paris at any price, making any step in that direction impossible. Is there no supposable solution to the difficulty? I would not venture to give a direct answer to the question, yet it seems to me that minds more acute than my own should be far from admitting any impossibility about it. You will remember how much I approved of certain ideas set forth in a letter which you read to me, but which I found wanting as regarded the responsibility of the Government and its agents. Would it not be possible to begin on this basis, and try to contrive some feasible plan of action? On the one hand, I perceive a constant desire to do good, the same as has existed from the beginning, and, again, the external agencies get involved in that continual question of something practical, while nothing is done to combine the different influences towards one distinct scope. I am aware that with all this no very great things can be effected; but if certain unjust grievances were abolished, and every right step taken

which is possible at the present moment, why should we lose hope of going on to something better? Take this into your consideration. Though the path be thorny, it is the way of triumph and glory. We may die in the breach by which others enter in victorious, and whose, I ask, is the greater merit in such case?'

On November 6 my father took his wife and children to visit the Pope, who presented to my mother a magnificent lioness's skin.

G. Pasolini to M. Minghetti.

'Florence, December 2, 1856.

'Dear Mark,—It is time to write to you again. No sooner had we returned from Rome than here came my two brothers-in-law—the one with his bride, the other to say "Good-bye" before going to complete his education in London; thus it happened that from day to day I put off writing. There are so many things to tell you: first, to acknowledge your last three letters, with the papers relating to them, which remain a dead letter under my hand, if you so wish it; but anyhow, it is well to have studied all sides of the subject. I laughed heartily at your misgiving lest your ideas should coincide too closely with those of M. Rayneval, who condemns us and the whole Italian nation more than any Austrian would think of doing, and he has but one remedy to propose for the evils reported to exist in Romagna, viz. the continuance of foreign occupation. You will understand that the supposed pressure by the Great Powers is by no means heavy, and it is certain that in regard to Rome England will do nothing. The secondary Powers are overflowing with indignation at the Neapolitan doings, and, truly, unless there appears all at once the "Deus ex machina" to order them differently from what we see, it must be said that they are shameful.

'What is there to look for from diplomacy? It is no use to expect anything from the Court. If there were but one honest man in it, who could and would try to keep things straight, the grievances might be modified; but there is no such person.

'Thus everything depends on the prince, who is good and

desires to do right, but is not in sympathy with the country. If the Council of Finance, or one of them individually, would take upon himself to make a distinct statement, that would be the only hopeful proceeding. I write to you briefly my dim ideas, being more discouraged than before; but I will never join hands with a party who go in for agitation. If I could shut myself up as administrator of some great hospital or charitable institution, I should be content to feel that I was not leading an utterly selfish life in this world; but, as to public affairs, I cannot see how to take part in them with honour. I marvel to think of that Rayneval, the dignified Ambassador of the French, Orleanist, Imperialist, man of letters, "homme du monde," &c.

'Lord Minto and Lord John Russell are here in Florence. The former is enthusiastic for Italy, though I know not whether his views are clear, or whether he is likely to find out the truth. Lord J. Russell is very different, but I am not able to tell you anything of him as yet. I dine with him to-night and on Thursday.[1]

'You once thought of coming to stay with us at Fontallerta in winter; but, truly, when I see all the hills covered with snow around us, I shudder at the idea of inviting a friend to freeze here. If snow and ice come upon us, as usually happens for a few days every winter, our communications with the town have all to be contrived on foot—morning, noon, or night. If you have courage to come after this warning, you must not blame me for giving an absurd invitation, and it only rests with your-

[1] The presence of Lord John Russell in Florence was not without an object; as England, foreseeing the march of events in Italy, wished to calculate the most serious of probable consequences, or at least to know how far the public opinion of Tuscany might be favourable to the changes which began to be talked of. Lord Russell's sentiments inclined towards the Austrians, and he certainly had no intention of setting the match to a smouldering fire. He conversed with many of the Liberal party, notably with Gino Capponi, with whom an English statesman could easily come to an understanding, as his language was totally different from the revolutionary jargon which pervaded the talk of ordinary Italian politicians at that time. The Tuscan Government could not understand Russell's visit to Florence, and were so suspicious of him as to spy out who were his visitors at the Villa Capponi, out of Porta San Gallo, where he lodged. The result of this was, that Lord Russell changed his opinion, and returned home convinced that the cause of the Grand Duke was utterly lost.

self to run the risk if you are not afraid. The Emperor of Austria is expected in Florence the week before Christmas. Whether you come to us now or later, I wish you would bring with you some material for my mental enlightenment. How nice it would be if you could give me ten or twenty lessons on some useful subject! I should like to learn something worth studying before I grow decrepid; so, without joking, if you come we must work, and it would be the best remembrance you can leave me of yourself, for you are the only one of my friends who carries the torch of learning. Happy you! Your affectionate,

'G. P.'

'P.S.—Rignano has given me a pamphlet for you, by Gallotti, something about gold. I enclose a letter for Bevilacqua, telling him that the Pope gave my wife a lioness's skin, which proves he does not agree with the opinions of Count Rayneval.'

In reference to the above letter, it may be mentioned that Pasolini during his stay at Rome had cognizance of a note made by Rayneval, the French ambassador, for his Government, and while the report ran that he was imploring the Pontiff to make efficacious reforms, he was in reality writing to inform his master that the Italians were by nature rapacious and ungovernable. 'The example of Piedmont,' he said, is dazzling, 'but the Piedmontese are not Italians; they are royalists and good soldiers. Woe to him who should begin by reforming; for the facts of 1848 will repeat themselves, and leave the Mazzinians victorious in the field.' According to Rayneval, 'there was no fault in the Papal Government, few priests were employed in the administration, every feasible reform was already inaugurated, the taxes were light, the accounts all open to the public, all public works, military, legal, financial, and agricultural affairs were well designed and well carried out; prosperity and happiness were evident in the faces of the multitude. The Pontifical rule had worked miracles. Bad luck to the dreamer who should think to banish discontent by making new concessions to the insatiable, for that could only weaken and discredit the Government. Let the French banner float at Cività Vecchia and the Austrian at Ancona! All novelties were injurious, and

the sole remedy for the woes and dangers of Italy was to be found in maintaining a foreign occupation.' After reading such a note as this it is evident how greatly my father must have been amused by Minghetti's alarm lest he should be supposed a follower of Rayneval's designs and fancies.

On returning to Florence we found our English friends the Elliots, Lord Minto, and Lord Russell, who was inhabiting Villa Capponi alla Pietra, not far from us. My father then did everything he could to utilise the opportunities of family friendship with these statesmen for the encouragement of hopefulness among liberal-minded Italians. With this intent many hospitalities were interchanged, and numerous social gatherings took place that winter of the inhabitants of Fontallerta and Villa Pietra and their friends.

Pasolini wrote to Minghetti on December 16, 1856 :—

'I wish you would favour me with your company next time I go to Lord Russell's, for I am anxious you should see him. Many politicians are buzzing about him; but, after all their talk, my belief is that he has made up his mind there is nothing to be done. Minto is not of the same opinion. It must be remembered that the Italian question has become popular in England, and, supposing it served to bring on a ministerial crisis, the popularity of it would be enormously increased.'

III.

In the summer of 1857 Pope Pius IX. determined to make a progress through the States of the Church, and when this intention became known it gave occasion to renewed hopes throughout the provinces, everyone readily believing the Pope's presence a grand opportunity for some good to be effected. Minghetti said, in a letter to Pasolini :—'It seems certain the Pope will visit Bologna, and people are beginning to expect great things of him. I need not tell you the vulgar gossip of improbabilities, but certainly I think that the Pope when he comes will make some concessions if the grievances of the country be properly put before him by persons of influence and moderation. I am sure there is no better way of doing honour

to a prince than by telling him the truth, in full confidence that he will redress the wrongs of his subjects.'

On June 8 my father had an audience of the Pope at Imola, and said to him, 'This journey has surely been a happy inspiration; for thus your Holiness will see and understand many things which you could never otherwise have heard of.' 'I have seen the magistrates of many districts,' answered the Pontiff, 'and they have spoken to me about local wants, which I endeavoured to satisfy as far as possible; but none of them alluded to governmental necessities.' 'At Bologna these are sure to be well explained to your Holiness.' 'That is the hot-bed of Liberalism,' said the Pope, naming Minghetti, with some others, as exemplifications to the point. 'They are my friends,' replied Pasolini, 'especially Minghetti, with whom I have largely shared both joy and sorrow.' 'All right; I find no fault with you.' 'Well, my belief is that they will meet you in a spirit of perfect moderation.' 'But if these Liberal Governments are to imitate Piedmont, they must be anti-Christian, and they cannot fail to disgust a great part of the population.' 'That word "Liberal" has been greatly abused,' said Pasolini, 'for Governments may be liberal, and ought to be at the same time most Christian.' 'At Bologna originated that famous project of the Vicariate—Cavour's project.' 'Well, I do not believe that to have been prepared at Bologna.' 'But at the time of the Restoration Minghetti demanded of me the maintenance of the Constitution.' 'Yes, he wrote and printed a pamphlet, and I suggested to him how it should be made to reach your Holiness's hands.' 'I will not have fundamental changes,' said the Pope, 'for in such case an army would be required. Burnt children dread the fire; and, besides, those Piedmontese journals which I read wipe out all the pleasure of doing grace or making reforms by attributing such acts either to the pressure of the French Ambassador or some other.' 'I would answer for it,' rejoined Pasolini, 'that the persons you named do not write in those papers.' 'But Signor ——— went all over Rome in search of signatures to Cavour's project, and one of the men whom he canvassed came to tell me of it.' 'I am not engaged in politics, and only keep up my old friendships. I do not know the

character of Signor ——— as I do those others, but I have great faith in the persons whom your Holiness will see at Bologna as being really honest men. Minghetti is more of a student than anything else. You will listen to them, and see what can be done.'

This conversation went on for a long time, always in candour and good humour, and my father reported it to Minghetti.

'My chief scope was to obviate the prejudices which might be entertained against you and Carlino Bevilacqua, et cetera. I strongly expressed my friendship for you, and met with approval, having made bold to assert that you had nothing to do with the violent Piedmontese newspapers. I added that it would be necessary for him to confer with a great many persons. To yourself I would suggest prudence, and do not fail to say something of personal compliment and respectfulness, which is sure to be acceptable. Carlino, Montanari, and others must enter frankly into the question, but not in an abrupt and startling manner, rather adhering to the words which we agreed upon as reasonable and conciliatory. Do not be alarmed at the first contradiction, for nobody hitherto has put these things properly before him, and his heart is always in the right place.'

IV.

Minghetti writes to Pasolini on the evening of June 9 from Bologna:—

'The official reception was splendid, and a crowd assembled between the Archway and the Piazza, respectful enough, though silent and cold. His Holiness entered the palace, appeared on the balcony, and gave his benediction, which was followed by applause. Since then the benediction has been repeated on two occasions, always with applause, and I am told that the Pope is pretty well satisfied upon the whole. Buoncompagni is to be admitted to an audience on the 11th, and will return next day to Florence if there be nothing to detain him.'

Minghetti continues on the 13th:—

'The Pope received Buoncompagni yesterday, and conversed pleasantly with him, but not on any important subjects. There

was one thing which made an unhappy impression, viz. the circumstance of this audience taking place only a minute before the benediction was given to the Austrian troops, so that Buoncompagni was mixed up with their squadrons, guns, and horses, both in going and returning. The crowd said that this spectacle was an answer for the Sardinian embassy, but I believe it to have been a mere coincidence, unforeseen; and I must tell you that the people, who had flocked before to hear the benediction, deserted the Piazza that day, leaving the Germans to themselves. This evidence of self-control was no less pleasing to me than their zeal on the former occasions.'

My father had a second audience of the Pope at Bologna, whence he returned profoundly discouraged; and I extract the following from his letter of June 15 to Minghetti:—'Two ideas are working in my mind, viz. that nations have the governments which they deserve, and that wisdom must descend from on high. Gathering up my wits, and putting together the most credible and important discourses held by others, I bring out one chief fact; nobody pointed out any large political desideratum, but they applied for benefactions, buildings, bridges, and roads, nothing more. Yet the Gonfalonieri and the magistrates are numerous, and some of them have belonged to the political departments of the State; Guarini, for instance, was a colleague of Rossi. At Faenza the Pope's presence awakened great personal enthusiasm, and one of the citizens said to me "Now we shall see what he will do!" "What did you ask for?" "Money to build the city gate; I think we might expect that." In all this I perceive a double line of deceptions or illusions, one proceeding from the higher to the lower orders, another rising from the depths upward. It is a most painful conclusion, for I deem both prince and people to be worthy of better destinies. The question of remedies is difficult, I know; but it is not impossible that the simple naked truth, the unadorned statement of facts exactly as they exist, should be brought out into the light with the real colour of credibility which belongs to them. They all say, "Let us see what Bologna will do," and we poor provincials can scarcely hold up our heads. It is my opinion that a large country runs less risk than a smaller one;

and certainly, had it been said to me, "The other cities having made no sign, Ravenna ought to speak out," I should have refused. I sympathise with some of the unhappy magistrates leading troubled lives, and alarmed for the issue of this unexpected visit, who seeing it go on smoothly had not courage to enter upon perilous discourses. I understand and deplore such cases; but while all parties, particularly the executive, are exclaiming against Government, right or wrong, when neither persons nor property are secure (the character of the population visibly deteriorating), and yet when the prince comes among them smiling and friendly not a voice is lifted up to let him hear the universal complaints—this is indeed a most terrible state of things! Again, possibly some voice may be raised, say from Bologna. Will there not be a ready accusation of factiousness, cupidity, or private ambitions against that place? One word more, and I have done. Providence over-rules the destinies of men, but very excellent opportunities are put before us from time to time, and we show our folly by neglecting them! I feel confirmed in my resolution to avoid politics, and turn my attention to other subjects.'

Minghetti replies on June 10 by telling Pasolini—'The Pope is at S. Michele in Bosco, coldly and quietly received there—the applauses which I spoke of in my last letter seem to have ceased. I am truly sorry you could not put in your word to inform him of the great expectations which preceded his coming.' On the 17th, Minghetti continues: 'Your letter was written in a moment of discouragement which I quite understand—being liable myself to these dejected moods, which often make me irascible, almost desperate; and when I remember the smallness of the questions which are in agitation among us, the insignificance of the results which may be attainable even as a great victory, the strong and persistent efforts which must be made, and all the bitter illusions we have to suffer in working for our laudable ends, I feel inclined to throw politics to the winds. But still we ought not to leave off in the middle of what we have begun, so long as the slightest ray of hope remains visible. The Pontiff is so hedged in by his Court that nobody has been able to speak to him by himself; and you know, if it

be their determined purpose that no one shall have a direct word with him, all our efforts will be in vain.'

'What more can I do?' my father writes on June 28 to Minghetti. 'The present might be a good moment for quiet and gentle reasonings; but how can we find the opportunity to express them? I would willingly do my utmost in this way, but cannot see any possibility of approaching him. Yet it would be a thousand pities that this man's excellent qualities should run to waste, without doing some good to the world! I do hate politics; yet when I see such ruin going on, I ask myself how can one have courage to stand aloof, if there be even the bare possibility of stemming it in ever so small a degree? Adieu, dear Mark.—G. P.'

The small ray of hope was diminishing day by day, and Minghetti writes on April 4:—'The Court does its utmost to put aside every idea of reforms, even in matters of detail, and Monsignor Berardi, speaking to a friend about the Pope, exclaimed, "For God's sake don't stir him up against me!" At Malvasia some person wanted to present to the Pope a petition on commercial matters—something concerning electric contrivances, tariffs, &c., but Monsignor Amici intervened and stopped it. Every effort is being made to strangle the proceedings of the Agricultural Society, though I think we shall be too strong for them, as the professors and advocates are diligently preparing their case, and many of our votes will come to the front. We shall certainly not be wanting to ourselves on this occasion. Be assured that your friendship is comforting to me under every misfortune.—M. Minghetti.'

V.

The Pope had not intended to visit Ravenna, where he knew that Liberalism ran higher than elsewhere, but was persuaded by Archbishop Falconieri to change his mind, and he arrived there toward the end of July. There was great anxiety lest his presence should be the occasion of riot, or, at any rate, lest he should meet with a chilling reception; whereas it seemed especially desirable that he should be welcomed respectfully and

heartily, though not in such manner as to impede the exercise of perfect frankness towards him. My father put it thus: 'The servants doff their hats to us as a sign of respect, nothing more. In the same spirit ought we to receive the Pope when he comes, gravely and respectfully; yet in an attitude which shall intimate to him that "behind our courteous welcome there are heavy grievances pressing upon us, and we pray you to consider them."'

The Pope arrived unexpectedly, and was welcomed with joyful demonstrations, but he returned almost immediately to Bologna, and the latter part of his stay there was more and more sadly disappointing. He himself, alas! never became aware that the affection of his subjects was dying away from him, along with their deluded hopes. Had Pius IX. been made to understand that the State had real needs which could be satisfied without bringing on a revolution, it is the opinion of all who approached him at this time that he was ready again to be the man of 1847. But there were two ideas which mastered him.[1] The first was that Pasolini, Minghetti, and their friends—worthy, honourable men though they were—numbered but very few followers, and that the people generally had no desire for the reforms which this party so freely and loudly demanded. His second idea was, that concessions inevitably led the way, sooner or later, to revolution, and the facts of 1848 remained always like a nightmare before his eyes. Therefore, after kindly receiving the reformers, talking with them most affably, always encouraging what was good, never even in moments of recrimination showing the slightest tinge of bitterness or vindictiveness; after having held with them the freest and fullest discussions, asking, 'What are the evils?' 'What might be the remedies?' also having listened willingly to their answers, he never took one step by their advice, for fear lest any such advance might bring him to the verge of the precipice. He wished his old friends

[1] My father's report to Minghetti was, 'Things seem to be entering a new phase. It is not in courage that he fails, neither is it the fear of doing worse that now keeps him back; but he has the conviction that there is no real demand nor expectation to be dealt with, nothing beyond the vague desires of a small party panting for power; and therefore he deems it best that exclusive attention be given to the development of material interests, as a satisfaction to restless minds.'

and counsellors to carry with them at parting an impression of affection and goodwill, but nothing whatever of hope. 'The Constitution is a necessity of our times,' said Pasolini, in one of the three conversations he had with Pio Nono at Bologna. 'There are no States governed nowadays without a Constitution, and your Holiness had granted it.' 'True, but you saw what bad use they made of it.' 'Yet we must take into account that all the demagogues of Italy had flocked to Rome in those days; there were then, and there still are now, many wise, upright men. . . . .'

'Who are they? Except yourself, I know of none.' 'Here, at Bologna, is Minghetti, who remained faithful even in 1849.' 'Well, I don't object to Minghetti so much; but he is one of those Piedmontese fellows who wish to bring all Italy into their own religious ideas.' 'Your Holiness is aware that my personal sentiments of religion are deep and sincere, and that many of the Piedmontese laws are therefore displeasing to me, notably that one under which the Bishops were imprisoned; yet I must honestly tell you that I never, at Rome, witnessed a procession conducted with so much devotion as at Turin.' 'Granted . . . but ever since 1848 Piedmont has aimed at the possession of all Italy. . . .'

The conversation then turned upon Cavour.

'Do you know him?' inquired the Pope. 'Not personally, but I have heard a great deal about him from those who are well acquainted with him; Piedmont desires to expel the Austrians, and for this purpose the united strength of all the Italian States will be needed.'

Pasolini then proceeded to demonstrate that the alliance with Austria and the want of a solid Constitution tended to keep the States of the Church in agitation and danger; and he asked, 'What course does your Holiness propose to take?' 'Providence will direct us,' answered the Pope, with a sigh. 'Then we are to remain mere spectators of what the Government may be pleased to enact?' 'I am very sorry, Count Pasolini, but there is a person waiting for me, and I have not time for further conversation.' 'Yes,' rejoined Pasolini, 'I saw the Austrian general in the ante-chamber,' and he took his leave,

the Pope accompanying him to the door, holding his hand, and saying many kindly words of that vague sort which rise to the lips in parting from a friend with whom one cannot agree. At the last moment he turned and said with tears, 'Then you also desert us, my dear Count?' 'No,' said Pasolini deeply moved, 'we do not desert you, but your Holiness has thrown us over.'

In dismissing Carlo Bevilacqua one day, the Pope said, 'My courage fails me.' 'Gather it up again,' answered Bevilacqua, 'and show a righteous boldness once more, for the benefit of the world now, before you quit Bologna.' But the much-needed courage never returned: hence the departure was sad and solitary. The Pope's journey ended without his gaining any clear ideas. He had undertaken it in order to see his dominion, and to revive, as he thought, the attachment of his subjects by courteous words; but instead of this it was a voyage of sad farewell to the populations, who had for a thousand years past been under obedience to the temporal power of the Pontiffs.

CHAPTER XI.

HIS GOVERNORSHIP OF RAVENNA.

Letter to Girolamo Rota—His intentions and solicitude for the welfare of the peasantry—Roads and other projects—He obtains facilities for construction of the railroad to Ravenna—Correspondence—Journey to Piedmont—Lamarmora—Cavour—Journey to Vienna—Visit of the Prince of Wales to Ravenna—The Centenary festival—Revolution in Ravenna and departure of the last Pontifical delegate—A body of Austrians pass through Ravenna on their way to Lombardy—Pasolini resigns office.

I.

TOWARDS the close of 1857 my father became Governor (Gonfaloniere) of Ravenna. His letter to Girolamo Rota will show the spirit in which he accepted this office; and at the risk of being tedious I quote it in full, that our countrymen may appreciate his dutiful attachment to his native city. He writes from Imola, November 22, 1857:—

'How is it that you have not written to me for so long? You must certainly have heard that the Gonfaloniere's robe threatens to fall on my shoulders, yet you deign me not a word either to encourage or keep me back! I must therefore take the initiative, and willingly do so, having learnt long ago from my father, of dear and honoured memory, to esteem you; and in all succeeding years, so full of grave events, I have learnt more and more how rightly that esteem was bestowed which has now grown to be a true personal affection. With you then, "amico mio e non della ventura,"[1] let me discuss my present position, which is serious enough to require the gravest consideration and advice from my friends. Twelve years ago I was called by the vote of my fellow-citizens to the office of Gonfalo-

[1] *Vide* Dante, 2nd Canto of the *Inferno*.

niere. I was very young then, and had never before occupied a post of any importance, so the honour might have been flattering to my self-love; but I was not seduced by it, and declined. You know how fortune afterwards tossed me up and down into various public employments, from which, I think, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, I came out with unstained honour and conscience. More than once during this time, the votes of my fellow-citizens called upon me again to head the municipality, but I felt disinclined to it from the way things were going on, and I used every means to avoid the office. For this many people blamed me as an unpatriotic citizen, who would rather enjoy an easy fortune in private life than exert himself for the public in honourable labours. On the other hand, I considered that my country was not bounded by the city walls, and that it is not at all times desirable to intermeddle with party strife. Above all, I was endeavouring that my life should not be an idle one, and in retirement I occupied myself with studies and experiments from which, if I be permitted to complete them, it is my hope that much good may result to my country, while at the same time I shall stand clear from the imputation of useless idleness, which my soul abhors.

'But now, last month, comes another nomination to the mayoralty, which I intended to decline as before, had it not been for several men of weight and respectability, who have urged on me many reasons against doing so. They say, that "the repeated example of refusing municipal employment becomes contagious, and that whereas formerly these offices were eagerly sought after, it is now the fashion to avoid them;" how are the places of out-going magistrates ever to be supplied at this rate? If this unwillingness and these refusals continue we might have to end with a Government Commissioner, or some other equally unpopular expedient, seeing that the municipal business must be carried on somehow. "It is fitting that those who first gave the example of declining office should now come forward to accept; if not, theirs is the peril and the blame. People may say that what was right to be done yesterday might not be right for the morrow; but at this moment there are special reasons why all good citizens should make a determined

effort for their country." Now these appear to me very solid considerations, dear Rota, so that unless any unforeseen objection arise, I must undertake the burden, and say to myself, "good conscience, good courage, and forward!"

'Do not suppose that I shut my eyes to the difficulties which await me. A friend, the other day, by way of encouragement, was telling me that the universal opinion of the city is in my favour; but this, far from encouraging me, seemed alarming, for I had before my eyes the words of Machiavelli, who could judge better than most men the course of human events. He says, "It is not desirable to choose a magistrate of whom an extraordinarily high opinion is entertained, because he can never act up to it in practice, as people will always be expecting impossibilities from him, so that discredit and humiliation are sure to ensue." Now, I do not wish to inquire what measure of popular favour may attend my assumption of office, but they tell me that public opinion corresponds to the vote of the council, and that is enough; as I do not aim at popular applause, power or glory, only at the satisfactory performance of a duty. On this understanding, dear Rota, I prepare to renounce my favourite habits, to interrupt my interesting studies and occupations, probably with no small damage to family affairs. I take office as a duty, and shall endeavour to fulfil its obligations steadily and modestly, in the best way I can.

'I do not expect to please everybody, but rather to find that many will wonder and lament that I am able to do so little good. Heaven grant they may not have to complain that I do them any harm! Municipal affairs, although important, are limited within a smaller circle than is commonly supposed, the bounds of which are prescribed by law, and I would not on any account overpass them. To do so would not only be wrong in principle, but would be prejudicial to those business affairs which are of primary importance to the municipality, and to which alone I intend devoting my most strenuous attention. Supposing my efforts in some degree successful, this seat of honour, at present so much avoided, and which I take with reluctance, may become sufficiently attractive to some one else to give me the opportunity of quitting it without compunction. On the other hand,

should I fail to do any good, it will be as much my duty to give up speedily, as it is now incumbent for me to take the office, and in such case no blame need attach to me. The hope of coming honourably out of it, before long, tends to encourage me, for I feel that neither my health nor domestic circumstances could permit me to hold on for any length of time in this sort of position. As for what people talk of its being dangerous to meddle with public affairs in the turbulent province of Romagna, I cast that thought behind me. I love and esteem my fellow-citizens, who are desirous (especially after recent misfortunes) of establishing that which is just and right, and I believe that an honest man who works in a straightforward way against difficulties to serve his fellows may hope to gain their love. Love wins excuses for many errors and deficiencies from which I cannot expect to be exempt more than any other mortal. I have scrawled these lines to you, dear Rota, in such haste that perhaps they are scarcely legible, and I ought to have re-copied them, but did not wish to go further without your knowing my thoughts; and on coming to Ravenna I shall look for advice and encouragement from you and your friends. Heaven grant you may be able to approve of my conduct! but whatever be the wisdom of it or otherwise, I beg you to believe it dictated by a mind devoted above all things to truth and duty. Your affectionate Friend, G. PASOLINI.'

To another friend he writes on January 8, 1858:—

'Having accepted office I do not intend to fill it in a mere routine way. These municipal posts, generally occupied by inferior people, have been so mismanaged that the affairs of the city are in a dreadfully bad state, and I should wish to rectify them, but it will be a gigantic undertaking, because from the general design of re-organisation one has to come down to all the executive details, which must be re-arranged. I have not a moment to spare, and my nights are spent in thinking over what is to be done next day. Circumstances at present are favourable, combining harmony with my associates, respectful submission from those under us, singular unanimity in the council, while we possess the confidence of the people and of

the delegate (Pontifical). These are fortunate circumstances, and I am convinced that what we have to carry out must be effected within the next six months or not at all, for who can tell how short a time these concurrent advantages may last? I should be grieved if we could not achieve something of what is wanted, and in my head the scheme is complete. If only it can be put in execution, I shall be conscious of having done good! I am anxious to find a simple method of ascertaining at the commencement of each month the exact amount that has to be paid and received, without entailing long accounts or great expenditure of time. I have my own idea on the subject; but as my plan would necessitate immense personal labour for the purpose of testing it, I would rather hear from you if you have a good system ready for use!'

On January 21 he continues:—'I hope next week to lay my estimate before the Council. You know that the calculations made under Cardinal Massimo were no good, and I have with infinite trouble re-arranged the whole. I shall be glad to come to the end of this heavy work, but for the present I must have patience.'

The office of chief magistrate was filled by Pasolini with great zeal, and the most earnest desire to do good. He succeeded in inspiring his colleagues with so much of his own laboriousness that they would often remain for hours in the evening to work with him. Hearing once in the city a report that he did everything himself, he answered, 'Then it is very lucky I am called away to Rome just now for some time, and you will find out that that is nonsense.' He certainly was never idle, and this fact gave one of his colleagues occasion to say: 'I thought myself an industrious man; but when I see Pasolini's way of doing business, turning the questions inside out, and getting to the bottom of them, then finding time to give his boys a lesson in Cicero, I seem by comparison merely an idler.'

At this time my father was carrying on some important agricultural operations in his fields, and used to go once a week to inspect them, walking about from morning to night regardless of fatigue. The rustic population, who form the greater part of our commnue, and whose wants he knew from long experi-

ence to be so intimately connected with the interests of the town, claimed a large share of his provident and impartial consideration. He had always regretted that in our communes the peasant should pay taxes for city theatres and amusements, and he would have desired to find some way of keeping a separate account for rural expenses. In the meantime, he designed a network of country roads, to be completed in a certain number of years. Almost all of these are now in use, with great advantage to the farmers.

From some of the larger municipalities he procured estimates and reports regarding their health regulations, by-laws relating to food and other social matters, which he studied and compared for the benefit of his people. Being grieved to see the houses of the poor in such a bad state—damp, confined, and unhealthy, as they were at Ravenna—he inquired anxiously into the methods adopted by other towns to remedy these defects, and he had an idea of building labourers' houses with assistance from the Savings' Banks (*Casse di Risparmio*). With this intent he applied to Minghetti for a plan by which to save the commune, as far as possible, from the expense of these constructions, without unduly pressing upon the Reserves. 'Give me also,' said he, 'some information about the *Cuisines économiques* established in Paris, for I should like to ascertain if that charitable work were applicable to us here.'

At that time (1858) it was the Gonfaloniere's duty to fix the price of bread, in order to prevent the poor from being cheated by any possible combination among the bakers.

Was this law an efficient or a wise one? Many thoughtful people considered it far from beneficial to the needy; but on one occasion, when the price of bread was going up, my father endeavoured to spare the poorer classes by admitting the rise of price on fine bread only, leaving the common coarse loaf no dearer than before. He took his ride that evening as usual in the pine forest, where he found himself surrounded by a number of working people, who cheered him in the most affectionate manner, and, according to the 'Romagnuolo' custom, invited him to drink with them.

II.

Piedmont and Tuscany, the two provinces of Italy where freedom was most advanced, had already for several years enjoyed the benefit of railways, and in spite of Gregory XVI.'s favourite witticism, '*Chemin de fer, chemin d'enfer*,' the Government of Pius IX. was prepared to favour them. 'A railway station' was one of the demands made by almost every city through which the Pope had passed in his progress the preceding year, and Ravenna being at some distance from the Via Emilia was in dread of being excluded from this benefit. To obtain it, therefore, Pasolini went to Rome in May, and conferred with the Ministry, had several interviews with the Pope in Rome and at Castel Gandolfo, and returned to Ravenna, bringing a concession for the railroad to unite Ravenna to the main line.

As this concerns what was of so much importance to Ravenna in those days, I subjoin a passage of my father's letters from Rome to Emilio Ghezzo, a friend of his in the Town Council:—

'*Rome, May* 3, 1858.—I think it would be time for you to speak and tell people that I came to Rome about the railway business without any official authority and at my own private cost, fearing the enterprise might run aground. This will help to refresh the Pope's memory. I feel it most wearisome to be here, a suppliant, after having always been independent; and what is to be the reward? I hope for a double one in the consciousness of having done good duty, and of the fact being known to yourself and four or five more, who will esteem me for it. You must look after the notes which were made for the accountant's office, and see them rightly completed. Take care, for goodness' sake, also, that they don't go to sleep over the plans for the town-hall and the city works. I have so many bitters here to swallow, dear Ghezzo, that it would be the death of me if things were to go on no better with you at Ravenna.

'Nobody knows better than I do that great public services have to be done without expectation of reward, and it makes me

laugh when you praise my doings, for I shall think myself lucky enough merely to escape being pelted or beaten on my return for not having done more! You know how X——— makes grievances out of nothing, and how N——— despises the opinions of twenty better men than himself, believing that his own must always be the right one. Then there are underlings prone to disobey orders, and old vipers who sting and bite, besides the roughs always ready for a row! What sort of life can any public official expect to lead amid such surroundings in our parts?

'Certainly, in view of accomplishing some great good, one ought to stand against all that, in spite of their low opposition, and I can envy Cavour therefore in his grand work; but what is it to struggle merely for the object of adding a few figures to the reckonings of a small commune? The real satisfaction of course is in doing one's duty, whether great or small—the noblest motive and aim for mortal man! We know that we ought to live not for ourselves only, but for others; yet can we ever clearly understand the best way to fulfil this duty? I often ponder whether I might not occupy myself more usefully with some of the large charitable institutions.

'But patience is the word; what a length of time I seem to have wasted here! I have just returned from my third audience of the Pope, who, for the third time, promises me the necessary decree. "You see, Corpus Domini is close at hand." "Yes, your Holiness; but if you could let me have the rescript before that, I should like to get home for Corpus Domini." "Very well, on Wednesday when the minister comes to me I will attend to your business the first thing; do not be uneasy about it." But the same evening it was told me that there would be no audience given on Wednesday, because of the function at St. Philip's; so I ran about to find somebody else who could undertake to get the Pope's rescript, and curiously enough whom should I meet but the minister in question. I walked with him and learnt that he was to have the usual audience on Wednesday, but that he had to go the following morning to Terracina for several days. You must understand that I had not, in speaking to this minister, said that I was sure of getting the decree, only that I requested his support in the matter, towards

which I knew the Pope to be favourably inclined. Then I started off to see if his Holiness could order the rescript to be sent me before Thursday, and to suggest to the minister the form of words which should express my meaning, as this would make all the difference between success and failure; for if the rescript were clumsily expressed it might turn out good for nothing! This continual running about, asking and entreating favour from one's inferiors, is anything but pleasant. In fact, it wears me out.

'I cannot deny, dear Ghezzo, that I had relied until now on the sympathy expressed for me by the magistracy; and considering how long it is since I requested to have the office books regularly kept up to date, I thought they would have ascertained in each department whether the rule were observed; if not, that they would have taken means to insure it. What do you mean by saying that "remainders" are transcribed down to the ninth chapter? Every branch of the current accounts should be checked day by day, and as for "remainders," I beg you not to let me find things at sixes and sevens, for that would be beyond my endurance, and I would rather resign office, plainly intimating to the Council my reason for so doing. Pray express yourself clearly to them with my notes in your hand, and do not let me be put off with words instead of deeds when I return. Let every sum spent and every sum received be entered in its place, and the Exchequer diary brought forward to the latest day. You had better write to forbid my return if these things be not done; read my letter to our friends, as usual, for I feel that mutual confidence is the only ground-work and reward for our labours.'

'*May* 25.—After all the Pope's assurances, you will scarcely imagine my business to have been again in peril of shipwreck! . . . . I tell you honestly that notwithstanding all I had heard of the slippery doings in this place, it was impossible to anticipate being brought into such low quarrels. I hate scandal and wrangling, but had I not spoken out I must have choked! I spoke as little as possible, yet it became necessary to speak to somebody in confidence, and I think I behaved prudently and firmly. A man can make sure only of his own tongue, not of

other people's, and though I might perhaps have manœuvred more cleverly, I am not made for it—my stature being too tall to bend beyond a given point.

'I beg you to look once more over my notes. Is the house-tax ready? and what about the cattle-tax? In regard to our railway business, I scarcely know what to tell you. Certainly, were I able to stay here for an unlimited time I could make sure of it, supposing my patience to hold out long enough! I am trying now to bring good out of evil by procuring a clearer and more efficient decree than the one first devised; but remember that each successive difficulty is equivalent to another week's delay, as it is only on a Wednesday that the Pope gives audience to his Minister of Commerce. He spoke yesterday to Duke Massimo, the Railway Commissioner (with whom I am in perfect agreement), and called me a worthy youth, whom he would wish to oblige! "*Bravo giovine*" was the Pope's expression, and Massimo responded by categorical inquiries; on which his Holiness frankly declared himself in favour of our line being made, guaranteeing for it every desirable advantage, though he could not go into details until after completion of the surveys. This is a good preface, of which much advantage may be made, but I still feel afraid of drowning in the muddle before we can turn the first sod. . . . I must leave off to go and knock at the door of my old colleague, Cardinal Antonelli.'

'*June* 4.—I have obtained what seems to me sufficient to begin upon, and my carriage is ordered for to-morrow, although at this very moment another message is come to me announcing a new difficulty from blunders in writing out the rescript. Send me to Rome again on municipal affairs if you dare! to get safe off this time will be a wonder after all. Yesterday I managed, "*tant bien que mal*," to dispose of the last remaining obstacle, and at six in the evening I received, "*tandem aliquando*," an official communication of the substance of the decree; Monsignor Amici having promised to amend the mistake, which was his own, and which consisted in saying "city and province," when he should have said "city" only.

'In all these processes and discussions I had to do my part in writing, and I seem already to hear endless criticisms and

remarks upon me from those who, not having spent a farthing nor lifted a finger, nor suffered anything in the cause, are sure to talk as though I had done nothing but compile the rescript and take it to the Pope for his signature. You must call a meeting of Council for the first or second day after my return, that I may report facts to them, after which we have to vote an address of thanks to the Pope, and make formal record of the matter, as I have already done in my private book.

'Why should we trouble ourselves about X———'s theories? They might gain him notoriety in some small place and do plenty of harm, but could be of no possible use. It may be very fine to condemn and call everything bad and wicked which is contrary to one's convenience; but I maintain that the true principles of human prudence are to be found in the Gospel and in St. Paul's Epistles.'

Among the *employés* about this time at Ravenna was a clever young engineer from Russia, named Alfred Baccarini, whom my father, after several months' trial, having found him thoroughly efficient, industrious, and honest, wished to establish as permanent engineer to the municipality; but his concealed opponents, without saying a word against him, took advantage of the vote by ballot, and Baccarini was rejected. On this my father, fully persuaded of Baccarini's merits, and accustomed, moreover, until now to be treated with perfect confidence by the Board, took offence at their implied distrust, and went out of the town, declaring that he would no longer hold office there. The Council now took alarm, and determined not to lose their Gonfaloniere. They managed in some way to re-arrange matters, so that Baccarini was eventually appointed. He is now Minister of Public Works for the kingdom of Italy.[1]

III.

In June 1858 my father took his family to Genoa for sea-bathing, and from there he went to Turin—partly for change of air, and in part with the object of seeing into the Piedmontese system of primary education, in order, as he writes to Minghetti,

[1] Written in 1878.

'that we may gain some hints applicable to our own people. The first step will be to know exactly what is wanted, so as to aim at the most useful sort of improvements, in which opposition and difficulties are sure to be encountered; therefore I beg you to send me the best letters you can for Genoa and Turin. 'I should particularly like to have an introduction to Cavour, in such terms as may insure attention.' On arriving at Turin, my father met General Lamarmora, then at the height of his brilliant career, and exclaimed, in admiration of his noble presence, 'He looks every inch a general!' It was at Lamarmora's table that he made acquaintance with Cavour, who requested him to come and see him at five o'clock next morning.

IV.

'Now we have it,' said Cavour, as he sat down opposite to Pasolini; 'the marriage has been made on purpose.[1] We make sure of aid from France, and all Italy is ripe for revolution.' Cavour then explained to Pasolini his plan of a French intervention, and the reasons why the struggle should be limited to Italy allied with France against Austria. 'But this design of ministers, is it also the king's policy?' 'Oh! I assure you that in such matters he needs rather to be held back than to be urged forward; and you must help us.' '*I?*' 'Certainly, for you are a great friend of the Pope's, and you have to persuade him that the Austrians must clear out of Italy, and that the Piedmontese Vicariate of Romagna will be a safeguard to him also.' 'I have already spoken to his Holiness, as Minghetti knows, and there is nothing to be made of him.' The conversation lasted two hours. Having lived for some time outside the arena of politics, my father had no idea how rapidly and widely the political movement had spread and matured in the heart of Italy. His surprise, therefore, was that of a man suddenly awakened to the sight of the avalanche ready to fall upon him. He felt at the moment that his astonishment must be written on his countenance, and in order to escape remarks or questions from those whom he met in the streets of Turin, he called a

[1] Alluding to the marriage of Prince Napoleon with Princess Clotilda of Savoy.

'fiacre' and drove to the Dora Bridge, where he remained a long time gazing alternately on the mountains and the river, to steady his mind and gather himself up calmly to dwell upon the mighty vision of the future, which had been brought before him for the first time.

From Piedmont my father travelled into Lombardy, and thence with his family to Germany. He sailed down the Danube to Vienna, wishing to observe more closely that Austrian people and army whom it was necessary, not to hate, but to conquer, in order to have a 'country.' He returned to Lombardy by Trieste and Venice, and amused his friends by showing them a bullet he had picked up in the arsenal of Vienna. 'This might have been intended for Victor Emanuel,' he said; 'but I have arrested it, to give him another chance of life.'

In October he returned to his duties at Ravenna.

V.

On May 29, 30, and 31, 1859, was celebrated the centenary festival of the Madonna called 'Del Sudore,' in Ravenna Cathedral, with Mercadante's music at the mass, a solemn procession round the city, the Gonfalioniere in his robe of state, all the magistrates, and a display of fireworks; but even that day people were in such a state of eagerness with the expectation of war news from Lombardy that, as my father remarked, 'if the report comes during mass, they are sure to run out of Church, all except the Archbishop and the music.'

There was an illumination a few days later for the victory of Magenta, and almost immediately afterwards my mother had a telegram from Signora Robinia Matteucci, saying, 'Milan is liberated.' Princess Louisa Rasponi also brought the news to us at our villa of Coccolia.

On June 12 a carriage came to our door during dinner, bringing a note to my father, who immediately got into the vehicle and drove to the city, where he had been anxiously exerting himself the previous day to dissuade his fellow-citizens from the useless rashness of trying to throw off the Papal rule before the Austrian garrison should have taken its departure from Ancona to Lombardy; but it was impossible to restrain

the impatience of the Ravennese, and on June 13 the revolution became a fact. The Pontifical delegate, Achille Maria Ricci, was a good man, worthy of better times, and my father, who felt much for him, had the tricolour banners hauled down from the streets through which he passed in leaving Ravenna, to spare him an unwelcome sight. To relieve him from any fear of personal violence, he accompanied him in his carriage for some distance out of town, saying, 'Don't be afraid; if they want to kill you, they may kill me.' At the Church of St. Apollinaris in Classe they parted, and the last representative of ecclesiastical government in Ravenna proceeded on his melancholy journey.

VI.

On the lapse of the Pope's civil authority Pasolini retained for some little time the sole responsibility for affairs in Ravenna, and inaugurated the new era of liberty, declaring himself merely the guardian of order and the impartial protector of personal rights to all parties; so that whoever might transgress would assuredly be punished, whether he belonged to the red or the black colours. The magistracy, headed by their Gonfaloniere, agreed to name a provisional executive committee (*Giunta provvisoria*), and everything seemed going on smoothly, when all at once it was reported that the numerous Austrian garrison of Ancona had already set out on their march to Lombardy, where they were wanted to reinforce the Imperial army, fighting against France and Piedmont. They must pass by Ravenna, and how would they behave towards a defenceless city, which had revolted from the Pope? The situation was alarming, and caused painful anxiety to the magistracy, who endeavoured, though in vain, to induce the Austrians to take a different route. A letter from my mother to her sister describes the circumstances:—

'*Coccolia, June* 18, 1859.—Dearest Angelica,—I have delayed my weekly letter, in order to give you more tranquillising news from this place, since we have safely passed through what was a serious danger to us in our altered position as "Piedmontese." Six thousand Austrians from Ancona arrived at Ravenna yesterday, and departed again early this morning without doing any damage beyond the usual inconvenient requisitions for

horses, carriages, &c. We were seriously uneasy beforehand, for although these military had passed quietly enough through Rimini and Pesaro, those cities had not then declared against the Pope; they were more prudent than Ravenna, and waited till the Austrians had gone before hoisting the tricolour! Forli did so only yesterday.

'We had the precaution to haul down our new flag while the Austrians were in sight, and all the persons who might have been especially obnoxious to them (including the provisional committee) kept away. Only the Municipal Board remained, to be the medium of communication with the German troops, and to provide for their wants. My husband was called back for the occasion from Bologna, whither he had been deputed on some important municipal affair. He returned immediately to his official residence, and spent the night there—so Spallazzi informs me. I have not yet seen anybody who was with him, but suppose he may get home by dinner-time. You will say the Piedmontese and French consuls acted prudently in hiding their flags, which they had not force to defend from insult. Fortunately, the townspeople kept themselves very quiet, else who knows what disasters might have ensued? From all that I hear of the Austrians as they were passing through other places, it seems that those poor fellows were in a deplorable state of fatigue and want. During their forced marches to rejoin the army in Venetia many soldiers became ill, and no less than eleven of them died on the road between Rimini and Cesena in one day! They always encamp outside the towns, and at Ravenna preparations were made for them in the public garden beyond Porta Nuova, a villa being reserved for the general and his staff; but the poor men must have been very wretched lying on the ground, soaked as it was by yesterday's rain. In my next letter I will let you know whether we continue here or return to Tuscany, and it is possible Geppino may have to take a journey to Turin, as he has been sent for more than once when it was impossible for him to go. I must tell you there was some little beginning of a row before the Austrians set off to-day, on account of some horses they wished to take in excess of the number agreed upon; but all ended well, D. G.'

After the change of allegiance Pasolini saw no reason to remain in office. He therefore resigned and went into Tuscany, and thence to Turin.

There are many people in Ravenna still who retain an affectionate remembrance of the time when he was governor, and to the last day of his life my father looked back to it with pleasure, and took hearty interest in doing everything that was possible for the good of the place.

Count Pepoli, in describing Berlin several years after (1863), thus alluded to him:—'This city,' says he, 'is dirtier than any in Romagna, and would need to have a governor like the one who ruled Ravenna at the time of the revolution.' The words of Smiles, in his book on "Character," are singularly applicable, and friends have frequently named Pasolini as exemplifying them, in like manner as did the illustrious Chatham:—

'The energetic leader of noble spirit not only wins a way for himself, but carries others with him. His every act has a personal significance, indicating vigour, independence, and self-reliance, and unconsciously commands respect, admiration, and homage.

'Let a man of energetic and upright character be appointed to a position of trust and authority, and all who serve under him become, as it were, conscious of an increase of power. When Chatham was appointed minister his personal influence was at once felt through all the ramifications of office.'

CHAPTER XII.

1859 AND 1860.

Pasolini, the Pontifical Government, and the Italian Revolution—Azeglio, Commissioner at Bologna—Pasolini's visit to Cavour after the peace of Villafranca—Journey to Paris—Letters—'*La rentrée de l'armée d'Italie*'—The Assembly of Romagna—Pasolini's consideration towards the Pontiff—Tuscany and Bettino Ricasoli—Letters—Pasolini proposes the immediate suppression of Custom-house barriers in the interior of Italy—The Commission of Inquiry on this subject—Illness of Pasolini's son—His mission in regard to the railways between Romagna and Tuscany—Farini's letters—Pasolini takes up a firm position in practical politics, judging that the Revolution was inevitable and had been well accomplished—Victor Emanuel enters Florence—His first words to Pasolini—Pasolini as Senator, and Vice-president of the Senate—His nomination as Governor of Milan.

I.

In proportion as Piedmont advanced in the ways of liberality and freedom, the Pope's dominion and the other provinces of Italy seemed given up to an infatuated system of reaction, which alienated from them those men who had most patiently desired and hoped to persuade the Pope to effect useful reforms, if not in a political direction, at least in everything of the civil and administrative character. My father, notwithstanding his acceptance of the mayoralty of Ravenna, had not had any connexion with the Roman Government further than in negotiating about railway business, as already mentioned. He had intently watched every movement for the freedom of Italy, and although at first, from a scruple of personal delicacy towards Pius IX., he had felt bound to stand aloof from the new Government, his well-known liberal opinions made him a mark for much solicitation from political friends, and many eyes were turned upon him.

'When Pius IX.,' he writes at this time, 'took me from my

fields to bring me first into his Council, and then into the Ministry, I put on, as it were, the garb of a politician, which has kept me under public observation ever since, and I thank Heaven no one can reproach me with having acted contrary to my convictions, which I have openly professed for these ten years, and which often constrained me to make observations to his Holiness such as might have merited a better reception from him.'

My mother, writing to a friend, says :—

'He is entreated on all sides to accept some appointment or other, and amid the general movement of Upper Italy it seems difficult, or rather ungenerous, as he says, to remain a mere passive observer.'

On the departure of the Austrians, Romagna had risen as one man, and in June 1859 it was notified that the King of Piedmont would send a commissioner to govern in his name, namely, Massimo d'Azeglio, who, before starting from Turin, thus wrote to my father :—

'Dear Pasolini,—Perhaps you already know that the king has appointed me his commissioner in Romagna, with full powers, and you know more than I do of the difficulties awaiting me there, although I go with a force of 2,000 men, a battery of artillery, and a regiment in course of formation. I count on your help in overcoming my difficulties, and am sure you cannot refuse to aid both your old friend and your country. I beg you, therefore, to come to Bologna so soon as you hear of my arrival, a few days hence; for if you and such as you will stand by me, I shall not be afraid of any obstacles, and I am determined to carry things on, or else to lay down my bones in the attempt. 'Your attached,

'M. D'AZEGLIO.'

'Turin, June 15, 1859.'

II.

My father, on July 11, thus writes from Turin :—

'I have refused several appointments which would have suited me well enough but for certain considerations of delicacy regarding the past, and now another opening presents itself,

which appears more acceptable, but we shall see! Would it be right to remain with folded hands at this time?' 'It seems to me that on the advance of the French Emperor offensive operations must be undertaken, with happy results in regard to the fortresses.'

But this just and noble war was cut short prematurely as we know. The preliminaries of peace were signed on July 12 at Villafranca, while people were still rejoicing over the victories of the Piedmontese and French armies; and those Italians who devoted their lives to the Constitution of their country were fighting on, in the happy delusion that it was already assured, so that ere long the Emperor would have made all Italy free, from the Alps to the Adriatic.

My father spoke afterwards of having seen Cavour the day he returned from the camp to Turin. The Hungarian Klapka was also there, and it was touching to see this brave man weep as he left Count Cavour's presence. Great indeed must have been the inward grief which drew tears from those haughty eyes!

Cavour was then overflowing with rage against Louis Napoleon, and his fury found vent in quiet sarcasm. 'What could you expect?' 'I suppose he wanted to make a marriage present of Lombardy forsooth' (alluding to the alliance of Princess Clotilda and Prince Napoleon), 'and that was enough.'

'But the fortresses?' said my father.

'What of them! He would have given Milan and Turin both. Was he tired, or was it too hot for him?' roared Cavour, flinging the inkstand violently aside. 'Now, what instructions can we give to our representatives in Central Italy? What shall we say to Buoncompagni, D'Azeglio, and Farini?'

'As for Farini,' answered my father, 'if you take my advice you will say nothing to him; it will be a terrible time in the Duchies, and now will be Farini's opportunity. You had better leave him to himself.'

Farini in fact was the first to take courage after the Peace of Villafranca, and by proclaiming himself Dictator, declaring he would rather die than be suppressed by the Duke of Modena's forces, he again opened a way to the unity of Italy, and became truly the great man, a hero in his country's cause!

III.

In July 1859, my father, leaving his family at the sea-side, near Genoa, repaired to Turin, and thence to Paris, in company with Marchese Carlo Bevilacqua. About that time Ubaldino Peruzzi was sent to Paris by the Tuscan Government, and his letter on August 1 to Ridolfi contains the following passage:—

'Bevilacqua and Pasolini arrived yesterday in consequence of discouraging reports they had received about the Legations from Prince la Tour d'Auvergne, who advised them to come to Paris and look after these important affairs. This advice, given by a personage who is brother of a prelate, and of an imperial aide-de-camp, himself favourable to the Court of Rome, seems most important.'

Pasolini determined to go and stay for some time in Paris, believing he might be better able there than elsewhere to serve the cause of Italy and of Romagna. I subjoin a few extracts from his letters about this time to Minghetti:—

'*Paris, August* 12, 1859.—Bevilacqua has reported the official utterances of Walewsky and De Grammont. Putting that and that together, the diplomatic opinion, or rather that of the French Government, seems to hope that some disorder may arise sufficient to justify an intervention, by which things may be put back in their old places, saving certain reforms which have all along been taken for granted. It is still thought, on the other hand, that some central province of Italy may spontaneously come over to us, in which case the rest would probably follow; but there are wheels within wheels, and it would not be safe to commit the details to writing. I see Peruzzi daily, and have full confidence in him. I have a great mind, before returning home, to take a trip to England. Marliani is going, and there he will find easier ground to work upon, exactly the reverse of what it is in this country, where everybody is against us. Marliani has brought forward an idea which I wonder the Government of Bologna did not carry into effect, viz. the immediate fusion of all the provinces of Central Italy, afterwards to be consolidated by Parliamentary sanction. Some of us had thought of it, even before Marliani, as an anchor

of safety for the Legations, if Tuscany would have accepted it; but in considering the whole aspect of things, one sees a strange compound of boldness and timidity, resulting from that irresolution which men naturally feel when they know themselves dependent on a scheme of policy the key of which is kept from them, and I heartily excuse these hesitations, conscientiously feeling my own courage far below the mark for what is required in these days. Adieu.'

'*Paris*, *August* 15, 1859.—I write with some bitterness, vexed at having to leave Paris without having found any person here to watch and understand, or to speak with effect in, the interests of our most miserable province.[1] Lord Cowley, the English ambassador, said yesterday that France would not favour us for being Catholic; neither would Prussia nor Russia on general principles of legality. England would protest, "*mais voilà tout.*" I think I was right, at Turin, in proposing this mission, which has done its best. There is an increasing probability of the European Congress.'

'*Paris*, *August* 17, 1859.—Dear Mark—You may be sure I have not been idle, though hindered by many obstacles, principally for want of means to go ahead fast enough. Politics here are a very miserable business, and there were several facts of which I should have wished to inform you, but did not dare write them. Yesterday was announced the arrival of the new Grand Duke, Ferdinand IV. Is it a *coup-de-tête*, or done by agreement? At first this appeared to foreshadow the possibility of intervention in the Legations, but now I think it more likely that events will be allowed to bring on their own solution. It would be most acceptable if the Pope's *suzeraineté* could be preserved, and the government of the Legations be committed to other hands. What I wish to say to you is this: the candidature of Prince Napoleon gains ground, and implies Parma and Placentia to Piedmont; Tuscany, Modena, and the Legations (in fief) to the new Kingdom. Then, again, a vote might be passed for annexation of these to Piedmont, which would nullify the other project. Corsini[2] writes from London that Tuscany must

[1] Romagna.

[2] Don Neri Corsini, Envoy from Tuscany to the English Government.

be on her guard lest a union with the other Legations bring her into peril; but, if this federation were voted, would it not be the safest plan merely to make a declaration in favour of constitutional monarchy (certain names being excluded), leaving it to the Congress to elect the head of the future dynasty? It seemed to me that this idea is in favour with those who surround the emperor; but who can guess whether he himself would take part for Prince Napoleon? There is no danger now of foreign intervention in the Legations, since the French Emperor forbids it, and non-intervention has probably been a matter of stipulation already. Again, the annexations once voted, may not Piedmont say that, the danger of her preponderance being averted, she will return to the former system of protection? "*Audentes fortuna juvat.*" But I must make haste to join Bevilacqua at the railway station. Adieu.—G. P.'

I remember that my father came back at the end of August melancholy and discouraged, saying that Paris itself seemed to have grown dirty and comparatively barbarous, with names ill-spelt over the shop-doors, and none of the old politeness shown to customers who entered. 'It is no longer the Paris of my youth,' he exclaimed. My mother answered, 'You look upon it now with very different eyes.' In truth, my father was extremely sad in the belief that political complications were growing worse and worse, and that the hopes of Italy were falling to the ground. He spoke of having witnessed the entry into Paris of the French troops ('*la rentrée de l'armée d'Italie*'), and how he had observed the delight of a certain marshal at an accident which put one of his brother marshals in a ridiculous position that day! The cheers of the multitude did not seem to ring very joyously. The Emperor took the little Prince Imperial up for a few minutes on his saddle, and that brought forth a shout of applause. 'Certainly,' said my father, 'the French are less noisy than we Italians.'

IV.

On August 28 my mother writes from Cornigliano, near Genoa, to her sister Angelica:—'My husband has lately had to make a hard fight in declining to stand for election to the

Assembly of Romagna, which his friends would have forced upon him. He considered that his personal relations with the Pope, continued to the last moment of his governorship, obliged him to abstain from an obviously hostile attitude to his former prince; besides which, he felt assured that the province was in no danger at present of any retrograde action. This evening a telegram has come intimating to Pasolini that his reasons are accepted.'

His own letter to Minghetti from Turin, September 2, will show what were his views:—'In the first place I have to give you kind remembrances from Cavour, whom I saw this morning, having arrived here last night. He says our question is the most difficult of all, and therefore we must make up our minds to be contented with small mercies in the meantime, as was the case with us in 1856. This I see to be the prevalent idea, and the Tuscans are absolutely afraid of us, as though we were the dead-weight which might sink their ship! As for the federation of which Bevilacqua wrote, and which I supposed the best thing, it is no longer to be thought of. I repeat that intervention if advisable for one would be so for all, and I fail to understand how the solution of things in Romagna should be less free than in the other States. I say this in sincerity, yet still have a fear lest the Romagna question be dismissed in some crooked sort of way; but we will hope for the best. . . . I do not take part in your Assembly, for after the most serious consideration of my duty from all points of view, I thought it right to request my friends to oppose my being elected for Ravenna; they agreed in the reasons which I explained to them, and withdrew my name from competition. If you view the matter dispassionately you will agree that whether I were right or wrong it required more courage and self-denial to adopt this course than to have let the election go on; but I felt it impossible to hesitate on what seemed a clear point of duty. I intend to start to-morrow for Imola, without stopping at Milan, as I fancy you are all occupied about the Assembly, and I might be brought into unpleasant, useless discussions. Bevilacqua writes me from Ems that he had a telegram from Pepoli asking if he would agree to stand for election, but does not say what answer he thought of making, and I know he was doubtful about it when he left Paris.

I have seen a great deal of Prince la Tour d'Auvergne, but it is always the same thing, arguing in a circle, *i.e.* "the States cannot be taken away from the Pope, or to whom are they to be made subject?" Is there any doubt that the "Papalini" are secretly at work? I think there can be none. Compliments to your mother, and adieu.—G. P.'

Minghetti replies on September 6, 1859 :—'Fanti will soon arrive. As for your determination not to sit in the Assembly, &c., let me tell you that a commissioner must be elected to serve as intermediary between the General-in-Chief and the States of Romagna; his nominal head-quarters will be at Modena. I say "nominal," because it will be enough if he only go thither now and then; but the duties of his office will be most important, and the question of military forces will be a vital point. I confess to having entertained the desire that you might accept this office, but fortunately did not let the idea go further than in my own mind.'

V.

In September, after frequent visits of greater length at Turin, my father returned to Fontallerta for the remainder of the year, and many letters were written during this time which are of special importance, on account of his frequent and intimate communications with Bettino Ricasoli.

'*Florence, September* 18, 1859.—Dear Mark,—I wrote in haste yesterday, and must now give you a better summary of things. First, I saw Ricasoli, who is dissatisfied, talking of inutility and illegality (the Assembly having already given sovereign power to Victor Emanuel); and of "dangerous" policy, in having offered a ready-made throne to a new man, and set on foot once more the internal questions of autonomy, &c. Marliani has seen Ridolfi and others who are favourable, and both of us went to see Salvagnoli, who repeated Ricasoli's words, and had evidently been influenced by them in the long elaborate speech he made to us. On coming out we met Ricasoli, who asked what was my dinner hour, that he might know when to find me at home. I have made inquiry among his friends, and find them all favourably disposed. I went yesterday to Capponi,

and entered cautiously into conversation with him, but almost at the first word he burst out saying "impossible." By degrees, however, he altered his tone, and said that he would not venture to decide positively, but would wish to consult with Marliani,[1] whom I appointed accordingly to accompany me to his house this forenoon. Now we have returned from this visit. Capponi's first question was, "Is there to be one united country, with Piedmont divided into provinces, or will there be two equal States under the same king?" Marliani rightly replied, "Politically, one great country, because all under one king, one law, and one Parliament; but as the unification cannot be completed in a day nor a year there must be different administrations, according to the nature of the different provinces." Capponi, who has a dread of centralisation or absorption, assented to this, but suggested two other questions. "In associating ourselves with Romagna we have to count with the Pontifical interdict, which implies internal difficulties and also external danger in regard to France. Will the League suffice to counteract the interdict?" "I doubt it, but we shall see." His second objection was the same as Ricasoli's, viz. "that the throne was prepared for Prince Napoleon undoubtedly after the St. Sauveur interview with Metternich." "Yes, but would there not be an immense danger of destruction to the whole if this division were made?" Capponi then said it would be best to write and ascertain what was the opinion of Piedmont on these subjects. After the first day's conversation with Ricasoli, I had myself said that the only way to see clearly was by procuring a letter from Piedmont; and I am glad that your letter to B—— which I forwarded, comes so opportunely along with Capponi's advice. Marliani has not

[1] Marliani, an Italian by birth, had lived long in Spain and held a good position there. On returning to Italy he entered seriously into politics, and had now been sent to Florence by the Bolognese Government to enter into communication with Ricasoli. The above letter refers to the proposition of converting into a solid, civil, and political league the purely military one which already subsisted between Tuscany and the States of Emilia, fusing the four assemblies into one, and thus uniting the provinces of Central Italy under one sole Regency. In those days of painful uncertainty, the aspect of affairs was changing almost from hour to hour, and it is scarcely possible at the present time to estimate the momentous importance of the possibilities then under discussion.

yet written, but promises to do so immediately. I read him your letter, and have left it with him. We have agreed that he is to go to Ridolfi to-morrow, and consult upon the means of arranging the fusion of passports, Custom-house duties, &c. I tell him that the best plan is to begin at once on these affairs, and immediately settle some practical details, which cannot fail to have a good effect. I get on capitally with Marliani, but it is better he should go alone to Ridolfi, whom I will afterwards see, and I shall be prepared to act according to what these two may have arranged. I am anxious for another conversation also with Ricasoli, in order to ascertain how far he will persist in his hesitations. I found great hopes on the letters you and Marliani are to procure from Piedmont.'

Again, on September 21, Pasolini writes to Minghetti:—'Ricasoli was with me yesterday, and spoke out freely, saying the project was disapproved at Turin. As for the intermediate Custom-houses and passports, he would willingly abolish them. There should be none between Piedmont and the Duchies, nor between them and Romagna, but only on those frontiers with which Piedmont has never had any concern; posts and passports all to be amalgamated as soon as possible. Further than that, nothing should be attempted without the co-operation of Piedmont. He sincerely desires the annexation of Tuscany by Piedmont under one united government, one sole diplomacy, and says that as regards matters of special and local interest, the assimilation should be gradually and moderately carried out. If Piedmont be able and willing to effect this desired assimilation, let it be so, and no one will dispute with her; at any rate the affairs of posts, customs, and passports ought to be settled without delay. All parties say they are ready for this; but why do they go on doing nothing? Bettino said he was waiting for answers from Cipriani, and seemed surprised not to have heard from him. Should Pepoli write to me, I shall let fly at him, for it is ridiculous to keep up Custom-houses and passports nowadays between these provinces. At Milan you will have found a letter of mine, and I spare you needless repetitions. Here, undeniably, there exists a serious and suspicious dread of Prince Napoleon, which the direct action of Piedmont would

immediately relieve, and the whole state of things would be brightened in consequence. You must understand that Cipriani, Farini, and Marliani are all looked upon with suspicion here, Piedmont not having as yet authenticated them. We read in the "Moniteur" that Cavour is going to Biarritz, vanquished! I don't believe anything of the kind! Of course I at once sent your letter to Bettino, with a line from myself to insure his reading the whole of it, for fear he might think it unnecessary, as the date was an older one than that of our last explanatory conversation. Adieu.—G. P.'

VI.

One evening of the same month, Gino Capponi and Giambattista Giorgini came to Fontallerta, expressing their hopes of annexation to Piedmont, and I remember Giorgini said he thought it would be easier to realise the wishes of the Romagnuoli than those of the Tuscans. 'You see,' he observed, 'those districts have always been a difficulty and scandal to the Pontifical dominion; therefore, to sever them might gratify alike the enemies and the friends of the temporal power; but it is a very different thing to expel the dynasty which has ruled in Tuscany for more than a century, and I do not see how monarchical Europe should consent to it.'

Cavour had uttered the same opinion in respect of Tuscany, when talking with my father more than a year previously:—

'*Fontallerta, September* 21, 1859.—Bettino came hither last night to see me, and I give you a summary of his conversation. He knew by latest information from Piedmont that she takes the initiative for unification of the States; and to this he will loyally adhere. "I think," he said, "that for Tuscany the assimilation should be moderate and gradual, though I do not go so far as to agree with all that Marliani has written." In conclusion, if Piedmont takes the lead and gives the initiative, things will go smoothly; for the hatred and dread of Prince Napoleon is very great. You may believe there is no real dissension in the main point; but in order to move on we require an impulse which shall be above all suspicion, and that can only proceed from Turin. You, arriving with spoken and

written words from the highest personage, might give the authoritative signal. Bettino declares himself ready to abolish intermediate customs and passports, retaining none except on the confines of Italy.'

My father was afterwards a commissioner on Custom-house affairs, and it was he who proposed to sell the provincial Custom-houses by auction, so great was his dislike to the old system of annoyance.

Minghetti writes from Bologna to Pasolini on November 10, 1859:—

'I start to-night for Turin as bearer of mandates from the three Assemblies—Romagna, Parma, and Modena—for the Prince of Carignano, hoping he will accept, and that by this means we may enter into a more steady, composed phase of affairs; but we have passed through a terrible crisis. It was really a perilous moment when I, instead of going to Paris, had to turn round and rush back again; but now I must say that Cipriani, who was right in the main, went on in such a way as made him and Fanti utterly incompatible. Yet without Fanti who can tell what imprudences would have been perpetrated! We owe it to him and Farini that we have got on thus far, and seem likely, as I hope, to reach the haven. Fanti, you may believe me, is the real element of order and organisation. I entreat you to see Bettino, and speak to him in your own name as well as mine. We seem to be approaching a good solution; and now, for the love of Heaven, let us be more united and compact than ever! You know my high esteem and regard for Bettino, and how much I consider that Tuscany and Italy are indebted to him. He is the only man who rises to the height of the occasion, feeling that it is no longer a question of States and provinces, but of United Italy. For goodness' sake, never let it be thought that we labour for Romagna separately; we, who are working with all our hearts for Italy, ready to sacrifice ourselves in her cause! We must pull all together and vigorously; for if any rift were to arise among us, causing blunders at this crisis, the evil effects would recoil upon everybody.

'Write me your instructions at Turin, and tell me all your mind, advising me what attitude to adopt with the prince, and

how I should make my explanations to him. I will obey to the letter, and you know that no envoy can be more hearty in serving him than myself. Things have gone on well here, and I think all danger has been averted, God helping us.

'Your affectionate,

'MARCO MINGHETTI.'

'P.S.—There is no need to assure you that Farini and Ricasoli are completely in harmony, and I suppose Capponi to have been the messenger between them, from what Bettino has telegraphed. Nevertheless, I will await further instructions at Turin.—M. M.'

Pasolini's reply was as follows:—

'Florence, November 12, 1859.

'Yesterday I was with R———, and read him your letter, which seemed suitable for communication; he told me to thank you for your honourable mention of him, and said that your sentiments are the same as he has always entertained. He seemed to think some reproach was implied to himself; but I assured him it was not so, and that no excuses were necessary. Then he pointed out that the antecedents of Fanti and Farini made it specially necessary that we stand clear and firmly to the real objects in view. He read me a letter from Fanti, which said that without the order and consent of both governors there could be no action of our troops beyond the frontier, unless to resist aggression. With this Ricasoli expressed himself satisfied, and remarked that until now he had never been able to obtain such assurance in writing. He desires his kind regards to you, but does not write at present, because he has spoken his mind fully to Giovanni Fabrizi, whom you will see; and it might not be safe to put everything on paper. The above is a summary of our conversation; and if you want to know my personal impressions, after frequent and intimate relations with R———, I say that certainly he is constant in his desire for annexation, even admitting certain *ménagements*, which would be neither unreasonable nor unsafe with regard to Tuscany. Speaking of disorders in those other parts, and the sort of persons who are heads of both civil and military departments, you must under-

stand they are so utterly different from him that he cannot feel entire confidence in them; and all things being so orderly, peaceable, and assured here, he naturally has a repulsion for the violent, disorderly movements which prevail out of Tuscany. Garibaldi's million of muskets, and subscriptions for soldiers' families, &c., cannot, in the nature of things, be pleasing subjects to him; but we have not touched upon them. When I allude to "other parts," you know I don't mean Piedmont. The essential point is the Regency: first, that it be done speedily; secondly, that it be well and solidly instituted. Remember me to our mutual friends.—G. P.'

During that autumn Ricasoli used often to ride over to Fontallerta, and one evening my father asked him point-blank what he wished to do with Tuscany. They were then approaching some stone steps near the little gate. Bettino stopped short, looking steadily at his companion, and began violently to lash at the stones with his whip. 'I wish,' he said, 'to make Tuscany a province of Piedmont now, because that is the only way for her to become a province of Italy.'

VII.

The immense importance of the changing times, circumstances, and influences which combined to bring about the unification of the provinces, induces me to quote some of Pasolini's correspondence with the financial administrators of Romagna, in September and October of this year, about the Custom-houses, which Ricasoli, President of the Council in Tuscany, wished immediately to abolish, and had suggested to Leonetto Cipriani, Governor of Romagna, that this might be done on October 1. It fell to Pasolini to treat further of the subject, and he did so without hesitation.

'We ought,' said he, 'at once to take away all barriers which tend to divide, and thus damage the Italian people. I think the Customs' Union an object of such importance as to set aside temporarily any question of financial results; and in the first place, let us adopt Piedmontese tariffs, which are the most liberal. I should not care to make a formal "Zollverein" with

Piedmont; for either the annexation will take place, making it needless, or else, on the contrary supposition, others may do it a few months hence; but the intermediate barriers, so injurious to moral and material interests, ought at once to disappear. Nor can their disappearance involve any great loss either to Tuscany or Romagna, as the entries by their foreign frontiers are sure to increase on the abolition of interior customs. The Duchies may lose something, but we might make with them a very simple agreement, which I should consider provisional, and I would proceed without delay to appoint the date for removal of intermediate barriers. It is my belief that all difficulties can be smoothed down in the interval if we do our best, and resolve to be content with what is immediately feasible. Some of us proposed November 1; but I should prefer to name an earlier day, and simultaneously to give out for sale by auction all those toll-houses which have been so hurtful to the public interests.'

'Florence, September 27, 1859.

'I had arranged a meeting, which took place yesterday, with Ricasoli, Busacca (of the Finance), and two other councillors. If the Romagna side can agree with us, we shall immediately abolish all the interior Custom-houses between the Sardinian kingdom and the united provinces. Ricasoli is clear also for the abolition of all inland passports, from Culoz to the States of the Church; and whatever is done of this sort by Tuscany, Piedmont is sure to follow. Some of us, myself included, wish on the same day to sell all the intermediate Custom-house buildings by auction. To my mind these seem such wise measures that I always wondered at dukes and popes for not adopting them; still more that so many revolutions and annexations should have taken place without heeding the most important facts for material prosperity in every country. As to your finances, take care of them; the above is only provisional, and afterwards we will come to an understanding on details. I made my profession of faith from the commencement, wishing to begin practically; and when I ventured to propose October 1 my friends stood aghast, but now they have come round to me and desire it themselves.

'The compensations to be given can be determined afterwards; seeing that the political necessity for Customs' amalgamation far outweighs any question of pecuniary consequences, and my desire is to get rid of the evil summarily, without regard to the few pence that it may cost us. You will excuse me for expressing myself with so much freedom on this subject, which I have much at heart, and believe my view of it to be clear beyond a doubt.—G. P.'

The Customs' League was made out on October 3, and all such inland duties were abolished seven days later. It still remained for the Governments of Piedmont, Lombardy, Romagna, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza to agree upon administrative details, for which purpose their commissioners were appointed to meet together in Florence, and their first conference took place at the Palazzo Vecchio on the 30th; Pasolini representing the interests of Romagna. He writes on November 28 to the Marchese Pepoli (of the Finance Department at Bologna), saying:—

'I have not mastered these questions of minute local advantages; but since the other commissioners yield to the temptation of protecting their own particular interests, why should Romagna suffer from my delicate scruples?'

In the meantime I had been seized with a dangerous illness, on which account my father wrote to Pepoli that his mind was too much disturbed to give proper attention to business, and that he must apply for some one else to be appointed in his place. This, however, was not done, and when I began to recover he again attended the conferences. The Customs' Convention was finally signed on December 21, in the teeth of a lingering difficulty; Pasolini having put it as an agreement between the different 'administrations,' whereas Piedmont claimed it to be an 'international treaty.' The uncertainties of those times occasioned many stumbling-blocks; but the commissioners were too wise in this case to sacrifice the substance to the shadow.

VIII.

In January 1860 Cavour wished to send my father as Minister to London, and he would probably have gone had not I been again taken dangerously ill of fever, so as to engross for the time all his heart and mind with conflicting fears and hopes. He wrote on November 16 to Minghetti:—

'I am stricken down with grief, for our Pierino is in the gravest danger; it is miliary fever complicated by rheumatic, and the doctors give us scarcely any hope—God help us! I can write no more. The hope of saving our child grows daily less and less; but God may yet be pleased to spare him to our prayers.'

Again, some days afterwards he writes:—

'We have passed through a dreadful time; but now there is a ray of hope, and after our long watching we can at last venture to close our eyes for an hour or two.'

I have not quoted these passages in testimony to the loving care of my parents for me, unwearied as it was day and night (which may well be imagined), but rather to illustrate his great strength of mind, which his friends regarded with admiration at that time; while to his calmness and watchfulness, no less intelligent than tender, it was mainly due that I was raised up from the point of death.

IX.

After this my father was employed by the Government of Emilia to negotiate with Tuscany about railways, and Farini wrote to him from Modena, January 5, 1860:—

'In accordance with what I telegraphed to you an hour ago, I confer on you by this letter full power to treat with the Tuscan Government for the proposed railroads, and I trust to your judgment to accept those conditions which shall be found best for our interests.'

Again, on January 12:—

'Dear Friend,—I have received your letter, reporting what you had done about railway affairs, and quite approve your proceedings for our side. I beg you to continue your watchfulness

over the interests of Emilia, and to consider yourself as my "alter ego," or whatever you please to be called. The present Minister of Public Works, Prof. Torrigiani, of Parma, is a superior man in every way, and has my entire confidence, so you may freely write to him at all times. I say this for your satisfaction, but be assured at the same time that I am always glad of your letters. 'Yours affectionately,

'FARINI.'

Modena, January 17.

'Your letter of the 11th found me at Bologna, so immersed in business that I could not immediately reply, but I hope Buoncompagni has communicated to you my telegram of the 13th, which expressed an opinion conformable with yours and with that of the Tuscan Government. The protocol proposed by Oytana would not at all modify the meaning of the preamble; and neither Pepoli nor I would sign a ratification which might clash with the vote of annexation.

'In regard to the railroad, I approve what you have done, and will myself concert further measures with the Minister of Public Works; but I may at once promise that Baccarini shall be one of the commission, because I know him and appreciate your motives for proposing that he should be employed. Remember me kindly to Buoncompagni, and say that I implore him to bring the Custom-house muddle to a proper conclusion. There is news from Turin of a ministerial crisis, which may perhaps facilitate matters eventually.

'Ever your affectionate Friend,

'FARINI.'

Marchese P. Torrigiani to Count Pasolini.

'Modena, January 28, 1860.

'His Excellency the Governor has given me your Lordship's letter, desiring me to answer it immediately, and I rejoice in the occasion thus afforded me of addressing one who stands so high in the estimation of all true Italians. The nomination of engineers as a commission on the Tuscan side for surveying to find the best line of railway into Romagna was made a week

ago, and among them is Baccarini, whom your Lordship recommended. I think you will probably have received information of all this from the Tuscan ministers before my letter can reach you, and I will only add the assurance that I am, most cordially and respectfully,

'Your Lordship's devoted, humble servant,

'P. TORRIGIANI.'

X.

I must also report some passages of correspondence about this time between Pasolini and Minghetti:—

'Florence, February 1, 1860.

'Dear Mark,—Your letter contains a hint which must not pass unnoticed, since it gives us the hope of seeing you here! You ought certainly to come: in the first place, for a little rest after your fatigues; and, secondly, I should think it highly desirable for you to see Ricasoli and his people, that you may judge for yourself about them, and understand that, if they be annexationists, it is not without a certain degree of suitable reservation. I was present to-day when Galeotti told Capponi that he is much urged to undertake a mission to Turin, but must take a few days to think of it, and perhaps may go thither for a fortnight or so. You will say that when men of his stamp sit in Parliament, things are sure to be put right. Of course I agree, but there is no harm in being informed beforehand as much as possible. I should certainly wish you to confer with Ricasoli, who was at one time set against you; but I am sure this feeling will have passed off. I did my best in a quiet way to smooth him down, because I believe him truly estimable, and I appreciate him for having done good in this country beyond what any of the others were capable of effecting. I heartily laughed at the idea of Rorà and Cavour believing Ravenna to be such an "El Dorado" of talents and capabilities! but let them make the port for us, that is the main point, and afterwards we will promise them twenty Robert Peels. One word only on politics: I should have thought that France on her side would have considered Austria's intervention

against us to be *casus belli* after the annexation had been declared! Without France it would be a very doubtful struggle between the new State and Austria combined with Naples; and even without the Austrian aggression I was afraid of an irresistible current driving the new State against Venetia—a hard nut indeed for new teeth! What do you think about it? I claim to have reached the age of prudence; but Ricasoli, who is older than I, invites me to meet him at Venice.'

'Florence, February 24, 1860.

'Your letter dashes all my hopes of a visit from you, which I regret more particularly because in this last you refer again to a subject on which I had desired seriously to converse with you, viz. the Deputation; and I should feel myself faithless to the sacred friendship between us if I did not open my mind to you on this as upon other subjects. My conscience distinctly warns me to keep aloof from the first Deputation,[1] and this costs me more than you would suppose; but I feel already rewarded by the approval of the person from whom I least expected it. With regard to the second vote,[2] it does not appear so clear to me what I ought to do; but I had hoped to discuss it with you in conversation, and cannot do so by letter. Some friends at Ravenna have written to ascertain my views and intentions. To these I replied as being clear for the fact of annexation, but less so in regard to the manner of accomplishing it, and I told them why; requesting their opinions in return, and begging they would speak about me to Farini, who is gone lately to Ravenna, as I did not wish any of my doings to be secret. Their answer inclined me to think they might dispense with my candidature, and they afterwards read my letter to Farini, who replied that scruples founded on personal honour must be respected, and then added that they could not elect me, because I should soon be a senator! This is incomprehensible; for how can senators be made before the annexation, or before

[1] Alluding to the intended vote of the Assembly of Deputies, declaring the Pope to have forfeited his rights of sovereignty, a vote to the same intent as that which was tumultuously enunciated by the so-called 'Costituente Romana,' at the end of 1848, while Pius IX. remained at Gaeta.

[2] *I.e.* that of annexation to Piedmont.

the first vote of the Deputies? Since I understand so little of the matter, my only course must be to stay quiet, and trust in Providence.

'Let me tell you two things—viz., that the above is strictly in confidence to yourself; secondly, that you are not to trouble my mind with doubts at the eleventh hour. I was anxious to have had a discussion with you beforehand, but when it comes to the point of saying "Yes", or "No," I must stand firm, having acquitted my conscience; and indeed you would believe nothing else of me. I never aspire to popularity, which is not in my line, yet I trust to have earned respect, as my due for upright and honourable conduct. You, as my friend, will be satisfied with this, and will be none the less friendly, whatever your opinion, being well aware how great is my attachment and esteem for you.

'Salvagnoli is ill, and there was a medical consultation on his case to-day. I am hopeful of him, as it seems nothing more than an aggravation of his asthma; but the interruption of public business here is more serious than you think.

'I was not much disturbed by Alberi, who came back from Rome, repeating to everybody that Louis Napoleon would not consent to annexation at any price. Nevertheless, it is certain that the increasing coldness of the French side has to be taken into account.

'Mr. Elliot, the English Minister at Naples, has written to the Minister here, Mr. Corbett, inquiring what I think of the events in Romagna; and besides my verbal answer, I have written him a long letter, in which the chief argument is as follows:—"Revolution, a necessity in Romagna, had been foreseen and announced many times to the Pope as an inevitable consequence of the mode of government adopted since 1849. The revolution once accomplished, did it not point clearly in the direction of annexation to Piedmont? This was the only way to found a State protected alike from foreign occupation and from endless internal troubles. Personal circumstances having withdrawn me from taking any direct part in the revolution, my opinion may be deemed comparatively impartial, considering

that men in general are less ready to pass favourable judgments on other people's actions than on their own."

'Adieu, dear Mark,

'G. PASOLINI.'

XI.

The annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont was proclaimed on March 15, 1860.

On the 28th, the Prince of Carignano made his entry into Florence, and gave hospitable receptions, where ladies were entertained.

On August 16, King Victor Emanuel entered Florence, and Pasolini was among the senators who received him at the Duomo, where a solemn Te Deum was sung.

The king one day, after a Court dinner, asked my father where his estates were situated.

'Part in Romagna and part in Tuscany,' he replied.

'Were you not a great friend of Pio Nono?'

'I was his Constitutional Minister.'

'But in Rome to this day they neither know nor understand anything of our Italian affairs.'

'I am afraid indeed that things there are going on very badly.'

The conversation continued for some time in this strain, but I can only remember that my father told me the King's concluding words: 'To Rome,' he said, 'we must and will go speedily.' Considering how immense were the difficulties, we may say that perhaps the ten years intervening between the entry into Florence and that into Rome were no contradiction of his Majesty's expressed intention 'speedily' to accomplish it.

XII.

My father took his seat in Parliament in March 1860, and wrote to Minghetti from Florence:—

'You say I have been passed up to the Invalid Chamber, *i.e.* as a senator: and I do regret not to be on the same bench with yourself. We shall soon meet at Turin, and I have asked

Massari to take a room for me at the "Europa," but I would gladly change in order to be with you if possible. Where do you intend to lodge? I shall not bring my family to Turin, as Pierino's health still requires much care.'

On March 30 my father received the following intimation:—

'The King's Government depute me to inform you that you are elected Vice-President of the Senate, and they request you to present yourself at Turin on April 1. I thank you for the friendly terms of your letter, and beg you to believe me, always your affectionate and most sincere friend,—RICASOLI.'

Pasolini remained at Turin till the end of June, occupied by the duties of his office. Wishing at last to see his family, yet unwilling to absent himself from the capital in critical times, he contrived a meeting with them near the summit of the Apennines. We drove to a rustic place called Covigliajo, on the Bologna road, where my father came to us; but he returned next morning to Bologna, and thence by railroad back to Turin. He afterwards joined us on the Riviera, near Genoa, and thence made an excursion into Romagna. On his return he wrote to Minghetti:—

'*Genoa, July* 28.—I have been in Romagna, and convinced myself of the necessity for establishing a reasonable firmness of administration there. I can never excuse the mistake which you made in supposing it right to destroy everything that was old, in order to make the return to old ways impossible. The Pope's return has made no more changes; but the bad effect of novelties which are not improvements has awakened reactionary feelings. You will observe in the Commission that each member is inclined to stand up for the old usages of his own place! Princess X—— told me that in Rome the progress of national affairs is regarded as a rushing torrent which must be allowed to take its course, but that old prejudices remain unshaken, and keep up a secret desire for revenge in the future. The Pope had given a dinner in honour of Lamoricière, who promises great things; but Antonelli appears to take no part in what goes on at present. My informant had heard that in reactionary circles at Florence endless abuse was heaped upon Minghetti, Bevilacqua, and Pasolini, because, as was said, the Pope had asked them over and over again to tell him what reforms they considered desirable,

and they had replied that none were required! May such falsehoods recoil on the heads of those who invent them!'

Bevilacqua wrote to Pasolini from Ems, August 19, 1860:—

'Dear Friend,—I wish you would tell me truly about the state of the country, and of your own hopes or fears; for my fears predominate since I perceive the driver to have lost control of his team, which was so well in hand last year.

'I would fain hope still that Cavour, by some unexpected action, prompt and resolute, such as he alone is capable of, may again be seated firmly on the box, to secure us against those who are otherwise than the friends of Turin; for there are influences at present in Italy inimical to Piedmont, and unless we be defended from them, there may be a proposal to defer Italian unity until the millennium! To sum up my tirade in words worthy of an "Encyclical," I will say that it seems to me we have been losing public favour ever since the Red element has come into play, and since men of that party have been allowed a voice in our counsels.

'In Paris I had an interesting conversation with M. Thiers, who spoke with sympathy of Italy, but feared we were going on too fast, and criticised our annexation of Romagna as relatively a useless proceeding. He acknowledged the acquisition of Savoy to be wonderfully opportune for the Emperor in France, but thought the war had not been popular, and concluded that we ought to move slowly and cautiously; above all, that we must not attack Austria in the Venetian territory, because, said he, that would be putting his Emperor under the alternative, so dangerous for Italy, either of leaving us without help, or, by helping us, of bringing upon himself the war of the Rhine frontier, which would disable him from doing anything for us with his troops elsewhere. According to Thiers, the results of Baden were unfavourable to him; for all those princes went there in haste to protest *to* Napoleon unitedly against Napoleon! and, truly, the conferences at Töplitz seem to justify this view of them.'

XIII.

Our summer on the Riviera was enlivened by frequent visits from Ubaldino Peruzzi, a great friend of the family. My father took me with him to Turin on September 1, and pointed out Cavour to me at Porta Susa station one day when they were going in company with many distinguished diplomatic personages to attend the marriage of Ada Farini at Saluggia. I was left at the house of the Marchese Cesare Alfieri di Sostegno, President of the Senate, whose indulgence my father bespoke for me as a boy on his first visit from home. 'He is quite at home here,' was the kindly reply. It gives me pleasure to note my father's veneration for this excellent man, in whom deep learning and great talents were combined with so much modesty and goodness of heart. From Turin we set out with Farini and his sons, Minghetti and Bardesono, who was going as Intendant[1] to Faenza. All the provincial Prefects, being duly warned, came to wait upon Farini, Minister of the Interior; and at Bologna we saw General Cialdini, who entered Ancona a few days later, after his successful action at Castelfidardo. Who would have dared to predict to Pio Nono in the early days of his reign that the guns of the King of Piedmont could ever be turned against him? These and other things '*multa movens animo*,' said my father, remembering the first efforts made for Italian liberty, which was now in course of accomplishment by new and unexpected means.

XIV.

Towards the end of September 1860, Massimo d'Azeglio having resigned the Governorship of Milan, Pasolini was called upon to be his successor, on which he wrote to Farini, and expressed his unwillingness to accept without having first spoken to Cavour, in order to clear up some point which had been under discussion. My mother and the children were at Coccolia when my father's letter arrived, on Michaelmas Day, telling her 'I have accepted.' We started from Ravenna on October 1 by the Faenza road, encumbered as it was by waggons full of

[1] Now called Prefect.

prisoners taken at Castelfidardo, who huddled themselves behind their curtains, evidently in dread of meeting unfriendly observation. From Faenza we came to Imola, and at Castel Bolognese found the town decorated as for a festival, all the magistrates at the gate awaiting the arrival of the King, who had taken command of the army two days previously, and was on his way into Southern Italy. Continuing our journey, and looking out for the King, we had reached the foot of the hill below Villa Troni, when all at once we saw above us a carriage escorted by Carabiniers approaching at full trot. 'It is he,' we all exclaimed. 'Down with you, my boys,' said my mother, 'and make reverence to him;' so we all cried out, 'Long live the King!' Victor Emanuel was in general's uniform, and on hearing our salute he stood up with his hand at his hat; the gentleman beside him then turned round to look at us, and he was none other than Farini, whom my mother recognised, and they exchanged salutations like old friends meeting on a gala day! It seems, as we were afterwards told, that the King asked who were the lady and boys who had cheered him so heartily. Farini answered that it was Countess Pasolini and her children, on their way to Milan, on which the King repeated his military salute, and waved his glove in friendly recognition, until the cloud of dust hid him from our sight. Thus did we see and cheer Victor Emanuel, already lord of the north and central parts of Italy, as he moved on to gather laurels and dominions in the south.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOVERNMENT OF MILAN.

Pasolini at Milan—His proclamation—The sense in which he understood the word liberty—His activity—Public safety—Letters—Victor Emanuel arrives at Milan with Cavour—The first health drunk to the King of Italy—Pasolini's fear of disturbances in Milan—They are verified—Monsignor Caccia — Tumults at Viarenna — Pasolini's attitude — Precautions and opinions—The first 'Festa di Statuto'—Death of Cavour—The sons of Victor Emanuel at Monza in 1861—Administrative regulations are altered throughout the kingdom—Lamarmora goes to Naples—His letters—Social life at Milan—Victor Emanuel comes to Milan with Rattazzi—Garibaldi's stay there—Pasolini gives up the Governorship of Milan—His letters and sentiments on the occasion—He accepts the Governorship of Turin—Recollections of conversations with Manzoni.

My father arrived at Milan on the last day of September, unexpectedly, as an unobserved traveller, and issued his proclamation on October 1, as follows:—

'Citizens of Milan,—In obedience to the commands of our King and his Government, who have intrusted me with the administration of this illustrious and glorious province, I undertake the arduous office, resolved to spare no exertion for the fulfilment of my duty; and I invoke the assistance of all my fellow-citizens, seeing it is the duty of us all to work together for the good of our country. The exercise of constitutional liberty under a right administration in every department of the public service is the means best adapted to wipe out the remembrance of past misfortune, and for contributing effectually to the prosperity and greatness of the nation. It is incumbent on a province so especially conspicuous for talents, wealth, and industry, to show forth a bright example of those social improvements which are the boast no less than the need of the present day, and by which all classes of society are called to participate in the benefits of civilisation. To you, who amid the grand

events of our Italian country have already given proof of undaunted courage and admirable generosity—to you, I say, we look for examples of the utmost freedom in discussion, combined with perfect respect for public order. It is for you to show the fearlessness, energy, good sense, and moderation of the most civilised people in the world; and if danger arise to our country you will rally round the royal banner, ever faithful to the national cry, "God save the King!"

'PASOLINI, Governor.'

General Alfonso Lamarmora had been stationed at Milan since March 25 in command of the second division of the army. It is needless to say what satisfaction my father had in meeting him, or how much good he derived from this friend's loyal co-operation, in the critical moments which ensued, when nothing short of perfect trust and harmony between the civil governor and the military commander could have availed for the maintenance of public order. On coming to Milan my father took pains to make it understood that he considered true liberty a sacred thing, although the name of it might at times seem dangerous and inconvenient alike to the governors and the governed. Many Italians had cried out for 'liberty,' taking it for granted that a 'free government' meant nothing less than a faultless one; and true it is that when a liberal administration began to relieve people from hurtful or useless intermeddling with their social life, they thought themselves better governed, because left more to themselves. But in order to achieve real, durable prosperity, it is necessary that individual energy, now free to work its way, should be thoroughly aroused, and all classes be linked in hearty co-operation for the public good. This could not be the work of a day or a year, and there were many persons who, in their disappointment that free institutions did not at once produce the benefits they expected, began to lose faith in them, as though liberty were a dangerous remedy, worse than the evils it was intended to cure. My father shared none of these apprehensions, but maintained, on the contrary, that where liberty, with all its perils and inconveniences, is not conceded, hidden evils, the worst of all, will eat away the heart of the people. In private conversation

he used to say that although liberal he had no taste for anything revolutionary; and on coming into office under a free government, his personal temper, no less than his official duty, made him a hearty defender of order, which no honest man could have any reason for disturbing. 'In a free country,' said he, 'the Government is not a burden nor bondage imposed by the few to tyrannise over the many; it is rather the product of public opinion, the expression of the country's will. The people and the Government are substantially one; and if there be in the country a conscious public opinion, well-informed of what makes for the general good, and firm in adhering to it, despite all trivial irregularities of the pulse of freedom, then the Government will be strong, the dangers of faction will diminish, and the country be secure against enemies or false friends; and when the nation has to put forth her strength in battle, victory will be assured to her united forces.'

The intemperance of the press and the discontent of the agriculturists gave him much uneasiness, and he lamented his inability to keep them within bounds of moderation; yet when coercive measures were suggested he at once rejected the idea as intolerable, according to his views of establishing and maintaining a free government. I remember once Giambattista Giorgini being present when some political fact was under discussion which gave considerable anxiety to the authorities of Milan, and someone remarked that 'the rose of liberty, like other roses, had its thorns, and it were a pity not to have had something less beautiful in theory but more useful in practice,' &c. My father, of all people, might have had reason to find fault with the principle which at that moment tied his hands, yet he answered: 'If you wish for liberty receive it honestly, with all the perils attaching thereto. Nothing but illusion results from half-measures, and all illusions tend to bring on new and unexpected misfortunes.' Giorgini rejoined that Pasolini was the most liberal of Governors existing *in rerum natura*. Nevertheless, my father was far from remaining idle. He considered that the less a free government possesses of actual power the more it is bound to strengthen itself by becoming acceptable to the governed, by knowing and being known to

all classes, so as to take account of what may be working in the hearts and heads of every section, every association of citizens. 'I am not like an Austrian viceroy,' he said; 'I am a citizen, who has to work among free citizens for the common good, and you must all assist me.' A little while after some of the Milanese, alluding to Pasolini's ever-increasing influence, which was universally felt, commented upon it thus: 'This Governor is liberal—very liberal—but he feels himself always in the presence of God, and we had better do nothing without him.' My father's first and principal care was for the public safety; and finding that night-robberies were frequent, particularly in remote parts of the city beyond the navigable canal, he admonished the chief of police that these outrages must be prevented. 'Unless you stop them within a given time I will send in my resignation on the score of incapacity, and I will ask simultaneously for your dismissal.' He then ordered that small parties of the National Guard should patrol the city, a duty which they willingly undertook, and the robberies ceased all at once. Some officer of the Guard now suggested that there was no longer any need for the nightly patrol. 'If you do not care about the security of your city, I can have nothing to say to you,' replied the Governor. 'But the city is quite safe without us,' persisted the man. 'Indeed, I am glad to hear it.' The Guard stayed at home that night; but the thieves went out on their depredations as before, and the Guards had to resume night duty.

II.

Various interesting letters were received by my father in December 1860 from his predecessor, Massimo d'Azeglio, on the subject of the monument about to be erected in Milan to Leonardo da Vinci.

'*Genoa, December* 6, 1860.—Dear Pasolini,—I have to inform you of an artistic affair which I left unfinished. Last time the Emperor of Austria visited Milan he promised to present to the city a monument of Leonardo da Vinci at his own private cost. I spare you the details, which are at your service when you require them. Suffice it to say, that the work was intrusted to

Magni, who has modelled it in full size, and now awaits the decision of Government. He naturally applied to me, and showed me his model, on which we agreed that some alterations must be made, involving considerable increase of the estimated expense. I was about to lay this before the Ministry, when I had to resign my office into better hands. It seems to me that Government ought to confirm the ex-Emperor's gift, and that neither you nor Minghetti would think otherwise; but the financial part of it may be a difficulty, though I should hope not insuperable. That, however, is now no business of mine. I have only to tell you how the matter stands, and leave it to your discretion. If you wish to be informed of all particulars, send for my good friends the Professors Molteni and Bertini, who will feel much pleased at being invited to your house. I recommend them both to you as excellent men in every way, especially as first-rate artists, and critics of prime authority in matters of taste, so that when any artistic question arises you may trust to them as oracles. I had thought of giving them letters of introduction to you; but you will dispense with that formality, as I hereby answer for them. It is reported that the Milanese are delighted with their Governor, and I hope the delight may be mutual. M. D'AZEGLIO.'

On November 23, 1861, he wrote again from Turin :—

'Magni has been with me, and I have seen his improved model of the monument, which now appears to me well worthy of Milan and of Leonardo da Vinci. As I told you last year, it is a weight incumbent on my conscience to see this work carried out, and I gave you my reasons, in which you agreed. It would indeed be strange for a gift that had been promised by the Austrian Emperor to be withheld by the Italian 'Rè Galantuomo.' I beg you therefore to set this business on foot at the first favourable opportunity. The monument will be a great embellishment to the city of Milan, for which the citizens cannot fail to be grateful. I remain here so long as the weather continues moderate, but shall take flight at the first fall of snow. With most respectful compliments to the Countess, and kind regards to inquiring friends, &c.,

'Your affectionate, M. D'AZEGLIO.'

When Farini exchanged his office as Minister of the Interior for that of King's Lieutenant at Naples at the end of 1860, he wrote as follows to Pasolini:—

'Dear Friend,—I wish to make you acquainted with Finzi, who returns to Milan on account of failing health. I wanted him to help me here, and am very sorry for his departure. He may be useful to you in Lombardy, on occasions of difficulty, for Cavour and the King's Government have derived great benefit from his assistance. He is a man of noble mind, sound intellect, excellent temper, and a true patriot; I know you will thank me for introducing him to you. In haste,

'Your affectionate, FARINI.'

At this epoch the names of Cesare Alfieri and Gino Capponi were so widely influential that it seems right to make some quotations from what they wrote to my father:—

'*Turin, December* 29, 1860.—I must now write, on my own account, kindest wishes to you, my dear and honoured friend, that you may be blest with everything which can contribute to your happiness; for myself, I earnestly desire the continuance of your friendship, and I should much like to be under your administration, as I hear from all quarters that your present subjects heartily applaud the good judgment of their Governor, and are equally hearty in their appreciation of the Governor's excellent and accomplished lady. I know by experience what it is to a President to have a good Vice-President, so I truly congratulate you on having in your amiable Countess a coadjutor so sympathetic and judicious.—C. ALFIERI.'

A year later he writes:—

'It is time now to reckon with the past year, and the review is far from consoling. Alas, my dear friend, so many sad catastrophes, public and private misfortunes, peace which is no peace, and quietness which has been nothing less than disastrous to the desolate country people! God grant that the coming year be of better augury than the past! We will put our trust in Divine Providence, not only in human agencies, as so many are apt to do. But, in order to realise our hopes, we must strive to be thoroughly honest, as our Chief Baron expresses it, not merely

in one thing or another by fits and starts, but from the heart in everything. You, my friend, always act on this principle, and I can form no better wish for the new year than that your example may be universally followed.—C. ALFIERI.'

Capponi writes on February 15, 1861 :—

'Milan has, in short, the right man for a Governor. This I know to be the unanimous verdict of all whose opinion is worth having. I took great pains to ascertain the fact from those who could give me worthy and undeniable testimony, and I heartily rejoice in it. Be assured that I am your most affectionate,

'G. CAPPONI.'

III.

In February 1861 Victor Emanuel arrived at Milan, but remained only for a few days, on one of which he honoured the Governor with his company at dinner; Cavour, Lamarmora, and other of the ministers being there in attendance upon him. Alessandro Manzoni had also been invited to meet his Majesty, but excused himself by the following note to my father :—

'My Lord,—A chronic inflammation of throat, which renders the greatest care necessary, and which deprived me of the honour of appearing at the royal dinner, constrains me to another act of self-denial. I beg your lordship to accept my warm thanks and most humble excuses, and to pity my inability to profit by your gratifying invitation. Should you happen to have said anything of it to Cavour, I would request you to tell him how much my regret is augmented by the thought of losing so honourable and delightful an opportunity, as it would have been, in every sense, for your devoted, humble servant,

'ALESSANDRO MANZONI.'

Early in 1861 M. Charles de Rémusat brought my father a letter from Cavour, without any date, as follows :—

'Dear Count,—I take the liberty of recommending to your good-will M. C. de Rémusat, one of the few friends left to us in France of the old Liberal party. He is travelling with the view of ascertaining the real state of Italy for the information of his compatriots, and is chiefly pre-occupied with the condition of the former States of the Church, in regard to which no one can give

him more exact and impartial information than yourself. It would be useful also for him at Milan to meet with some persons who might enlighten him on the state of public opinion in Lombardy. Excuse me for counting so freely upon your assistance, because you see it is for the sake of something which may really be useful to Italy; and believe me, with deepest regard,

'Your attached, C. CAVOUR.'

On May 14, the day that Victor Emanuel was proclaimed King of Italy, Pasolini gathered round his table all the authorities of Milan, and in a few loyal words proposed his Majesty's health. 'In this generous and well-beloved city, which first arose to the struggle and blessed the arms of the royal Liberator, and in these halls whence formerly resounded in a foreign tongue tyrannical mandates injurious to our country, I am proud and happy to pronounce for the first time that title voted by Parliament with the crown of victory, and I invite you to drink a toast to which Italy the free, rejoicing in peace and brotherly love, will always respond, as I firmly believe and hope, during a long continuance of glorious and happy years: "To the health of his Majesty Victor Emanuel, King of Italy!"'

Marco Minghetti had succeeded Farini as Minister of the Interior, and my father felt his hands much strengthened by the appointment of this intimate friend, who had the same convictions as himself regarding the practical exercise of liberty and the utter impossibility of its protection by any Government which did not also maintain public order with a firm hand. This was not easy in the rich and intelligent, yet somewhat riotously disposed capital of Lombardy; but it would be difficult, after a lapse of twenty years, to describe the particular stumbling-blocks which trammelled the work of Government. My father described the situation in writing to Minghetti:—

'I am in my office from morning till night, and feel best satisfied on those days when I have received the greatest number of influential persons, and arranged with them some affair of importance—more satisfied of having done good than on the days when I have merely dealt with a larger number of comparatively trivial items of daily business. You may believe I work with all my might, and I cannot help owning to an occasional feeling

of discouragement; for the Garibaldians have increased, and are becoming more audacious. They think to make this place an established rendezvous for their central committee, with minor committees affiliated in the country districts; and their watch-word is, "Not now, but in spring."

'The amount of these local anxieties is on the increase, and every day brings some new hitch, with threatening of trade-strikes and tumultuous gatherings. This phase of politics in the piazza disturbs me much, and is very wearing to my spirit; I would gladly work twice as hard to be free from such speciality of troubles. Here there are no heads of the people as with us, but everyone thinks himself a leader. In the upper classes each man lives within his own coterie, and to get to the bottom of what they are about would be impossible. It would be lost labour to attempt to go among them all, and the feeling this is a severe trial to me, averse as I am by nature to letting evil take its course unchecked.'

My father used to say that the working classes are a grand field from which by good cultivation we may reap large harvests of virtue, order, and civilisation. He often, however, in conversation with intelligent citizens, lamented that those classes are left so much at the mercy of dangerous demagogues, and he anxiously discussed the possibility of giving a better direction to their energies.

'I am always in dread of the people being led into riots by those who ought to be better friends to them, but who, instead of doing them good, only think of creating an agitation, of which they make capital for selfish ends. On my first arrival here, I tried to become acquainted with the reputed heads of the most daring factions, and these personal relations have been found useful, as the public papers bear witness during the last eight months. But how can one reach the lower orders for their good? What way is there to gain the confidence of the individual workmen, and of those who have the art of influencing them? The Milanese are a difficult people to manage, and it is important to recognise the fact; for tranquil though the country seems at present, there can be no doubt that if any commotion were to arise it would be very serious. Milan requires careful

treatment, for, in its proportion, it contains the same capabilities of good and evil as Paris.'

In a letter of May 4 Pasolini informs Minghetti:—

'The threatened demonstration, I trust, may be of no consequence, and perhaps nothing more than a dinner, with closed doors, though some of them wish to have a procession—without rioting, as we would hope. A demand has come from Genoa for representatives to attend all the "Committees of Provision," and no doubt many persons will go from this place. Mazzini writes that the country must be agitated, cost what it may!'

My father's apprehensions of coming evil were considered by many of his friends as the exaggerated ideas of an over-anxious mind; but subsequent facts proved only too well that he was in the right.

IV.

The Archbishopric of Milan being vacant, the duties of the see devolved upon Monsignor Caccia, bishop *in partibus* of Famagosta, who was far from acceptable to the best of the people or of the clergy, on account of his aversion to the principles of political liberty and Italian independence. It so happened that the national festival being appointed by law to take place on the first Sunday in June, the municipality of Milan invited the clergy to take part by holding solemn religious services in their churches, which Caccia took upon him to forbid by a circular letter to the officiating priests. This letter disgusted most of the clergy, who were either liberal in sentiment, or at least did not wish to run counter to the general feeling of the citizens, the majority of whom equally loved their religion and their country, and resented this insult more than anything. After mass in the Cathedral on May 19, a crowd of people with ominous whispers gathered at the door of the vestry waiting for Caccia to come out, but he was afraid. At last two of the police entered, and found him hiding behind some boards. They guarded him to his house, and he determined to leave the city immediately. Demonstrations of this sort having been continued for two days following, the Governor issued a proclamation to insure the liberty of the clergy, May 22:—

'Citizens,—In a free country liberty is the right of all—liberty of discussion and of opinions; therefore the law forbids every act having the character of violence or restraint on the freedom of our fellows. "A free State and a free Church" was proclaimed lately in Parliament, and this great principle of progress must not only be announced in words, it must be proved by actions. If any people are fit to advance before others in giving this evidence of civil enlightenment, it should be you, Milanese, who have already given many proofs of such wisdom—you, who were generous in the work of our country's redemption, and wise in maintaining brotherly concord, without which the progress of freedom and the force of arms would have come to nothing. Of you I confidently ask that you make no manifestation and permit no act to be done in your midst against the laws of liberty and public peace. Whoever contravenes these is your enemy, and must be treated as such at any cost. To-day, as on the first day of my appearance among you, I invoke the co-operation of you all, because it is the duty of all to hold faithfully to the laws and the service of Italy, our country. By unanimity of principle and of affections we shall conquer our foes, under whatever colour they present themselves; and let our only watchword be the national one, "God save the King!"

'The Governor of Milan,

'G. Pasolini.'

Still, on the morning of the 22nd whispers of an intended demonstration continued, and some people gathered together at the Curia, asking for entrance by a door formerly open to the public, talking of Caccia's circular, and wishing to hear about the deliberations of the Chapter in regard to it. They soon heard that the Chapter had agreed to revoke the acting Archbishop's circular, and intended accepting the invitation of the city authorities to join them in celebration of the national festival. This put an end to any supposition of a riot; but towards eleven o'clock a sudden change came on, the cry being raised that the mob were going to wreck the distillery of Viarenna, which was known to be obnoxious to them, as a manufactory consuming quantities of grain, and consequently, by raised prices, adding to

the distress of the people. The police and Carabineers were soon in motion, and the National Guard were under arms. General La Marmora sent reinforcements, and went himself to Government House; and the Governor, in order to have but one centre of action for the necessities of the hour, went back with La Marmora to the military head-quarters. It seems that only a few groups of quiet people were seen at first in the neighbourhood of the distillery; but as the clock struck twelve, a hackney carriage drove up at full trot, and set down two persons. This must have been the signal for the scattered groups to unite, which they did; their number being augmented by a crowd of roughs armed with clubs and iron bars. With loud outcries for the destruction of the manufactory, the mob threw stones at the windows, and threw themselves against the doors to break them open, despite all the exertions of the Carabineers in defence. At one, the National Guard and another regiment arrived to defend the doors, and some arrests were made, but the rioters resisted with sticks and stones. Several shots were then heard, and some one fell. The irritated mob were by this time so increased in force that the military could not keep together, nor prevent the rioters from breaking into the buildings. The National Guard had been scattered in different directions to be ready, as they thought, to act wherever the danger was most pressing; but they were at length overwhelmed by numbers, and despite all their efforts the depredators brought scaling-ladders, with which they effected an entrance. The rabid crowd now rushed through the courts into the dwelling-houses, where they broke all the furniture, mirrors, and crockery into bits, which they threw down from the windows, the crowd below completing the act of destruction. They next rescued the prisoners arrested by the soldiers, who were no longer able to make head against them. The danger was now at its height, for the rioters were making way to the manufactory and towards the spirit stores; but in the meantime more of the military had come up to join the first body of soldiers, who by their united efforts protected the laboratory, magazines, and cash office from ferocious invasions, undaunted by the blows hurled at them with clubs, iron bars, and stones, steadily returning answer to them with musket

and bayonet. There were several lives lost on both sides, but the spirit-house, which the mob intended to burn, remained intact, and this no doubt was the saving of a large part of the city from destruction by fire. The riot went on for some time at different points; but when La Marmora came about four o'clock in the afternoon to see the state of his troops, he found the people dispersing before them awed and exhausted. At night the Governor told off certain bodies of soldiers to be on guard till morning, arming them with cartridges, and especially he provided for the protection of the gasometer, on which it was reported that the disaffected had their designs, thinking that the horrors of darkness would favour them. Taking counsel also with the public prosecutor, he gave orders that the arrested persons should be brought forward immediately, and that after the police inquiry and report of arrest, they should be passed on at once to the criminal court, where the proper judges, relieving each other so as to sit day and night, continued their examinations without interruption. At the same time, he took pains to render assistance with a strong hand to the manufacturers, that their works might be speedily resumed; and as the machinery and magazines had been saved, they were able to work again on the second day after.

'Milan, May 23, 1861.

'Dear Governor,—I have just returned from an inspection of yesterday's battle-field, where all was quietness, and I observed with satisfaction that the distillery is at work again. We must keep guard there still; but as at the gasometer and at Binda's there had not been a symptom of violence, I ventured to withdraw those guards and sent them into barracks, where they will be in readiness for every contingency. As regards the patrols, I am against them, for they give the appearance of being in a state of siege, and they are not useful in cases like the present. Thanks for your note. 'Your affectionate,

'A. La Marmora.'

'Milan, May 24 (midnight).

'To-day our tranquillity has been unbroken. Twenty arrests were made, and from all the interrogatories thus far, nothing of

any premeditated plot has transpired; there was no money found upon the prisoners, nor anything scarcely in the way of weapons. Various anonymous letters have been sent me, abounding in threats of course; but I have spoken with the principal master manufacturers, who assure me that their men took no part in the riot, and, with very few exceptions, were not even absent that day from their work. The commotion seems to have been made by the lowest dregs of the people joined by a few emigrants, disbanded soldiers, or deserters, and other vagabonds. There are whispers of disturbances intended to-morrow and next day, which oblige me to be cautiously ready at all points to avert mischief. La Marmora says: "How can we fight an enemy when we know not where he is?" He thinks that eight or ten wounded, and a hundred and fifty prisoners, will have been a strong lesson; but I doubt whether it be enough.

'G. Pasolini.'

In Parliament, on May 24, Petruccelli had put a question to the Minister of the Interior respecting his circular to the bishops relating to the national festival, and all that had happened at Milan. Minghetti explained the circular, and gave a brief account of the disturbances, concluding thus: 'The House will understand that it is incumbent on me, pending criminal proceedings, to abstain from entering into the possible causes of these riots; but before quitting the subject, I can do no less than give a warm tribute of well-earned praise to the Governor for his excellent and prompt measures in time of danger.' Meantime, thanks to these prompt measures, the city had been restored to peace and quietness; every class of citizen heartily expressing horror and shame for the recent disturbances. None of the newspapers ventured on a word of excuse for disgraceful facts, nor did there appear even among the lowest of the people any symptom of renewed disorders.

My father wrote again to Minghetti: 'How can we believe that that day's violence could have been carried out so systematically unless there had been a premeditated plan? And if the disturbances were premeditated, we must attribute them either to the Austro-clerical or to the Republican party wishing

to excite the passions of the lower orders and use them for their own purposes. I fail to observe anything here indicative of Austro-clerical influence, nor is there a sign of the money said to have been scattered in the city; but how can I personally get to the bottom of the affair? No one could sound the lowest depths in Milan unless by concert with our Antipodes, *i.e.* the party of Mazzini, which has a well-known centre at the editorial office of the "Unità Italiana," a newspaper set on foot early in the present year with the avowed object of keeping up agitation throughout the country. By developing socialistic ideas this print manages to attract the lowest classes of society, and finds ready proselytes among the disbanded soldiers, refugees, and tramps who abound in Milan. Besides which, the working classes here, at first secretly, now openly, are banded together in trades-unions. Now between the men of the "Unità" newspaper and the lowest set of artisans, the vicious part, who are of doubtful profession and form the dregs of society (the "Barabbas sort," as they are called), there might be a strong link; but there could be none with the Austro-clericals, who are hated by them all, in remembrance of the Austro-military *régime*. One word would suffice to raise the country against any Austrian intrigue, while the Mazzinians find ready sympathy through their socialism, which they easily insinuate among the ignorant. In view of these facts and their consequences, we are forced to conclude, first, that the most dangerous classes are able to hold meetings in contravention of public order, unsuspected by the Governor, neither can the police scent out their designs. Secondly, the Government is in ignorance of the workings of Mazzinianism and its manner of seducing the lower orders, the police being unable to obtain any light upon the subject.' I remember my father regretting that his 'Questura,' from the nature of things and from the circumstance of their being quartered too far away, were almost beyond the sphere of the Governor's personal action. He could not in ordinary circumstances have relation with any of them except their chief, and on returning from an inspection of their offices a misgiving would come over him at the thought that this body should be our sole guarantee for the preservation of public security. 'How could it ever be in my power,' he

said, 'to obtain the confidence of the lowest classes? At that depth we have no soundings except the police inquiry, and we should need to have among the police some man who already knew how those people hang together. To begin to trace them out by new inquiries without an opening seems tedious, uncertain, and almost impossible.' Indeed, both ancient and modern history show that there has always been a numerous 'canaille' in Milan who are very daring when once aroused.

After these disturbances were ended my father occupied his leisure moments in reading over again those chapters of the 'Promessi Sposi,' which describe so admirably the Milanese tumults in 1628, and came to the conclusion that the facts, *mutatis mutandis*, were exactly similar, and the fury of the people was alike in both cases. He also went to visit Manzoni, with whom he had interesting conversations upon his descriptions of mediæval tumults, as well as upon those which he had himself witnessed in Milan during his long life.

V.

On the 2nd of June, 1861, the national *Festa dello Statuto* was celebrated for the first time in Milan with military and popular rejoicings. In the large meadow between the ancient stronghold of the Visconti and the Arco del Sempione, symbolical of the glorious hopes of the first Italian kingdom, a free Italian people and an Italian army were peacefully gathered together at last. General La Marmora and Governor Pasolini appeared on horseback, issuing from the great door of the castle, and rode along the line of the National Guard and other troops in the Piazza d'Armi. The troops all filed off before them, and marched back very slowly, so that the crowd who two years previously had fallen back to make way for the Austrians, now thronged upon the cavalry horses, women and boys scattering flowers, and shouting, 'Hurrah for the war!'—'Hurrah for the freedom of Venice!' while many persons pressed forward to shake hands with the soldiers. All this was very natural and beautiful in those days, and as I enjoyed the scene, it gives me pleasure to record it.

A great misfortune soon fell upon the young kingdom of Italy by the death of Count Cavour. My father had arrived at Turin the night that he died, but immediately returned to his post at Milan, fearing the disturbances which might arise there in consequence of this unexpected event.

'What times we live in!' he wrote to a friend. 'Scarcely was Milan restored to quietness when now the death of Cavour comes upon us, and truly it is an immense calamity. I hurried back from Turin, and was pursued by a telegram offering me the Ministry of the Interior, which I declined without hesitation. The cabinet is almost settled again, and we hope for the best.'

The following letter is also interesting in reference to the anxieties of those days:—

'Milan, June 10, 1861.

'Dear Pasolini,—My mind being much taken up about the formation of the new cabinet, which will be of such great importance to us all in the future, you will easily understand that I am more especially pre-occupied in regard to the War Office, for which department I believe La Rovere to be the only eligible chief, certainly the most suitable one for present emergencies; and I think that Cugia might be La Rovere's successor in Sicily. If you are of the same opinion, I beg you will let Minghetti know that I agree with you.

'Your affectionate,

'A. La Marmora.'

VI.

The King had lent Governor Pasolini his villa of Mirabello in the royal park of Monza, which our family inhabited during the autumn months of 1860 and 1861, and the Princes Humbert and Amadeus, with Princess Maria Pia, now Queen of Portugal, the Duchess of Genoa and her young daughter, the present Queen of Italy, came to Monza while we were there. My father, who often observed what bold riders the young princes were, and how they simply amused themselves with feats of horsemanship which required more than common strength and dexterity, meditated on the hereditary qualities of the House of Savoy, and said, 'I see now how those men naturally conducted

themselves on the field of battle, so that their innate habitual courage has become historical. Oh, if these princes could only be seen by the people of Romagna as I see them, they would win the hearts of the whole country.'

Not long afterwards the princes did take their first excursion into Central Italy, and having met my father at Bologna, they made him go with them in their carriage to Florence, where the Exhibition of Italian arts and industry was being held. There was great affection between the royal brothers, and of course Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent, had to acknowledge and reply to the speeches addressed to him by the authorities of all the little towns and villages of the Apennines who came to do him reverence. At times, when he was dead-tired and had fallen asleep in the carriage, Amadeus would shake him by the shoulder, and shout out: 'The Syndic!—the Syndic!' on which Humbert would start up and throw off his hat, but no Syndic appeared, and his brother would be laughing at him. This joke was often repeated, and always with effect, for if Prince Humbert were told to go to sleep without fear, he answered: 'No, I dare not, for Amadeus might perhaps speak the truth for once; and if a Syndic were to catch me snoring, it would be such a dreadful blunder that I could never forgive myself.'

VII.

My father had originally accepted the Governorship of Milan on condition of its being only for a limited time; but my mother thought he could not offer to retire unless some political circumstance gave him an obvious excuse for so doing. This was found at length on occasion of certain administrative changes.

The scheme laid before Parliament by Minghetti for political, military, and financial union throughout Italy, still left certain differences of local arrangement in the various districts, or *regioni*, as they were called. The discussion of this project was deferred, and in the meantime Ricasoli did away with the lieutenancies of Naples and Palermo, which Minghetti gave as a reason for resigning the Ministry of the Interior, because he considered his project thus by anticipation annulled. My

father on this expressed his intention of retiring, and entreated Ricasoli to appoint a new Governor to Milan as soon as possible. Ricasoli thus replied :—

'Turin, October 12, 1861.

'Dear Friend,—How can you expect me to appoint another man, when I have over and over again begged Governor Pasolini to remain at the post where he is doing so much good?—when I have in vain offered him any other Governorship which may fall vacant, and entreated him at least to remain in office until I have time and opportunity to find him a successor? Can I speak more plainly? You must stay and do good work for your country, besides gratifying me personally. Next week all the orders for re-arrangement of the Executive will be published, including abolition of the Governorships of Naples and of Tuscany; also a law of decentralisation, and of assimilation of titles of chief magistrates. Your writing will be very useful, and I should like to have it at your earliest convenience. 'Your attached,

'Ricasoli.'

My father was in Florence when he heard with great regret that General La Marmora, being appointed Prefect of Naples, was about to leave Milan.

'Milan, October 10, 1861.

'Dear Governor,—According to agreement, I address you these lines at Florence to tell you the progress of things regarding myself. General Cugia could not make Cialdini give up his determination to quit Naples. In consequence of this I was sent for again to Turin, and against my will have been obliged to yield to the pressure put upon me to become his successor. It is quite against the grain, as I told you before, because here I feel myself to be of service, while down there I am sure not to succeed; and then, whom can they send after me? I put this question to the cabinet, but in vain. They have nobody else to propose, so I must take my turn, and be thrown into the gulf. I have not yet received the official order, and I have attempted a last appeal to Cialdini, pointing out that I am in worse condition than he for making head against the extreme

parties who are surging more violently there than elsewhere, and who will continue so until the affairs of Rome and Venetia are settled. I represented to him how terrible the situation might be if we were unable to hold Naples, for that then we should lose the Marches, Umbria, and even Tuscany; in short, we have the abyss behind us, and must not draw back. On all these considerations, I implored him to remain. I flatter myself that you will not quit your important charge, in which you have done so well, and in which you may still render eminent service to your country. Accept the assurance of my hearty friendship and esteem. 'A. La Marmora.'

On return to Milan, my father soon perceived that his resignation would not only displease the Government, but might have further bad effects. He therefore consented to remain in office. Gino Capponi wrote to him soon after this from Varramista, October 27:—

'I heard a report of your intention to leave Milan, and was very sorry for it, but now I hear that you are likely to be transferred to us, which would make me the happiest man in the world, and I think it would be the right thing in every way. I know there might be many reasons for you to prefer Milan; but in the event of your desiring to change, Florence would surely suit you much better than Turin, where there is little to do; whereas here I am certain you could do a great deal of good, particularly now when we are making a fresh start; and I can answer for your presence being highly acceptable at the Palazzo Vecchio for as long a time as you could be induced to remain with us. In fact it would be most desirable to have you, and I eagerly hailed the first flying rumour of such a possibility. I wished to write you this much, and regret having delayed so long, deterred by the same reluctance to meddle with public affairs which has always made my letters few and far between, although I often thought of writing to you. Excuse me if this scrawl seem inopportune; I only hope my words may not be in vain, and that the report which suggested them may turn out true. 'Your devoted and affectionate,

'G. Capponi.'

La Marmora left Milan on October 29, 1861, for Naples, whence he wrote on December 24:—

'The Prefect of Naples to the Prefect of Milan—Grace and mercy. What sort of judgment must you have passed upon my behaviour towards you, and what can you think of me for never having found a minute to acknowledge your constant kindness, nor to answer the two most welcome letters which you have written me? I cannot say that my negligence has been occasioned by absolute want of time, for it is more attributable to the state of my eyes, which I must tell you are growing worse. But the chief cause of this long delay is, my having been in such a bad humour that I should have thought it cruel and ungenerous to inflict my misery upon others.

'Now, thank God, things go on better, and I feel able to employ Christmas Eve in wishing to you and your amiable Countess and the two swimmers [1] "A Happy Christmas and New Year."

'The capture of Borges, though I deplore his fate, was a very fortunate thing; for the Bourbon party counted much upon him, and it was he who contrived the project of taking Potenza on the one hand, Sora on the other, and then of coming down upon Naples. At one moment, when the reaction seemed to be gaining ground, a large number of that party had begun to crow over us; but now, for a time, I trust that no reactionary attempts can be made, though unfortunately the same cannot be said of the terrible brigandage, which it will take a long time to put down. Even Mount Vesuvius has to be reckoned with as increasing my difficulties! The disaster at Torre del Greco is heavy; but it seems that the charity of the Neapolitans will do a great deal towards relieving it, and the city has set a fine example by voting twelve thousand ducats, followed by the Provincial Council, who voted as much more. The levy has been very annoying work, and gives me full occupation; but I think it goes on well, and we have already sent five hundred recruits to Genoa. I hope to send off eight hundred to-morrow, and people tell me that after Christmas (during which all busi-

[1] La Marmora had been with them at Pegli in the summer, when Pasolini's sons were learning to swim.

ness is at a standstill for the sake of making their confounded row) the recruits will come in readily. If this levy succeed, of which there seems now no doubt, it will be a triumph over the Bourbons. More than that, it will be an established fact in diplomacy, proving that these provinces, however loosely attached to the others, are not again to be disjoined. The King's visit to Naples is put off till February. It is a pity he does not come sooner, but if he were to delay beyond February it would be a grievous diplomatic blunder. The Baron [1] assured me by telegram yesterday that there was no ministerial crisis. He writes frequently, and from the tenor of his letters I appear to be in favour with him. He is also well satisfied with his success in the great parliamentary contentions.

'Your affectionate,

'A. La Marmora.'

Again, on October 29, 1862, he writes:—

'Dear Friend,—It is a year to-day since I quitted Milan to come to this province, and I remember the kind farewells of yourself and the Countess to me that morning at the railway station. Much has happened since then, and often have I thought of those eighteen months spent with you at Milan, which were comparatively peaceful. God grant that no heavier complications come upon us to make our position yet more difficult! You may well imagine that I have often felt the desire to get out of this; but hitherto I keep firm, from the same motives which first induced me to accept a post so far beyond my strength. All this time my sight is getting worse, and it will be as much as I can manage to hold on till next spring. Be assured of my friendship.

'A. La Marmora.'

VIII.

My father always considered it a duty to maintain hospitality. He used to say that nothing was more injurious than solitary habits, and that those who shrink from their fellow-creatures cannot be kindly. From early youth he was accus-

[1] Ricasoli.

tomed to have gatherings of friends and acquaintances at his house, and he did the same in every place where he had occasion to reside. My mother, too, was naturally sociable, and contributed heartily to the keeping up of hospitable traditions. On assuming the governorship at Milan, my father was particularly anxious to establish personal acquaintance and cordiality with the citizens. This naturally enlarged the family circle, and receptions were held every week at Government House, which were more and more numerously attended. Besides these, a fancy ball was given, for which two thousand invitations were issued (February 16, 1862), and in which all the *élite* of Milan combined to represent in beautiful costumes heroic personages of history, or fancy characters of all times and countries. This fête gave great satisfaction, and Minghetti wrote of it five days later :—

'I hope to come to you on Sunday, but will write you something to-morrow, for it is necessary we should talk fully together. I sit as President of the Chamber, and am awfully bored (with discussions on laws relating to *employés* and their pensions). The fame of your ball resounds everywhere. The Duchess of Genoa spoke of it, regretting she had not been there. Madame Benedetti was *très flattée* by the invitation, and would certainly have accepted it had she known that other ladies were going in domino.'

IX.

Early in March the Ministry changed, and Urbano Rattazzi became President of the Council. The King was then about to visit Milan, and there was some apprehension lest the political circumstances of the moment might influence the people to welcome him less cordially than on former occasions. The Governor therefore delivered an exhortation to the officers of the National Guard, who, being of the people themselves, were naturally animated by the same sentiments :—

'Now, look out! when I enter with his Majesty there is nothing to be shouted except "God save the King!"—tell all your men the same. I shall be facing you, and I know you all. As soon as we see the royal presence we will think of no other word to say.'

The Guards replied:

'All right: you may depend upon us.'

In fact, they vigorously cheered Victor Emanuel on his arrival, and he departed well satisfied with his reception. Immediately afterwards, March 12, Pasolini wrote to Rattazzi, saying that now he would wish to be relieved of his Governorship; that he considered the political side of the situation to be of chief importance, and that the Ministry ought to have a Governor at Milan of their own choosing, in whom they might repose entire confidence.

'To govern Milan well is a joint difficulty between the Ministry and the Prefect; complete mutual understanding is therefore indispensable. You do not know me, nor I you, and you should freely select another Prefetto.'

At this moment came a report of Garibaldi being sent to Milan by the Government as President of the School of Musketry.

Milan was the most Garibaldian place in Italy, and Bixio called it Garibaldi's capital; for besides his actual followers there, who were numerous, many idlers donned the red shirt, and swaggered about boasting to be Garibaldians. In this way one often heard of Garibaldi's men being arrested for unlawful possession of arms, and an unruly, violent, vexatious lot they were. Garibaldi's arrival in person was obviously a danger to the peace of the city, and my father felt he ought not to go away until that should have blown over; as he foresaw the probability of popular enthusiasm overflowing for the moment beyond all restraints of legitimate authority. Garibaldi was welcomed with extraordinary applause by the people, who bowed down before him in attitudes of veneration, listening to all his utterances as though he had been an inspired prophet. He was lodged at the expense of the municipality with all his suite, who were like a little Court surrounding him; and now the mob began saying to each other, 'This is the king of the poor; that other is the king of the rich.' He was certainly in great favour among the lower orders, who cheered him loudly in the streets; but he was very faintly applauded on his entry into the Scala theatre. My father did not meet him at the station, but went

to see him and invited him to dinner. I remember his coming to our house in the twilight on March 24, shortly before the dinner-hour, dressed in grey trowsers and the historical red shirt. He brought with him his sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, Generals Bixio, Thürr, and others. His manners were perfectly polite and courteous throughout the evening, and one might have said he was on his guard, in a company among whom he was anxious to carry himself irreproachably. Towards the end of dinner my father rose and said: 'General, in your presence, who are the hero of great deeds, I feel that many words would be out of place. Yet amid all the enthusiasm which you re-awaken for our most cherished hopes, and for glorious recollections of the past, I have to thank you for so kindly fraternising with us at this table, and I invite you in the fulness of patriotic loyalty to drink the toast, which is now that of the united Italian nation, "To the health of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy."' Garibaldi drank it, and shouted 'Hurrah,' as did all his companions; though one knew it was not always nor in every place that they would have ventured to propose that toast among themselves. Later in the evening, Garibaldi, at our request, related very simply some of his war adventures in America and during the Sicilian expedition. He gave many explanations, evidently minimising his own merits, as though more anxious to tell the truth and let things appear natural, than to colour them by high-sounding words. He stayed late, and left with us at parting a pleasant remembrance of his noble aspect, fine voice, and pure agreeable language; also of his modest demeanour, in spite of the almost divine honours which were rendered to him in those days by his enthusiastic admirers. My father said, 'I felt myself a Garibaldian all that evening.'

X.

On Garibaldi's departure, my father again intimated his desire to resign office, and the King replied by sending a general to Milan (March 25) to intimate his Majesty's special wish for him to remain, or else go as Prefect to Turin. My father made answer that he felt it absolutely necessary to quit Milan, and

that he feared his immediate acceptance of office at Turin might seem an affront to Milanese friends, whom he would be sorry to displease. He begged, nevertheless, to place himself at the King's disposal, and was ready to waive the personal objection in deference to his Majesty's commands. The end of it was, that he did go to Turin, and Rattazzi told him that his transference to that Prefecture need be no surprise to the Milanese; because, Turin being the seat of Government, the office of Prefect was not a political one, and even the responsibility for public safety there rested with the Ministry. Pasolini knew, however, that these facts were by no means obvious to the world at large, and he still hesitated; but the King sent for him, and put it so that he could only reply, 'I obey your Majesty's commands.'

The news of his having accepted the Prefecture of Turin was neither understood nor approved by friends at Milan. For this my father was truly sorry, as appears by his letter to Councillor Bernardino Bianchi, who had been his right hand, as he said, during his period of office there.

'Turin, April 23, 1862.

'Dearest Bianchi,—I am grateful for all you have done to modify the ill effect of my transference from Milan to this place. Surely there are things written in the book of fate that one cannot overpass; and if the pressing letter of the Syndic and assessors[1] had reached me at Milan, I do not think anything in the world could have moved me away! I certainly must have stayed on with you, for good or evil. But my wife will have told you that on coming hither I found there was no retreat, and on all hands I was recommended not to think of it. I vainly ponder over what can be done to contradict the notion of my having slighted the Milanese; and should you hear a word from anyone to that effect, I beg you in my name to stop it. As for my acceptance of Turin, I shall be the first to own it a mistake, yet, if so, purely on political grounds; and as it is no object of mine to be a politician, I am satisfied with having done the King's pleasure at the cost of my own feelings. But

[1] *See* Appendix.

although my self-love may suffer, why should I give offence to the dignity of all Milan? Between the Governorships of Milan and Turin anybody can understand Turin to be the inferior post by a long way. I know that personal affections must not enter into politics; I know also that no man can be by all parties beloved; yet it afflicted me immensely to hear myself blamed by so many for whom I felt the truest regard, and whose friendship might have enabled them to appreciate my motives more correctly! But is it possible to believe that anything in the world could make me undervalue the almost universal attachment towards me, which I was not made aware of until too late! Never again in my life could I hold so proud a position as was given me in the great city of Milan, and I grieve to have lost it, but feel the more determined to avoid all employment of a political character. I know not how those gentlemen of the "Milan Gazette" took it upon them to say that I was hostile to this Ministry, when it is known that they offered me first one portfolio and then another, besides asking for my advice; which I gave to the best of my ability! But some people are more ministerial than the ministers, and many believe that nothing can possibly be done except from political motives, because they are incapable of understanding that any man eschews politics on the score of personal disinclination for them.

'I cannot imagine nor dream of any position superior to that of a good Governor in Milan, and I must again repeat that had I only been aware of having gained so much esteem and affection as has been shown me at parting, I would have strained every nerve to work on for the good of the province, desiring nothing better than to devote myself to that cause.'

To Pedroli, head of the National Guard at Milan, he wrote:

'You may have had Prefects more illustrious, wise, and fortunate than I; but you never could have had a man more cordially devoted to you and to the welfare of your city.'

The Milanese press had many words of sympathy for him at his departure, and one passage from the 'Uomo di Pietra' is worth quoting, from the gratifying tone of its comic regret.

'The Man of Stone sends his cordial farewell to Prefect

Pasolini, who is on pilgrimage to Santa Kaaba (Turin), and laments having failed to find him in a suitable attitude for caricature.'

XI.

My father, while at Milan, occasionally visited Manzoni in the evening, and took me with him. Alessandro Manzoni, like another illustrious old friend, Gino Capponi, was entirely free from the common fault of praising past times at the expense of the present. Indeed, I have often heard Capponi criticise the ill-regulated, idle lives of the Florentine nobles at the beginning of the century; and when speaking of various good useful works of recent origin, he would remark, 'Such things were never thought of in my young days!' We have all heard Napoleon's old veterans praise the glorious time of the first Empire, as though it had been the Golden Age; but Manzoni, by his recollections at the age of eighty, showed that he had never been dazzled by the glitter of military pomp which it brought to Milan, and his mental vigour still enabled him to estimate with discrimination the cruel sufferings and injustice inflicted upon the people at that time. 'Years of violence they were,' he said, 'and of military effrontery, when justice was an empty name, all law being swamped by the arbitrary will and insolence of a few.'

Talking one evening with my father about the mischief occasioned by Monsignor Caccia's letter, and of the Italian clergy generally being unfriendly to the new régime, Manzoni said, 'I agree for once with Napoleon; the only way is to overawe them, for when the priests are afraid of you they keep quiet, and manage to conform, or modify their sentiments.'

I ventured once, in my childish eagerness, to ask him how he had ever thought of writing the 'Promessi Sposi.'

'Well, it is the first time that question has ever been put to me,' he answered, 'but if you care to know, I can tell you exactly.

'In 1821 my friends warned me that I had fallen under the suspicion of the Austrian police, and that it would be advisable for me to go out of Milan; so I repaired to my country house,

and in an old wardrobe I found some books of history, Ripamonti and other ancient volumes, which I had left there and forgotten. I soon began to read in them exciting incidents of riots and robbers, of a great lord's daughter being obliged to take the veil against her will, of a gentleman highwayman who (suddenly converted by his pious words) threw himself at the feet of Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, and exchanged his evil life for a religious one; also about the plague in Milan and tumults ensuing; and I thought to myself how much might be made of all these circumstances in a romance: then by degrees I composed my story.'

Manzoni went on to say that by inventing the obstacles to the marriage, he had contrived to bring in a great deal of description regarding the domestic life of the twelfth century, but that Renzo, Lucia, and Don Rodrigo were all imaginary persons. That incident, however, of the poor mother giving her dead child to the gravediggers, telling them to return and take her in the evening, is true to history literally told. Manzoni said that on finishing his story, he asked the opinion of a learned friend about it, who admonished him that to make it 'presentable,' he ought to re-write the whole! This would have been too much trouble, and the manuscript was thrown aside.

'But some time after I showed it to poor Grossi, who spent a great while in the reading, and then assured me it was very good, though here and there some alterations would be required. This gave me courage to go over the work again twice; again, the third time, I made a few corrections, and sent it to the press.'

CHAPTER XIV.

PREFECTURE OF TURIN.

Nature of the office, and his manner of administration—He takes a journey through the country—Recollections of Aosta—Sympathy in Savoy for Italy and the King—Condition of Italy in 1862—The events of Sarnica and Aspromonte—Durando's circular—Rattazzi's Ministry loses credit at home and abroad.

I.

At Turin, the King's head-quarters and seat of Government, the office of Prefect was not held to be of supreme importance, and was obviously inferior to the Prefecture of Milan; yet my father, by unfailing diligence in the administrative department, no less than by large and cordial hospitality to the Turinese society, soon acquired their goodwill and confidence. In this he was greatly aided by the genial and sociable disposition of my mother, who, Milanese as she was, took kindly to the new friends in Turin, and made her house pleasant to them, taking especial care that no word should ever be said in her presence to wound the susceptibilities of the Piedmontese, whose manners were not altogether acceptable at times to the Italians from other provinces. In the mixed society of the capital, therefore, a degree of tact and watchfulness was necessary to make things go on smoothly.

My father's responsibility was by no means burdensome in respect of city affairs, but much heavier as regarded the extensive province, comprehending the districts of Ivrea, Aosta, Susa, and Pinerolo, all inhabited by industrious races, of various character and speech.

The journey made with my father through the province in August 1862 is the most delightful of my early recollections,

and I had seldom seen him enjoy anything so much. At Ivrea we visited the hospitals, schools, and the old castle, also the iron works of Pont St. Martin, and then ascended the winding valley of Dora Baltea, where the beauties of nature grew upon us at every step. Here, rugged mountains and immense boulders detached from them—on the other hand, beautiful woods of hazel, chestnut, and larch; now, dreadfully barren scenes, and again, lovely bits of verdure, with that freshness and delicious silence so enchanting to those who have fled from the suffocating heat and glare of towns. Here we found cold refreshing waters, and admired the colours of eternal snow on the horizon under the clearest of bright skies. The wild natural beauty of these parts was still more impressed on the imagination by historical memories connected with them when we passed the fortress of Bard, taken by Napoleon as he proceeded on his way to victory at Marengo; and from a hundred rocky points further on old towers were seen commanding the woods below, each with some romantic legend belonging to it, illustrating what must have been the sad fate of the feeble and the vanquished in mediæval times.

At Aosta we visited the public buildings, the Roman arch, and the ancient cathedral, but were disappointed to find that the peculiar religious rites which used to be observed there had recently been abolished. It was interesting to see the Alpine costumes and primitive manners of the people in that ancient town; but among many pleasant sights we also saw what was terrible, for in the valley of Aosta Cretinism is a woeful fact, on which I forbear to dilate. What can be the cause of this affliction? It used to be said that the drinking of snow-water had much to do with it.

After a kindly farewell from the good people at Aosta, we reached Courmayeur next day, and thence by the Little St. Bernard came to Bourg St. Maurice, in Savoy, which had now become French territory—greatly to the dissatisfaction of the inhabitants, who resented the new burden of taxes imposed upon them. It was soon known that the Prefect of Turin had arrived, and to that news succeeded the report which afterwards became a fact—namely, that Victor Emanuel would come before

long to take another look at his ancient possessions, and revisit his old faithful friends, formerly his subjects, in Savoy. In their joy at this expectation, the people of Bourg St. Maurice made haste to set up pictures of the King at their windows, adorned with flowers and lights; but my father, for fear of any inopportune excess of enthusiasm, avoided the honours intended for the Prefect by setting off before sunrise next morning, and after a tremendous storm, which caught us on the Col du Bonhomme, we reached Chamounix, where we stopped to admire the glaciers, proceeding onwards by the Rhône valley to Martigny, thence by the Great St. Bernard back to Aosta, and to Turin. (August 11th.)

II.

Meanwhile, under Rattazzi's Ministry some unwelcome novelties had been enacted in Italy, and ever since the month of May reports were heard of a warlike character; finally, at Sarnica, on the border of the Tyrol, a number of volunteers had been arrested in their preparations for invading that territory under the leadership of a Colonel Nullo, and at Brescia the military were obliged to use their weapons against the mob, who attempted forcibly to set the arrested men at liberty.

In August Garibaldi made an appeal to his old comrades, inciting the youth of Italy to rally to his standard, and follow him in a new, unknown, and mysterious enterprise. Then from Catania he raised the cry of 'Rome, or death!' vowing before Italy that he would enter as a conqueror, or die under the walls of the Eternal City. Having crossed the Straits, he landed at Mileto, on the south coast of Calabria.

Great uneasiness spread over Italy at this news, though relieved in some degree by the immediate appointment of General La Marmora as Commissioner Extraordinary, with unlimited powers over all the Neapolitan provinces. Between the military strategy of La Marmora and the disorderly impetus of Garibaldi's followers, there was of course no doubt regarding ultimate results, but, as my father said, 'How is Garibaldi to be found? La Marmora cannot hunt up and down with a lantern in the rocks and caves of Calabria!' General Cialdini was then

appointed by the Ministry to go after Garibaldi, who, not daring to face the strong garrison of Reggio, turned aside at Aspromonte, a place which he had himself declared to be impregnable, and the strongest in all the Apennines. Here he was attacked by Colonel Pallavicini's sharp-shooters, and after being twice wounded was made prisoner, and conveyed in a ship of war to one of the fortresses of Spezia.

III.

At this juncture of events General Durando, Minister for Foreign Affairs, took occasion to issue a circular, saying, 'that all Catholic nations, and France in the first place, earnest as she had always been for the good of the Church, must recognise the danger of prolonging that hostility between Italy and the Pontificate which was caused solely by the temporal power. That such a condition of things could not continue without bringing fatal consequences eventually to the King's Government, with immeasurable damage to Catholic Christianity and to the tranquillity of Europe,' &c.

In answer to this Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, was so ill-advised as to write to the representative of his country at Turin, to the effect that 'Durando's circular was mischievous, especially ill-timed, destroying all hope of a peaceable entry into Rome. That he had thereby disturbed the relations of Italy with France—her best friend,' &c. Russia also intimated, subsequently to her recognition of the new kingdom, that this did not commit her to take part in settling any question of rights. It soon became evident, from the altered tone of European diplomacy, that Italy was rapidly losing the esteem of her neighbours, who no longer felt confidence in her stability, but considered her a turbulent country, likely to sow discord and disorder among civilised nations. This moral depreciation of Italy in the eyes of other countries, and the distrustful attitude adopted towards her, were very distressing to the Italians, who keenly felt the diminution of goodwill, and thought that they had not deserved it. The affairs of Aspromonte and of Sarnica at the same time aggravated their

grief and shame, to think that twice in one year the Italian army had to be drawn out against misguided multitudes of their own countrymen! Why could not such a dreadful calamity have been prevented? The name of Rattazzi had been unfortunate in the past, when he led Piedmont into disaster at Novara; and should he now be permitted to plunge Italy into civil war?

CHAPTER XV.

MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Fall of Rattazzi—Formation of a new Ministry—The King's idea—Farini President—Pasolini accepts the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs—His circular to the Legations—State of Europe—Prussian policy—Italy declines to receive General Willisen—Pasolini's speech in Parliament—Bismarck's opinion—Eastern affairs—Treaties of commerce—Napoleon III. at the commencement of 1863—His life—His ideas and character—The Roman question and different projects for solving it—Count Arese's mission—Pasolini's views—Conversations of Arese with Louis Napoleon—Correspondence—New projects in regard to Rome—Pasolini retires from the Foreign Office, and becomes President of Council—Correspondence with Minghetti—Pasolini's relations with King Victor Emanuel.

I.

Rattazzi's Ministry had lost credit with the nation, and on the meeting of Parliament, in December, he resigned. The King then sent for my father and desired him to form a new cabinet, saying he wished to have no party-leader this time, but a minister who would not wilfully excite opposition, and who might therefore be able to continue longer in office. 'You can modify matters by degrees,' said the King, 'after the heads of parties have had time to cool down; but if you fail to make up a cabinet, it is certain no one else can do it at present without involving the same strifes and ill-tempers as in the last, unless we were to dissolve Parliament. The Ministry which I expect you to form will be free from personal quarrels, and I am well assured of its receiving support from all sides.'

My father, in obedience to his Majesty, at once set to work, and laboured hard for several days along with Cassinis, according to the instructions given them; but finding success unattainable, he was obliged plainly to inform the King that the administrative cabinet contemplated by him, to make as it were

a truce with political parties, was out of the question, and that he must recommend a real Ministry on a large constitutional basis, a parliamentary one, sustained by public opinion, which was daily becoming a more solid force; that nothing else was possible or desirable, especially in view of the present circumstances, which imperatively needed a solid Government backed by Parliament and the country, to strengthen the cause of unity, to hasten the complete redemption of Italy by the liberation of Venetia, and to bring about a pacific solution in regard to the affairs of Rome. It was proposed to call in Farini as President of the Council; and although this, as appeared afterwards, could only be a nominal position on account of the disease which began to cloud that fine intellect, his high and honourable name gave a character to the new cabinet, which no doubt was for the benefit of his country. Ubaldino Peruzzi became Minister of the Interior; General Della Rovere, Minister for War; Menabrea, for Public Works; Pisanelli, for Grace and Justice; Manna, for Commerce and Agriculture; Ricci, for the Navy; and Amari, Minister of Public Instruction. To the Exchequer, on which mainly depended the cause of progress in Italy, Minghetti was appointed; and the Department of Foreign Affairs, where so much tact would be needed, in order to regain the prestige of former years, was committed to Pasolini. 'After a time of immense anxiety and difficulty' (so he writes to a friend), 'I began to be proud of my success, and immediately the punishment of pride came upon me, which I am not strong enough to resist; my formal acceptance is not yet given, but I see myself already bound to take the Foreign Office, a necessity which vexes and disturbs me for innumerable reasons. It is my own fault in having failed to stand firm at the right moment, and I cannot help it; the most ample promises are made me to the effect that I shall be at liberty to resign at pleasure, but it is a sacrifice which costs me more than I can express. Yet surely life is made up of sacrifices, as you well know!' Minghetti wrote strongly to him at this time, urging it as a duty, on the highest grounds, that he should take the office assigned him in the cabinet, and he accepted it, but told the King he would not desire to hold it for long, as he felt himself personally unsuited for conflict in the arena of politics.

which had always been distasteful to him. These tedious and difficult negotiations being at last concluded, the new Ministry entered upon its duties on December 8, 1862, and was called the 'Immaculate Ministry,' in honour of the day,[1] and also, perhaps, because it was generally thought that none of its members were inferior to the mission imposed upon them of rehabilitating the dignity of Italy at home and abroad.

'You are now at the post where I have long wished to see you established,' wrote La Marmora from Naples, to Pasolini, 'and it is gratifying to see that the best foreign newspapers, no less than of our home journals, are in your favour. If you do not manage to bring us speedily to Rome, I hope at least you will organise things so well in the country that we may go thither one day in sufficient strength to remain permanently. I think the Ministry is composed of good elements, and what is much to the purpose, it seems combined so as to include the greater number of Liberal-Conservatives.'

Mamiani wrote to Pasolini from Greece, saying, 'Truly, Italy has never seen a better body of citizens at the head of her affairs, and it seems impossible you should not succeed in doing a great deal of good, although the times may be far from propitious for you in some respects.' The 'Turin Gazette' of December 9, by way of reporting the general opinion, describes Count Pasolini, Minister for Foreign Affairs, as 'a man who, along with solid and extensive information, combines a classic completeness of loyalty and patriotism, and an amiability of manner which gains the goodwill of all who know him.'

II.

On December 20, Pasolini despatched from Turin to all the Italian Legations a circular as follows :—

'Monsieur,—En annonçant au Parlement la formation du nouveau Cabinet, M. Farini a prononcé un discours dont vous trouverez ci-joint une copie. Cette exposition générale des vues du Ministère dont j'ai l'honneur d'être membre, me dispense d'entrer dans de longs développements sur la direction que l'Administration actuelle se propose de donner à la politique

[1] Festival of the Immaculate Conception, as held by the Roman Church.

extérieure. J'aurai soin de vous faire connaître la pensée du Gouvernement sur chacune des questions spéciales qui appelleront successivement mon attention. En attendant, je compte, Monsieur, sur votre habile et active coöpération pour expliquer au Gouvernement auprès duquel vous êtes accrédité quelles sont les véritables intentions de l'Italie. En consacrant tous nos efforts d'un côté à la réorganisation intérieure du Royaume, de l'autre à rendre de plus en plus intimes et solides les rapports qui nous unissent aux autres Etats, nous montrerons que la constitution de l'Unité italienne a été un véritable progrès accompli vers la consolidation de l'équilibre Européen. Les Italiens n'oublieront pas que ce grand résultat a été obtenu avec le concours, et affermi par l'adhésion des Puissances les plus éclairées. C'est par la justice de sa cause, par la fermeté et la modération de sa conduite, que l'Italie a obtenu cette sympathique coöpération. Nous ferons en sorte de nous l'assurer à l'avenir, en développant énergiquement les forces du pays, et nous attirant par notre loyauté la confiance et le respect des Puissances, sans renoncer à aucun des principes qui doivent présider à l'accomplissement de nos destinées nationales.

'Née de l'alliance de la monarchie et de la liberté, l'unité italienne restera fidèle à ses origines : elle gardera toujours ce caractère libéral et conservateur qui lui a valu de si vives sympathies par le passé, et qui lui procurera à l'avenir sa part légitime d'influence.—Agréez, &c., G. Pasolini.'

'Excellent sentiments in excellent language,' was the comment of Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister for Foreign Affairs in France, when this letter was read to him, after hearing from the Italian ambassador the whole programme of the new Ministry. 'This design,' he continued, 'of organising the State, establishing a uniform, steady system of administration, maintaining public order at whatever cost—this will be your safety under future contingencies, whether they permit you to be possessed of Rome at an early date, or whether long and difficult impediments arise to delay the attainment of that desired object.'

III.

Everybody knows that the balance of European power in 1862 was different from what it soon afterwards became. Prussia was not then supreme over the States of Germany, yet, on account of her great military strength and notorious ambition, her friendship was much to be desired, and was very acceptable to Italy; but up to the present time such had been the difference of internal arrangements in these two kingdoms that Prussia did not see the possibility of an alliance between them. In September 1862 Bismarck assumed the reins of government at Berlin, and he considered our alliance as not only possible, but as advantageous for Prussia. He began to feel his way in December by sending a messenger to find out what would be the attitude of Italy in case of war between Prussia and Austria. Pasolini had only been a few days at the Foreign Office, and Bismarck received from him for the first time that prompt reply which was repeated with such good effect in later years, viz. 'that there need be no doubt of Italy, for that she would always side with the enemies of Austria.' Bismarck's question and the answer given remained unknown to the public.[1]

Prussia, having acknowledged the kingdom of Italy and established diplomatic relations, wished to send General Willisen as her ambassador to Turin, a nomination said to have been made by King William himself, and much favoured by Bismarck. This nomination was displeasing to Victor Emanuel and his cabinet, remembering as they did the conduct of this man in 1849, when, after having made his observations of the Piedmontese army at Alexandria, he proceeded to Sarzana with a recommendation from the minister Chiodo, pretending to be on his journey to Rome and Naples, and thus managed to reconnoitre the Sarzana division. Willisen appeared shortly afterwards among the Austrians at Novara, and was suspected of having given Marshal Radetzky much information about our troops. He was known also as the author of an historical work adverse to Italy, and he had fought against us at Solferino.

[1] *Vide* Bonghi in the *Nuova Antologia* of January 1869, on the 'Prussian Alliance and the acquisition of Venetia.'

Pasolini, therefore, was obliged to use the best means in his power to avoid receiving General Willisen, and he wrote saying how much he should regret any possible disagreement with Prussia; that he would have wished to do that which was agreeable to Bismarck by accepting his nomination, but that the state of public opinion was so completely against Willisen as to warrant some apprehension that the harmony between the two Governments might be seriously affected by his being sent to the Italian Court; also that by consenting to receive Willisen the new Ministry would be considered as showing signs of weakness at the very time when they especially required to be strong in the confidence of the country. These reasons, plainly expressed, were successful in dissuading Bismarck from persistence with regard to Willisen, instead of whom he appointed Count Usedom, a man of Liberal politics, and friendly to Italy. The carrying out of this exchange was a valuable point gained—in fact, a diplomatic victory which greatly strengthened our Liberal Ministry.

IV.

Among Pasolini's speeches in Parliament we select the following of February 26 from Parliamentary reports:—

'*President:* The Minister for Foreign Affairs desires to speak.

'*Pasolini* rises: Yesterday the honourable member Mordini opened the Loan discussion by giving a review of general politics, accompanied by some remarks on foreign affairs, the debate turning afterwards to subjects of financial and internal policy. I wish briefly to answer his observations on the Foreign Office, and his first accusation of excessive reticence on the part of Government, because they had not brought forward in one volume a summary of their diplomatic proceedings according to the custom of England and France. Be it remembered that this Ministry has only been two months in office, and that former administrations had not been chary of publicity to their acts, so that there cannot yet be sufficient material for a new book. The present administration has published its programme, as well as the circular which I forwarded at the same time to our representatives in foreign countries, and we have not failed to express our opinion upon the principal questions of the time. The

reports of proceedings during the short interval since then will appear at the proper date, but cannot be hurried.

'I positively deny the other imputation of excessive pliability, or rather servility, as seems to be implied by the honourable member.

'*Voice to the right:* Not servility.

'*Pasolini:* Well, excess of conciliation. I certainly do not consider abrupt or hard language as tending to indicate firmness of purpose. I rather prefer to stand by the old proverb, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* (Hear, hear.) With a clear conscience, I venture to affirm that hitherto no case has arisen affecting the interest and honour of the country or even our natural susceptibilities, in which this Ministry has failed at once to vindicate itself vigorously and effectually. (Cheers.)

'But, it is asserted, we send to Petersburg the Marquis Pepoli, a relative of the French Emperor; we retain our minister in Paris, we hold to the French Alliance instead of throwing ourselves into the arms of England; in fact, we continue the system begun three years ago! I will improve upon the inculpation, and say that we use our best endeavours to recur heartily to that system, if by any mischance we were found to have deviated from it. The words of the honourable Mordini in praise of Pepoli make it unnecessary for me to enter into the reasons for his appointment, and I will only add that Pepoli's antecedents are a sufficient guarantee against his ever suffering family ties to affect his sentiments of patriotism as a subject of the kingdom of Italy. (Cheers and signs of assent.) Upon the desirableness of friendly relations with England I readily agree with the honourable member, and it seems to me that the documents quoted yesterday by him sufficiently demonstrate our good understanding with that great nation.

'I gladly refer you also to the words used by the Minister of the English Foreign Office to answer an accusation made against us in the House of Lords, as though we were doing all manner of evil. He said, "Before Italy became a constitutional monarchy, it was sometimes my duty to undertake her defence; now that Italy has her parliament and a free press, she can defend herself."

'But what I cannot admit, and confess I do not understand, is, the idea that by breaking with France we should in any way strengthen our good understanding with England. I think, gentlemen, you will at once assent when I say that we should certainly not recommend ourselves more strongly to England under conditions of coldness or alienation from France—(cheers)—and if ever the day should arrive in which we had to choose between the English and French alliance, these two countries being adverse to each other, that day, I assert, would be deplorable for Italy. (Hear, hear.) I am firmly convinced in fact that the alliance of France, England, and Italy will give additional security for the progress of freedom and civilisation throughout the world. (Bravo! Well said! &c.)

'We have already derived benefit from the French alliance; but, supposing we had not gained all the good we expected, would that be any reason for acting in a way to indicate displeasure or dissatisfaction? Why should we renounce any part of our political friendship? I believe it our duty to hold fast to national rights, and to use our best endeavours to develop them to the utmost, after the manner which the vote of this House has determined in full accordance with France. With regard to recent events in Poland, I gave my reasons for considering any discussion upon them as premature when first they were mentioned in this Assembly, seeing we had not the materials to form our judgment. The Senate accepted my reserve. Generous and noble sentiments have since been expressed in favour of that people, whose history gives them strong claims to the sympathy of every independent and liberal mind. It is true that the political system of free and law-abiding nations is founded on eternal principles of right and justice; but when from the sphere of sentiment and sympathy we descend to facts, we must be guided by rules of practical prudence and opportunity, without which the most virtuous enterprises lead to ruin. We, as was our duty, have carefully watched those events, and noted the action taken by the chief Powers of Europe in consequence of them. The inevitable interruption of communications from the seat of war has prevented our receiving prompt or trustworthy intelligence; but two main facts are to be noticed—first,

that the insurrection has continued longer than might have been expected; and in the second place, that this has given occasion to an agreement between Russia and Prussia, of which we have as yet no exact information. If by that agreement the principle of non-intervention were violated, it would be a serious case. The history of Italy attests too well the fatal consequences of such violation; fatal alike to those who intervene, and to those for whose benefit the intervention is designed. (Hear, hear.) The correspondence of my office is framed in full recognition of this principle, and I have read with much interest the wise and judicious speeches of the English Minister for Foreign Affairs on the same subjects. He related the facts, deploring their origin, and concluded with a declaration, in general terms, that it will be necessary to exercise the utmost prudence in regard to them. I trust this Chamber will permit me to observe equal reticence, and you may rest assured that the light which guides us is a steady one; for we prize our alliances, we would not throw them rashly away, they are dear to us, yet we would never consent to purchase them by the sacrifice of principle. I submit to this honourable Assembly the line of conduct we are bound to follow, viz. that it be dignified, yet never over-bearing; friendly with other nations, but not subservient. This attitude is prescribed to us by the actual circumstances of Italy, no less than by our conscientious adherence to truth and justice; and I feel sure that the honourable Mordini, were he in my place, would adopt no other course. There is, in fact, no question here of politics, but of the persons who are to take the lead onwards, and their ability or zeal in the cause. Of this the Parliament will judge; but whoever may be called to the helm, I maintain my conviction that the only way to insure the speedy fulfilment of our great destinies is by combining with our foreign policy an unwearied diligence in reorganizing the internal affairs of the country.' (Cheers.)

Many of the deputies, and Mordini first of all, shook hands with Pasolini at the conclusion of his speech, which was received with favour both inside and outside of Parliament. None but the extreme Left were dissatisfied with it. On the other hand, Bismarck made some criticisms, though he praised it as a whole; and he pointed out to the Italian envoy at Berlin those parts to

which he objected—naturally enough, he being disposed to favour Russia at the expense of Poland. It was observed by an acute contemporary politician, that since Pasolini's words had displeased the extreme party of Liberals in Italy, no less than the stiff Conservatives in Germany, he might be considered to have adopted the just medium, and therefore to have fairly earned the increasing confidence of his country. My father entertained a high opinion of Bismarck. He admired that iron mind, and that northern hardihood of character by which he led Prussia to her most brilliant military successes, and transformed her, from a minor kingdom, to be the most powerful Empire in Europe. He used to read with much interest the descriptions of Bismarck's active country life in the forest of Varzin, and he kept in his room a picture of Bismarck, mounted on the horse which he rode during the war with France.

At the time we speak of there was no war in Eastern Europe, although things were far from being quiet there. Terenzio Mamiani, Italian Minister at Athens, used to say that Greece was almost nothing; yet of great importance, as representing a principle, a race, a religion opposed to Islamism, and that she occupied a position admirably adapted to be the seat of power.

'Whichever party can stir up Greece, and give the direction to her energies, will reap a great reward; but I doubt she can never work out her own liberty and greatness, if left to herself.'

In another letter Mamiani wrote:—

'England is triumphant here, and though she rather trifles with the Greeks, their enthusiasm for her continues; but the farce is not played out by these two alone, for Italy must needs take her part, and it happened three months ago, before the throne became vacant, that the favourite candidate was an Italian prince. Then the other day a ship-chandler, who had been feasting his friends, ran out with them in their jollity, and raised the cry of "Prince Alfred for ever!" According to this cry the Ionian Islands were to be restored at once, and a large part of Greece; Constantinople to be thrown in afterwards. The cry for "Prince Alfred" is spreading through the country, and sounds like the most unanimous *plébiscite* which has been

known in our times. Whence arises such a miracle? My explanation is, that few people in Greece venture to anticipate complete emancipation as a near probability, and therefore the merchants and general population desire in the first place a strong, steady kingdom, with good laws and plenty of money—things which they imagine would be assured by throwing themselves into the arms of England.'

When Bulgaris, an enthusiastic Greek, came to Turin to sound the Italian Government with regard to an intended rising in Epirus and Thessaly, the Foreign Minister informed him that Italy could give no help to Greece at that moment (March 1863), though she sympathised with her people, and solemnly warned them to take no leap in the dark, and to think well before doing anything which might be displeasing to England.

V.

Pasolini was much occupied now with the business of international commercial treaties, which became of supreme importance at this time, as the practical recognition of United Italy taking her right place before the world.

The chief treaty with France, signed on February 22, 1863, became the subject of Minghetti's discourse in Parliament fifteen years later (March 28, 1878), as follows:—

'A commercial treaty is a most complicated affair, arduous to manage on account of the innumerable interests involved, the influences, direct and indirect, which it brings to bear upon all parts of the popular life, no less than on account of the durable effects which may be derived from it for national prosperity. The Treaty of 1863 has been often criticised, and is said to have been injurious to Italy. It certainly was not perfect. How could it have been so, when the country, which had consisted of seven separate States, divided by Customs' barriers, was for the first time endeavouring to unite her scattered members? What possible experimental data were there at that time for estimating the results to be expected from international relations of trade? Analogy and induction were then our only guides; but I will say frankly, because experience confirms my words, that the Treaty

of 1863, despite its imperfection, was useful to Italy. It did not hinder the development of our agriculture and manufactures, neither has it impeded the increase of our navigation. Our books and the French books both demonstrate that the trade between the two nations continues to be of the same character; that the exports and imports have immensely increased, the exportation from Italy to France much more than that from France into Italy; and that at present the exports of Italian merchandise into France are very much above the value of what we import from the French markets. Several of the Boards of Trade, including that of Genoa, have declared at various times their opinion that the Treaty with France in 1863 has been of real benefit to Italy.'

VI.

About the end of 1862 the greatest amount of power in Europe seemed to centre in the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who was universally looked upon as a mighty statesman, and whose formidable army was respected, not to say feared, by other countries. Our Foreign Minister therefore deemed it of the utmost importance to preserve the goodwill of France, and re-awaken her friendly regard for Italy, which had lately appeared somewhat cold; but the question was, how to learn the mind and intentions of this mysterious potentate? His policy had not been fortunate in America, nor recently in Europe; must he not be waiting impatiently to find compensation elsewhere? Was it really true that to this end he had entered into new agreements with Russia? What view did he take of the incipient enmity between Austria and Prussia? or did he foresee the war that was threatening between them? It was of supreme importance to understand the policy of the French Emperor's Government, whereas that of other countries occasioned comparatively little anxiety. The Roman question had been dropped for the moment, greatly to Louis Napoleon's satisfaction; and Pasolini was of opinion that in quieter times this might have been settled, or, at any rate, the end might have been more easily prepared for than during a period of public excitement and outcry. It will be seen that he had

entered on a reserved policy, which some might consider almost too cautious, and which he judged to be the wisest for Italy. Meantime, by the harmonious working of the cabinet, our country was advancing in the solid enjoyment of freedom, while her numerous well-organised army gave evidence to all Europe that Italy was still a living power in the world, and was to be respected as such. Assuming for certain the friendly action of the Emperor, would it now be possible for the Italian Government to proceed with the Roman question, and to maintain such an attitude of strength as would insure the liberation of Venetia on the first occasion of any change taking place in the relations of the other European States? This was the grand aim of Italian policy in 1863. The beginning of the year found Europe distracted by fiery strife and timid apprehensions for the future, notwithstanding which the Emperor Napoleon had turned his mind to tranquil occupations, and was employed daily until noon in writing the Life of Julius Cæsar.

Having given some audiences after breakfast he would return, in company with Mocquard, to his favourite work, from which he did not move again all day, unless to go out for a few minutes before dinner, or to sit in council with his cabinet, which used to be held between four and six o'clock on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. These councils seldom entered into subjects of foreign policy, and it was understood that of late no allusion whatever had been made to Rome by any of them.

It was not the Emperor's habit to dictate in a general way to his Foreign Ministers, who were allowed to feel themselves free and powerful; yet at times he would devise and decree things exactly opposite to what they had done. The minister might have declared one thing, while his master had done the direct contrary, and various great events had come to pass in distinct contradiction of what the Government had asserted beforehand. Thus the public were often astonished, and never knew what to believe. This Imperial game did very well for the time, so long as luck was favourable. Nevertheless, it is certain that the Emperor's disposition was always wavering, and a

determined minister like Thouvenel could carry out in action that which the Emperor of himself would not have done. It was in this manner that the recognition of Italy was obtained, followed by that of Russia and Prussia, to whom Thouvenel also gave the initiative. He knew the Emperor was not opposed to it; therefore, without seeking further instructions, he procured the recognition of the new kingdom of Italy, and forthwith announced it as a fact. Ever since his victorious days in Northern Italy the Emperor's malady of indecision had been increasing, and inclined him to endless procrastination. Yet sometimes (and this was the most dangerous circumstance) he would wake up suddenly and throw himself all at once into rash and fatal enterprises, as, for example, the ill-starred expedition to Mexico! There, when once he had risked the honour of France, his determination was to conquer, to re-establish regular government, to obtain compensation, and to retire. He wished to put an end to the United States war, which injuriously affected French interests, to suppress new movements in the East, and to keep aloof from Greece, yet without hindering the cession of the Ionian Islands—a political surprise which he had no objection to tolerate. He kept up cordial and close friendship with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, although not bound to them by any formal alliance; and his policy might be characterised as patient, conservative, dilatory, and averse from new departures. Notwithstanding this, his eyes were always fixed on certain luminous points, towards which his thoughts were directed; but between the desired ends and the outward approach to realise them lay an unfathomable gulf of dark uncertainty. At the time of which we write his great object was to possess Belgium and the Rhine frontier, supposing it were possible to acquire them without extreme danger and difficulty; but he had not yet ventured upon any alliances, and he would have inclined to choose that of Austria or Prussia, according as the one or the other might be expected to aid his designs. The King of Prussia had already been to Paris, as also Bismarck, and it was the impression among political observers that this statesman aimed at obtaining in Germany, by the principle of authority, that which

Cavour had obtained in Italy by the power of liberty. They predicted, however, that Bismarck's idea could only discredit the Prussian dynasty, and increase, instead of depressing, the greatness of Austria. It was reported, moreover, that under certain contingencies Bismarck would not be averse to the territorial aggrandisement of France! *Heu vatum ignaræ mentes!*

The Emperor then, daring in his dreams, timid and uncertain in action, reputed by all to be most powerful, was studying the countenances of his neighbours, in order to join with the strongest and most fortunate; for the idea of 'luck' had always greatly influenced his irresolute character. Such was the man with whom Italy had to reckon and agree in advancing towards the consolidation of her unity, which he had not assisted further than by seeing it formed before his eyes. He had tolerated it, and was so far friendly and protective, as to oppose himself to any armed assaults upon us from our enemies. He had declared in a letter to Thouvenel, that he wished 'to favour the national aspirations of Italy, and to persuade the Pope to do the same, instead of being contrary to them; in other words, to consecrate the alliance of religion and liberty.'

Louis Napoleon was anxious to recall the French garrison from Rome, though not without the Pope's consent, unless the latter were secure in his sovereignty there with what remained to him of his old dominion, at least for a sufficient length of time to absolve him (the Emperor) from any responsibility or connivance, so that he should not be blamed for the subsequent fall of the temporal power, although it might be clear to everybody that he did not regret it. He had hopes of obtaining the Pope's consent to the withdrawal of his troops, through the persuasions of Austria and other Catholic Powers, and that the Pope might be induced to grant such reforms as should make his rule acceptable to the people. He gave orders that every effort should be made to suppress the scandal of brigandage on the Papal frontiers; he advised the ex-King of Naples to retire quietly into Rome; and by all these means he expected to eradicate from practical politics this thorny and protracted Roman difficulty. Among my father's papers was found the following memorandum in his own handwriting, undated; apparently it had been made

out after his discussions with M. Minghetti, during the lifetime of Cavour :—

'*Roman Question.*—We are ready to treat of it on the basis of Cessation of Foreign Intervention; and if the Roman Government can arrange peaceably with its subjects, we will remain outside their territory, and respect its boundaries. Under a contrary supposition, we would make our offer to the Pope, first, to insure freedom to the Church within a free State; secondly, to provide for her maintenance; at the same time we undertake to guard her from disorders and from the possibility of a recurrence to foreign intervention in future.'

During the autumn of 1862 Odo Russell, in the name of the British Government, had offered to Pius IX. the island of Malta, as a residence for himself and the Sacred College; but Cardinal Antonelli, after speaking to the Pope, intimated in reply to the agent of England, that, being assured of protection by the French, he did not desire to accept this proposal. The Emperor was informed of what had taken place by Lord Cowley, and made no particular remark on the subject, neither did his Foreign Minister; but on the last day of January 1863, the Pontiff finally declined the offered refuge at Malta. Some of my father's notes relate to this subject.

The friends of Italy in France had grown colder, and were diminishing in number. The Emperor was then led to think that it would be prudent to avoid parliamentary discussion on Italian affairs, for fear of giving a victory to the retrograde clerical party, which was again coming to the front with increased boldness. He conducted himself more than prudently at this time, and his words, though not actually hostile, were far from being distinctly in favour of Italy. With the Italians who had access to him he made no secret of having foreseen that his change of ministers must give rise to dissatisfaction in Italy, but added that he could not help it, since the present juncture of affairs put him under the alternative of either employing men who were acceptable to the Roman party, or else he must altogether give up the Pope, which would be a measure of fatal augury, even for Italy herself. 'Suppose,' said he, 'that I withdraw my garrison from Rome; we need not deceive our-

selves about it, for that would signify nothing short of your entrance into the capital of Catholicism, and the Pope's flight out of it; and Rome would be the source of graver embarrassments to you than those concerning Naples. The King would not find in Rome that calm, prudent population which he has at Turin, traditionally devoted to his dynasty, and it would be impossible for him to govern; while the whole Catholic world would be struck with horror that his Holiness should be a fugitive; tender consciences would be shocked, and the religious spirit of France deeply stirred. Personally, I long for the possibility of evacuating Rome, and I should wish the Austrian Emperor to understand how desirable it would be if I could retire; but we must wait to see what time and patience can do for us, and keep our minds calm to await the possibility of solution.'

Louis Napoleon's words soon became known at Turin, and produced the conviction that he had no thought of restoring Naples to the Bourbons, but that, on the contrary, he was entirely anxious for the prosperity and security of those southern provinces, and for the favourable progress of Italian finance. My father also believed that by our good words and quiet deeds, by orderly arrangements and military development, and by our wise combination of strength with discretion, we had made the Emperor more cordial to Italy. His political acts were often contradictory, but we were not alarmed, and it was considered afterwards a wonderful thing that Italy continued to interpret the Emperor's doings in a sense favourable to herself, even when they were by no means propitious to her interests. Meantime, the distressing account of the Polish insurrection, and of the refusal of Austria and England to join France in a collective note respecting it, had put an end to any feasible project for relief of the Poles, and left the French Emperor in a state of isolation and uncertainty, during which he happened to read in the 'Morning Post' an article of extraordinary ingenuity and audacity, suggesting that France ought to possess both banks of the Rhine. He was struck with this as an inspiration, and said, '*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*'

VII.

Early in March, Count Arese took his journey to Paris. Pasolini had it much at heart that while great political questions were apparently in progress of solution, some friendly voice to whom the Emperor would lend a favourable ear should be beside him to speak the right words for Italy; and Arese was an illustrious patriot, long exiled from his country for political causes. In his childhood and youth he had been much associated with Prince Louis Buonaparte, who, when he became Emperor, never forgot his early friend, and always affectionately welcomed him. From this attachment, loyally and worthily maintained, the distinguished Italian was enabled to draw real benefits to his country at a difficult juncture. My father's letter to Arese on March 9 is as follows:—'The present Ministry began with the misfortune of succeeding to a cabinet which was accused of servility to France; we now are reported from both sides of the Alps as being too anti-French in our tendencies. To put an end to the contention of parties at home, we thought best to avoid discussions relating to Rome, and in this respect (whatever people may talk to the contrary) I believe we were in harmony with the intentions of the Emperor; but our silence on so tender a subject does not exclude—rather it tends to imply—a substantial agreement on the other questions of politics, such as I and all my colleagues earnestly desire. It is our high ambition to continue the policy of Count Cavour, whose friends and followers we were, as all Italy knows; and it is this circumstance precisely which gives us some right to the confidence of our fellow-citizens, evidenced in Parliament by their recent vote for the loan of 700,000,000 francs.[1] The French Emperor understands as well as we do the hopes of the Italians, and knows us to be urged on by no puerile impatience to hasten the accomplishment of the mighty enterprise with which he has associated his illustrious name. We are aware that a nation cannot be rapidly formed and compacted, time being required to insure consolidation and durableness of institutions. We have therefore resolved to wait patiently if it be necessary, and to

[1] 28,000,000*l.* sterling.

work diligently at the organisation of the Army and Exchequer. We feel our responsibility too deeply to risk the existence of a nation upon a chance throw of the dice, or to compromise in any way by reckless haste the good which has been gained thus far through years of hard struggle, involving many sacrifices. Yet there are opportunities sometimes arising which we must not fail to use; for great things may be done at the happy moment, which, if that moment pass unimproved, may be a loss for years afterwards; and it appears to me that Europe is at present in a state likely to bring forth important changes. The affairs of Poland and Greece, complicated as they must be eventually with the Eastern question, open a large field of action to the arms and diplomacy of the Emperor, to whom public opinion in England and Germany has never hitherto been so favourable as now. Yet more, Austria herself, by her increasing sympathy (whether real or fictitious) for liberal institutions, will be an assistance to the Emperor's designs. While I say this, it is not within my scope to express intentions, which without the consent of France would be futile; and I should think myself wanting in respect to the Emperor were I to indulge my imagination, at a time when opposing interests are so numerous, by devising a new map of Europe for the pleasure of us Italians before others. I only wish his Imperial Majesty to know that we, along with the majority in Italy, desire to be on the side of France, as we so gloriously were in 1854 and 1859. No one but yourself can rightly say these things to him, since the faction contrary to Imperial Government is doing its utmost to make us appear ungrateful, and would drive us to become so in reality. You must let the Emperor know that our trust in him is firm, and we fix our best hopes on his friendship. If it should ever appear to him that by renewing the alliance of the Western Powers, or in any other way, the present question might be settled, ask him to explain to you confidentially his intentions.

'As things now are in Italy, the King's Government could not work alone without peril of losing its moral ascendency, and letting the more audacious factions regain that influence which fortunately of late has been diminishing. I have great hope that the Emperor will put us to no such risk, and that he may

also discern how opportune it will be for him to have our support in his policy. Pending the mighty events which loom in the future, I feel it essential to insure to Italy the prestige of intimate union with France; and you, dear Arese, can give powerful help towards this object by persuading the Emperor to lay it to heart.'

Memorandum for Count Arese.—First: 'To say to the Emperor that should he desire to profit by the events in Poland, we are ready to enter into an understanding with him for war with Austria, or otherwise. At the first call we can put forward 200,000 effective men, and in the second place, a contingency of 70,000, supposing Austria did not attack us.

'Secondly: The Emperor may count upon us to strengthen his alliance with England and other friendly Powers.

'Thirdly: Count Arese will endeavour to make the Emperor decide on some operation to be conducted in concert with us.

'Fourthly: Count Arese will make known to the Emperor how indispensable it is that we should have a preconcerted plan of what ought to be done in case of the Pope's death; as otherwise the Government would run considerable danger of being overwhelmed by the advanced party, who would arouse popular feeling against the French.'

It will be seen by the foregoing that the ministerial policy, although cautious, was by no means timid, but, on the contrary, prudently bold; and my father's memoranda sufficiently indicate that the 'Sine labe Cabinet,'[1] as it used to be called, spoke out plainly after due calculation of its strength, and was ready to follow up its words by prompt and vigorous deeds.

Pasolini, writing again to Arese on March 16, requested him to sound, if possible, the views of the Emperor as to the affairs of Hungary, Servia, and the Danubian Principalities.

'I fear we could scarcely ask the Emperor to give us his views regarding all the countries of Europe; but, as every indication of your illustrious friend's mood of thought will be valuable, it is well to omit nothing, and it is a necessity for us to look into the doings of others, that we may take our part accordingly. Were we not to do so, it would be a betrayal of duty, injurious

[1] *See* page 236, 'The Immaculate Ministry.'

alike to ourselves and others. This seems to me plain truth, and I am as eager for your reports as for the summer showers. Adieu, dear Arese.—G. P.'

Arese to Pasolini, March 16, from Paris :—

'Dear Friend,—I had no sooner reached the Hôtel de Douvres, than Conneau arrived with a message from the Emperor, inviting me to the Tuileries. After moderate hesitation I accepted, and am very well situated here. The Empress honoured me with such specially flattering attention as really made me at first somewhat distrustful, fearing it might be intended to put me off with that sort of coin; but I begin to hope now that my suspicion was unjust. It would be too long to relate all our conversations, and to spare your precious time I will report only the most striking parts of them. First, let me say that the wind does not by any means blow favourably for us at present, and it is the fashion to be very Catholic, in order to keep hold of the clergy at the approaching elections. The Emperor is fortunately in excellent health, except that, being grown stout, he leads a less active life than formerly. His intellect is clear and bright as ever; his activity of mind unimpaired; he is much absorbed by the book he is writing upon Julius Cæsar. I gather from many conversations with him, that if he could make sure of England and Austria, or at any rate of Austria, it would not be long before the war-trumpet sounded; and in this event he would count upon our alliance, as he repeated several times most explicitly, with Venetia in prospective. In speaking about Rome, I came to the conviction that he has no very decided opinion as yet; but I know he has written for particular reports of the Pope's health, and for information about the Cardinals, that he may know whom to support, and who ought to be excluded. He is in favour of an Italian, and one who shall be as liberal as the nature of a Cardinal permits; he inquired more than once what name would be brought forward by our Government, and I answered according to your instructions on the subject. I have seen Drouyn, who says that with a change of Pope the engagements of France would change also; and when I spoke of our desire, of the political necessity that Italy should preserve in diplomacy that position which she had acquired in

the Crimea and at Solferino, he seemed wonderfully pleased, repeating the words of the telegram which was sent with the report of that battle, *i.e.* "qu'il était heureux, le cas échéant, de pouvoir frapper à la porte de l'Italie pour demander son appui."'

Pasolini replies, Turin, March 18:—

'Dear Arese,—I have scarcely time to write you a line of thanks for your esteemed letter, yet I must make one remark; for you say that if the Emperor were sure of England and Austria, we should soon hear the trumpet-note of war, and I am certain he could easily come to an understanding with England—in fact, I should delight to be the medium for it. If we and England are with him, Austria will soon follow; tell him so. In haste, yours—G. P.'

VIII

On March 17, Arese had another conversation with his august friend, who said to him: 'Italy has not yet a position sufficiently solid to stand against the destructive possibilities of the future; for instance, in case of my death, and of a weaker government than mine succeeding me, don't you think Austria would attack you? She would be seconded by great part of Germany, while England would not make war in your defence, and I do not consider you strong enough nor well enough organised to make protracted resistance, so that the immense sacrifices you have made might be in vain after all! This is a heavy thought, and I am anxiously working my mind to contrive that you should obtain possession of Venetia and the four fortresses.'

Encouraged by these favourable words, Arese then alluded to the opportunity for accession of the Italian Tyrol,[1] and was answered, 'If events aid me a little, I shall hope for that in addition; but you cannot wonder that under present circumstances I am unable to dot all my i's.' He added, that as he hoped to achieve the desired objects by treaties and compensations, it was very wrong of people in Italy, especially the extreme parties, to thwart and harass him in his endeavours.

[1] Count Arese again treated of the Tyrol question in 1866, and by the Emperor's desire it was brought forward at Berlin. An answer was afterwards made to Arese, saying that the solution must depend on the contingencies of the war, and in event of success would be favourable to his views.

As for the question of Rome, the Emperor candidly declared that he could then do nothing; for twice already he had made arrangements to withdraw his troops, and twice had been prevented by Garibaldi's expeditions, besides which, he had personal obligations of honour towards Pius IX., in which he was bound both as man and sovereign not to fail; and that we Italians made a great mistake by calling out continually in every key 'We will have Rome; we will have Venice; we have a right to them, &c., &c.'

'Tell me now,' continued the Emperor, 'supposing M. Billault, in his speech in the Senate to-morrow on the Polish question, were to say, "The Rhine is ours; we will have it; we will take it;" do you think these bravadoes would give the Rhine to us? Or would not the Emperor and Billault be considered raving mad? Well, then, why do not you keep quiet? Let the Pope alone; allow him to sleep without apprehension of your attacks, and I will ask to withdraw my troops; you can do as you like afterwards. It will be necessary that we unite for the election of a new Pope, and who is your candidate?' This inquiry was repeated several times, and Arese replied that he had heard my father speak favourably in a general way of Cardinals Boffondi and D' Andrea, but could not state anything positive on the subject. He took immediate leave of his Imperial Majesty, and wrote to my father to let him know by telegram the name of the Cardinal whom he might mention, as it did not do to be left without a ready answer on such an important point. My father telegraphed, naming Cardinal Boffondi as a desirable successor to Pius IX., whose life, then apparently feeble, lasted nevertheless for fifteen years longer.

To Arese, on March 20, my father wrote :—'I must not leave unanswered your very important letter of the 18th, the first part of which is in perfect accordance with my ideas. The kingdom of Italy is not secure without Venice, and I rejoice to hear of the Emperor's true and excellent observations in this sense, which allow us to believe that his heart is set upon the completion of his work. At the same time, I consider it impossible to be achieved by mere treaties and compensations, apart from the opportunities of war in some way or other.

'As regards the Roman question, I cannot quite agree with all that is in your letter, for I do not think anyone could have been less boastful or more reserved in this matter than I, not only from my own convictions of what was right, but because of having made it the essential condition of my entrance into the Ministry, even for a day. I am sure of having neither said nor written anything to which exception can be taken. But the duty of reserve must not be exaggerated; and Governments which have to reckon with a free press and freedom of speech in Parliament are obliged to concede something to public sentiment. They must avoid giving a handle to the disorderly, or, as I might say, furnishing watchwords and banners for violent parties to make use of in stirring up the mob.

'Certainly, if the Venetian question could be soon arranged, it would be an immense practical advantage to Italy. I am of opinion that the idea of unity has penetrated so completely home to the hearts of Italians, that in spite of the malcontents (who abound under a new régime, with every facility for expressing themselves), if any doubt were now raised to imperil the kingdom, an irresistible spirit would at once be aroused in its defence. I trust your stay in Paris may have been as pleasant to yourself as it has surely been useful for our country. Try to confirm the Emperor in his goodwill towards Italy, and to make him translate it into action; for life is fleeting, and he should not leave his work incomplete.—G. P.'

Arese replied on March 24:—'I thank you for your kind letter, and am sorry to have vexed you by my stupidity; for the words "boastful" or "bravado" were not said by the Emperor, nor did I ever dream of applying them to you and your Ministry; only to your predecessors, the extreme party, and to the licentious press. I heartily apologise for having unintentionally given you pain, and the Emperor greatly regretted it when I was talking with him yesterday. He says he never felt anything but satisfaction with you and your Ministry, adding that he could not approve your idea of quitting office, a sentiment in which I entirely agree; and at this moment, especially, I should be against your doing so. Metternich is now with his Imperial Majesty, and I shall hope to hear something more in the course

of the day. I start to-morrow (Wednesday), hoping to be at Turin by Friday A.M., and to bring you a satisfactory note, or at least some written words of assurance.'

The Emperor gave a note to Count Arese, as follows:—

'L'Empereur désire pour l'Italie deux choses qui sont également dans l'esprit du peuple Italien: la réunion de l'état de Venise à l'Italie, et l'évacuation de Rome par les troupes françaises; mais la première il ne veut pas l'obtenir par la guerre, et la seconde n'aura jamais lieu par un pur et simple abandon sans franchise et sans dignité.

'L'Empereur ignore les chances plus ou moins favorables de l'avenir; mais, très certainement, dans les diverses combinaisons que les évènements peuvent amener, sa pensée constante sera d'obtenir de l'Autriche l'abandon de la Vénétie en échange d'autres combinaisons territoriales.

'L'intérêt bien compris de l'Italie est donc d'adoucir ses rapports avec l'Autriche, d'arrêter les tentatives insensées des Mazziniens, et d'établir chez elle un ordre de choses, dont le calme et la stabilité deviennent pour l'Europe une garantie de force et de confiance dans l'avenir.

'C'est surtout la question de Hongrie qu'il importe d'écarter. Si des insurrections partielles en effet éclataient dans ce pays, elles seraient promptement domptées; mais elles auraient l'immense inconvénient de rejeter l'Autriche dans les bras de la Russie et de la Prusse, et de reformer ainsi la triple alliance, qui a tenu trente ans l'Europe dans la dépendance.

'Quant à Rome, les troupes françaises ne la quitteront que lorsqu'en son âme et conscience l'Empereur pourra dire devant son pays qu'il laisse le Pape indépendant et à l'abri de tous les dangers au dedans comme au dehors.

'Plus donc le Gouvernement Italien cherchera à faire cesser l'antagonisme qui existe entre lui et le Saint Siège, plus il donnera de sécurité à la France pour le pouvoir temporel du Pape, tel qu'il est aujourd'hui, plus il sera possible de hâter le départ des troupes françaises.'

'Il est essentiel que les hommes d'état connaissent bien les intentions des cabinets étrangers pour ne pas se créer des illusions qui aboutissent à de cruels désappointements.

'Si le Gouvernement Italien consolide son autorité sur les provinces annexées, s'il rétablit son crédit, s'il met hardiment un terme à toutes les extravagances de la démagogie, il acquerra la puissance morale la plus propre à assurer ses destinées. Si au contraire il veut par de petits moyens ou de petites insurrections partielles maintenir chez ses voisins un état d'inquiétude irritante et funeste dans ses résultats, il court le risque de voir un jour compromis les grands avantages déjà obtenus.'

IX.

Politicians, generally, in anticipation of the aged Pontiff's approaching demise, were considering how to be best prepared for it, and my father thought that if everything in Rome were to remain unaltered until that probable event should happen, the Italian Government would then be brought face to face with serious and dangerous commotions. The solution of the Roman question was at this time a subject of continual hypotheses for statesmen and philosophers, one of which set forth the idea of leaving to a new Pope the possession of the Eternal City, with corresponding sea-board. The same plan was revived for a moment also in 1870, shortly before our entrance into Rome.

I subjoin an outline of the project, as found among my father's papers.

'Firstly: In event of the Holy See becoming vacant, the French troops shall retire to the right bank of the Tiber, for better assurance of freedom in the election of a new Pope.

'Secondly: The population of the left bank shall be at liberty to exercise universal suffrage, if they so desire.

'Thirdly: To insure complete and lasting accordance between Italy and the Holy See, the Italian Government shall bind itself in the meantime—

'(*a*) To assume responsibility for the public and consolidated Pontifical redeemable debt, the existence of which shall be authenticated.

'(*b*) To acknowledge and respect the new Pope's temporal power within given limits, indicated geographically by the shores of the Mediterranean, and the rivers Tiber, Vico, and Marta.

'Fourthly: The Imperial Government of France promise to use their best endeavours to remove definitively every cause of discord between the King and the Pontiff; and for the better security of the latter shall continue their military occupation for . . . years, or for a shorter period, supposing complete accordance to be arrived at within that term.'

The boundaries of the intended Pontifical territory under a new Pope were more particularly described thus:—

'The city and province of Rome, with that part of Comarca which is on the right bank of the Tiber; the province of Cività Vecchia; the territory lying between the right bank of the Tiber, from its mouth in the Mediterranean, up to the confluence of the river Vico, and following the right bank of the Vico, so far as Lake Vico, thence in direct line to the river Marta; and the left bank of the Marta, down to where it falls into the sea.'

X.

Farini's mind had long been failing, and his state now became so rapidly worse that his colleagues in the Ministry had to consult together on the necessity of finding a new President, though my father was anxious to postpone any change until after the settlement of the Loan, knowing how easily financiers are startled in their operations; but at noon, on March 19, a telegram of Prince Napoleon's speech, brought to Farini, had such an effect upon him that his reason seemed entirely destroyed. My father had fortunately made some provisional arrangement with others of the cabinet, in view of such contingency, so that although the crisis came on suddenly, it did not find them altogether unprepared. The preparations had been neither few nor easy.

Pasolini, in working up the formation of the Ministry, had originally declared that he had no intention to become a member of it, but consented to be so in obedience to the King, to assist his friends, and to give them time for consideration. It now appeared to him that his duty would be sufficiently accomplished by going out quietly, leaving them in harmony; and although the King had asked him to be President of the Council, he persisted in his wish to retire.

On this subject Minghetti remonstrated with him, anxious that he should not decide upon it without mature deliberation. 'Everything tends to confirm my opinion that the best solution will be for you to take the Presidency; an office which cannot be in any way objectionable to the high-minded sentiments you expressed on the first day. I cannot endure the idea of your being separated from us at this momentous time, when you are succeeding admirably, and have already earned so much esteem and regard from all classes. Only two evenings ago, General della Rovere was saying things about you which, in deference to your modesty, I refrain from repeating, further than that you were a priceless element to be retained at all hazards, for the sake of preserving the harmony which is so essential, and that I, fully trusting you, need not trouble myself to know what goes on in politics, but may be at liberty to think of nothing beyond my arithmetic. Besides, I am certain you would make an excellent President; and though I knew well what a sacrifice it was to you at first to take office, and was therefore specially grateful, having felt it almost wrong to press you so far as the others did, I now feel terribly dismayed at the thought of your leaving us, or laying down the responsibilities which you have borne so worthily, and by which you could not fail to benefit the country.'

My father strongly urged Minghetti's acceptance of the Presidency, answering all his objections with '*Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*' 'You will certainly encounter the difficulties you predict, but what of that? they are inseparable from the trade; and supposing I were President, those lifficulties would be doubled by my inferior authority and ability. Our Italy cannot be formed without strenuous efforts, she cannot all at once be perfect of herself, as though her children were of one heart and mind. If it were so, how easy would our portion be; but things are far otherwise, and there is no use in deceiving ourselves, for there must be somebody to guide the wild horses. Have you not been in training for this purpose?'

My father, by letter, laid before the King his petition to be relieved of office, which was only provisionally granted, under reservation, lest the simultaneous change in the Presidency and the Foreign Department should be found too inconvenient to

the Government. Eventually, Minghetti became President, and Cav. Emilio Visconti Venosta, Foreign Minister.

My father had always had it in his mind to retire with Farini, and return to his humbler appointment as Prefect of Turin, believing that if he waited longer it might rather injure the Government he desired to serve. He had done his best to support them both by word and deed when he entered the cabinet, in which he felt himself to have taken a useful part, and he intended to withdraw from it without doing harm to anybody. Yet he was far from being insensible to the attractions of office, and felt the increasing charm of the position he renounced; as he admitted to a friend, who wrote to congratulate him on his recovery of freedom, saying, that the act of resignation caused a painful conflict between consistency and self-love, but that he felt it his duty to adhere faithfully to the line he had long marked out for himself.

XI.

It is to be observed that Pasolini, at every audience he had of King Victor Emanuel, never failed to quit him with increased feelings of esteem. While engaged in forming the Ministry in December 1862, he often spent long hours with his Majesty, and recognised his real ability in dealing with men under difficult circumstances, keeping himself free, not only from party spirit, but from the influences of personal friendship. Those who took the liberty of thinking and asserting that the King was guided by them, or that they could lead him as their friend, were signally mistaken. If the opportune moment occurred, there was no one too much out of favour to be chosen for the Ministry, nor was there any man such a favourite as to make the King hesitate in dismissing him from power when advisable. My father, on being questioned whether the King really took things seriously to heart in regard to the choice of ministers, described how he used to hide his face in his hands, unable to realise the fact, that the further Italy advanced and became consolidated, the more difficult did it become to find men for the Government. 'How can it be?' he would exclaim. 'I have ventured my life

and my crown, yet I cannot find men to assist me.' My father said of himself, 'I am often afraid lest he should press me to accept something unsuitable, and I confess to feeling weak in his presence after all.' 'I hate my trade,' said the King. 'Yet your Majesty exercises it tolerably well, permit me to say; I mean the political part, for on the military side you are unapproachably pre-eminent.' While reviewing the possibilities of the future, the liberation of Venice was a frequent subject before them, and the King would then express himself most impatient of delay; as though he could not recognise any reason for waiting. 'I am of the old school, please your Majesty,' replied my father, 'and consider that ministers are servants to the King. Now, if it please you to command a war with Austria to-morrow, give me the order and I obey.' This stopped the King's hasty words, and he good-humouredly answered that he did not mean anything like that, but the day must come, and he would be glad to hasten it. The King always showed himself most conscientious when exercising, in council with his ministers, the most gracious of all royal prerogatives, that of granting pardons and commuting punishments. On one occasion, Pisanelli, Minister of Grace and Justice, put before him for signature the commutation of capital punishment for a parricide; but the King drew his pen all across the paper, as unfit for him to sign, and said, while he steadily looked his minister in the face, 'Such things I have never signed.' Pisanelli, however, insisted respectfully on the prisoner's youth, and the King then asked for an individual opinion from each member of the council, which being unanimous in favour of respite, he at once signed the document, saying, 'Since all these gentlemen agree in wishing it, I can do no otherwise.' Another instance may also be worthy of place in this memoir, as referring to a British subject. Henry Bishop, who lived long in Italy, much engaged in Bourbonic intrigues, was arrested on April 1, 1862, at Mola di Gaeta, and a compromising correspondence with Rome was found upon him, indicative of direct attempts against the Italian Government. Bishop was conducted back to Naples, and lodged in the prison of S. Maria Apparente. Pasolini, on coming to office, found him still a prisoner, and the part he took with regard to this

man, appears by the English parliamentary documents of 1863 :—

Extract from Sir James Hudson's despatch, from Turin, March 1, 1863 (*received March* 4).

'I arrrived in Turin on the evèning of the 26th, and the next afternoon Chevalier Artoni, Count Pasolini's confidential secretary, called on me.

'Count Pasolini wished me to know that the condition of Mr. Bishop had formed a subject of anxious investigation by the Italian Government.

'The Government had come to the decision of removing Mr. Bishop to the infirmary at Alessandria, and of recommending his pardon to the King on the first favourable occasion.

'In the course of the afternoon I received from Count Pasolini a note, a copy of which I have the honour herewith to inclose, which confirms the assurances made to me verbally.

'This morning I was informed by Count Pasolini that Mr. Bishop had been conveyed with care and due regard to his health from Gavi to the infirmary of the officers of the garrison of Alessandria.'

Inclosure (*from Count Pasolini to Sir J. Hudson*).

'M. le Ministre :

'J'ai l'honneur de porter à votre connaissance que le Gouvernement du Roi a envoyé un médecin à Gavi pour constater l'état de santé de Mr. Bishop, et que des ordres ont été donnés pour que ce Monsieur soit transféré à Alexandrie, où il sera provisoirement soigné dans l'infirmerie de la Maison Pénitentiaire. Je n'ai aucun doute que le climat plus doux d'Alexandrie et les soins qu'il pourra y recevoir amélioreront l'état de santé de ce détenu. Du reste, le Gouvernement du Roi saisira la première occasion favorable pour proposer à sa Majesté de compléter l'acte de clémence dont Mr. Bishop a déjà été l'objet. Je profite, &c.—G. PASOLINI.'

Before Pasolini went out of office the King bestowed on

him the order of Knight Grand Cross of SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro; and he received from Persia the Grand Cross of K.L.S.; from Belgium, the Order of Leopold. When he afterwards received from Brazil the Order of the Rose, it gratified him most especially to find engraved upon it the cherished names of his parents, Pietro and Amalia.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS FIRST MISSION TO ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Insurrection in Poland—Military convention between Russia and Prussia—Attitude of Italy—Suggestion of a European Conference—Mission of Pasolini to the French and English Governments—Proposals of the Emperor Napoleon III—Visit to England—Views of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell—The Frankfort Congress—Interview with Napoleon III.—Return to Turin.

I.

The two following chapters of my father's life refer to a period which I was almost tempted to pass over with a mere allusion, for fear of going beyond my depth into the diplomatic affairs of Europe in 1863 and at the commencement of 1864. But, since my father at this date found himself more than ever in direct personal relations with those men who ruled the fate of the civilised world, I should do wrong in omitting to describe how he came to be, as it were, a special instrument for the completion of the unity of Italy, which was being slowly established through incessant laborious efforts. Every step of that protracted work, then but half-finished, had its own difficulties and dangers, requiring to be met with courage and discretion. It was well, therefore, to record some details, if only to illustrate the obstacles which had to be overcome in this labour of love; and although my narrative be very imperfect, I must endeavour to show the part taken by my father at that time, as evidenced in his private papers. These contain, besides the mere facts, a picture of the long anxieties from which we are now, by God's Providence, relieved, and of the patriotic aspirations which in later years were realised.

My father, when in office, told Minghetti that although he might not continue for any length of time as his colleague, he would always hold himself in readiness to serve his country to

the utmost, when the time came to put in action that which had ever been the chief aim of their politics—namely, the complete redemption of Italy by uniting liberated Venice to her, and procuring the retirement of the French from Rome. To achieve this end he would spare no labour, and would not shrink from any amount of wearisome travelling that might be advisable.

The most remarkable event during his Ministry had been the insurrection of the Poles against Russia; a struggle which continued long and obstinate, keeping all the European Powers in suspense.

In July 1862, Russia had recognised the kingdom of Italy, and since then the Grand Duke Constantine had been sent to govern Poland, with intent to pursue a system of conciliation analogous to that which the Archduke Maximilian had vainly hoped for in Italy. Constantine immediately issued a proclamation, appealing to the patriotism of all; and three hundred proprietors, assembled at Warsaw, answered him by an address, in which they promised their co-operation, provided Poland had her national institutions restored, and that her provinces were reunited into one kingdom. These words had no result, and early in 1863 the passive resistance, which had lasted for two years, suddenly changed into active revolt. Poland, by treaty, was entitled to have her national army, in which none but Poles should be enlisted; but Russia ordered an exceptional levy, which did not include the peasantry, but was raised in the most barbarous manner from among the citizens, many of whom were condemned to transportation, and more than two thousand youths were forcibly carried off by night from their families.

This violation of treaties and the barbarities of Russia offended the civilised nations of Western Europe, who were aroused by many common traditions, historical and religious, to sympathise with heroic, helpless Poland. The French press took note of the fact that France, though allied with Russia, had no power to restrain her cruelty, but could only shudder at it, and feel profoundly humiliated. The English papers abounded in heart-rending descriptions of horrors, fit to excite hot hatred against the Russians; while France had a dream of turning against them in arms, and of taking the Rhine provinces as

the first-fruits of victory. Such were the popular feelings, but very cautious were the words of the rulers. Lord John Russell in Parliament deplored the sad facts, and concluded by remarking, that great consideration would be necessary before coming to any practical resolution. The Cabinet of Vienna were also favourable to Poland, but had to weigh their words and actions according to the example of France and England.

Among all the leaders of the great and powerful nations, Bismarck alone abetted the designs of Russia, and went so far as to establish a military convention, by which the Russian frontier remained open to the Prussian army, and *vice versâ*; an agreement which gave evidence of the most formidable concurrence of policy between Russia and Prussia, and was, in fact, consistent with the traditions of the House of Hohenzollern, always the enemy of Poland, ever ready to stir up mischief against her.

What now of Italy, whose past history, hopes, and most natural affections inclined her to side with the Poles? England and France had banded themselves together without seeking her alliance, and, as the question turned upon a violation of the Vienna treaties, Italy seemed obliged to remain outside. The Italian Government, therefore, mindful of that which they still desired to obtain from Austria, took care not to make an enemy of Russia when there was no chance of helping the Poles; and Pasolini, when interrogated upon the subject, declared the discussion inopportune, and that any opinion upon it would be premature. Again, in Parliament, on February 26, after due tribute of sympathy and admiration for the Poles, he expressed his hopes that the mysterious agreement between Russia and Prussia might never tend towards violating the principle of non-intervention. He ended by calling upon the House to permit him to maintain the same measure of reserve which Lord Russell had seen fit to adopt towards the English public.

France and England, although harmonious in their desire to favour Poland, differed as to the manner of doing so. Eventually, they presented, along with Austria, three notes to Russia, but without effect. The Polish insurrection continued, and Russia was powerless to suppress it. Europe looked on, astonished

and grieved at that drama of desperation, exhibiting the strange spectacle of a people apparently all transformed into one secret society with an invisible Government, which, notwithstanding successive defeats, continued to resist, by its small and ill-armed force, the largest of European Empires, unassailable by any other nation single-handed. The only encouragement received by the Poles was from words of sympathy and admiration freely lavished upon them by the Liberal press, which touched the heart of Europe, and caused many imprecations to be uttered against Russia, including also Prussia, as her accomplice in barbarity.

Amid this fervour of words one voice alone of moderation reached Russia from the West, viz. that of the Italian Government (April 23), who, after presenting their note, remained in the attitude of silent spectators, beholding public opinion in France aroused to indignation against England and Austria for their hesitating repugnance to engage in hostilities. Finally, England, France, and Austria laid before Russia six appeals in favour of Poland, demanding an armistice, and proposing a Congress of the same European Powers who had signed the Treaty of Vienna in 1815. At the first hint of a European Conference Italy was on the alert; for if it were to consist only of the Powers who signed the Treaty of 1815, guaranteeing the rights of Poland, now violated, she would be left out of it. But had not Italy already become an active integral member of modern Europe? Ought she to neglect the opportunity for asserting her own independence while standing up in defence of others?

The idea of a European Congress had originated in the English Cabinet, whose goodwill was becoming more important than ever to Italy; but, unfortunately, some coolness had arisen of late, which made the relations between England and Italy rather strained and delicate.

Rattazzi, a few months previously, finding himself embarrassed by Garibaldi, had tried to get rid of him by fishing in the troubled waters of Greece; and it was announced to the Christian populations of the East, who hoped for the help of Russia or France, that Garibaldi would land on the coast of Albania. England, hearing of this intention, had frustrated it; and thus,

whether directly or indirectly, had given Garibaldi the impulse to march upon Rome, a movement which ended as we know at Aspromonte, while the deluded Christians of Montenegro and the Herzegovina were more than ever at the mercy of the persecuting Turk.

These intrigues had given offence in England, and produced a dissatisfaction with Italy, too recent to be yet forgotten. Under the probability, therefore, of a European Congress, it would be of great consequence to utilise the personal friendship of Lord John Russell, in order to do away with every shadow of distrust, and restore us to perfect harmony with the powerful ally to whom we were indebted for so much cordial support on former occasions of need. This was the essential mission confided to Pasolini, who was also to make sure that in the event of a conference for the reconstruction of Poland, Italy should take part, and it seemed likely that there an opportunity might present itself for dealing with the question of Venetia. But another possibility was still to be considered, lest the tangled skein, becoming yet more tangled, should be unravelled only by the fortunes of war; and with the view of being prepared for such contingency, the Italian Government devised a plan of alliances and of action to be proposed to Lord Palmerston and to the French Emperor so soon as hostilities should appear unavoidable. It was of supreme importance that this scheme should be known and approved by England from the beginning, as otherwise the favour of France would scarcely be accorded, or would be insufficient. Evidently, therefore, an authoritative and thoroughly trusted envoy must be commissioned by Italy to speak with friendly voice in private to Lords Russell and Palmerston. My father had for years been a friend of the former, and was not afraid to undertake the commission, but rather gladly prepared for it. He had always kept up private correspondence with Lord Russell, who did not fail to write him kind congratulations when he came into office as Foreign Minister.

'Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park,
'December 15, 1862.

'Dear Count Pasolini,—I have just received your letter. I am glad to find the news confirmed that you have accepted the

office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the cabinet of the King of Italy. I am sure you will discharge the duties of your office with good fruits towards everyone, and that you will raise the reputation of the foreign policy of Italy. Her people deserve to be esteemed throughout the Continent, as they are here, for their constancy and moderation.

'Lady Russell claims her kind remembrances to Madame Pasolini, and I beg you to offer mine at the same time.

'Yours very faithfully, RUSSELL.'

II.

The interest of my father's mission is much diminished by the fact of Venetia having been eventually acquired by other means, and nothing remains in diplomatic documents to illustrate his conversations with English statesmen on the subject. But it will not be out of place to quote the account given in Ruggero Bonghi's 'Allianza Prussiana e lo Conquisto della Venezia,' from the 'Nuova Antologia,' of January 1869:—

'Granted that we had often blundered our home policy, it still may be said that we kept clear of mistakes in foreign affairs; saving only that note of Durando's after Aspromonte, and that muddle of Rattazzi's which led to Mentana. The year 1863 was a trying one for us, seeing England, France, and Austria banded together without Italy, on a question which seemed to preclude any efficacious participation, so that we were obliged to guard against the danger of alienating Russia from us, while we were unable to benefit the Poles. In the middle of April, however, when England, France, and Austria agreed simultaneously to present three different notes to Russia, and invited the adhesion of those States which, by signing the Vienna Treaty, had contributed to establish the Duchy of Warsaw, the Italian Ministry (successors to Rattazzi's luckless cabinet, which went out at the end of 1862), headed by Minghetti since Farini's retirement under hopeless failure of health, gave an answer at once, so able and so moderate, as to satisfy even Russian susceptibilities. Italy remained silent from April to August during that skirmish of notes and despatches, in which English diplomacy, under Lord Russell, became remarkable for indiscreet loquacity; while the Russian, under

Gortschakoff, was distinguished for ability; and that of France, in the hands of Drouyn de Lhuys, seemed the most meddling; that of Austria the most inconsistent of all Europe.

'Towards the close of this verbal tournament, when the inutility of it became obvious, and there seemed a chance of bringing some more valid influence to work in favour of Poland, Minghetti despatched, as agent to London and Paris, Count Pasolini, late Foreign Minister, who had been relieved by Visconti Venosta in the Foreign Office, and who was now commissioned to make it certain that whatever might be the determination of the three Powers in their agreement with regard to Russia, Italy should be one of the consenting parties. If a Congress were to be assembled she must not be excluded, and, in the event of war, Italy would offer her aid. She even suggested a strategical design, which it would be useless here to particularise, further than by noting that the compensation for her concurrence in hostilities against Russia was to be given by the exchange of Venetia for the Danubian principalities, which it was thought the Turks might be induced to concede to Austria, and which would add to her material security. Lord Palmerston assented to the exchange by Austria of an Italian for a Roumanian province, and considered the idea a happy one. He promised, moreover, that the British Government would bear in mind the Italian offer of co-operation; and although nothing could be formulated with regard to the Congress, which had never yet been officially proposed, he had no doubt that, should it take place, Italy would be received as a component Power. Of the other Powers, France alone was prepared for war; Austria appeared vacillating; and as for England, even supposing Lord Palmerston not altogether averse to the use of force, it was certain that neither his colleagues nor the country would consent to hostilities. By the end of the year the three Powers who had made common cause, working together on such imperfect grounds of sympathy, found themselves less in accordance with each other than they were at the beginning, as was proved by Louis Napoleon's celebrated speech of November 5, in which, after stating the unhealthy condition of Europe, he set forth a new scheme of action entirely his own.

'Through the petulance of Lord Russell, his proposition for a European Congress became a new source of irritation between the French and English Governments, which Italy, at the Emperor's request, endeavoured to allay, and for this purpose in December Pasolini was sent again to Paris and to London. But if he partially succeeded in this object, he found at the same time that there was no chance of any concurrent action by England and France such as would be beneficial.. His sole consolation was in finding that the idea of Venetia as an exchange for Roumania had not been seed sown in vain. Both English and French statesmen discoursed with him upon it, and admitted that at fitting opportunity a harmonious settlement might be negotiated. Unfortunately, however, another grievance had arisen in Europe at that time, and was dangerously smouldering. The most exalted personage of all those with whom Pasolini was called to confer sacrificed Italy to the ill-humour aroused between Austria and Prussia on account of their projected war with Denmark. Up to that point we might have had patience. Thus in England, as in France, Pasolini on his second journey found men's minds darkened by the long threatening cloud of Schleswig-Holstein, which now burst into a hurricane, to which neither England nor France could be indifferent, since it must needs affect both countries in various respects. Although the Emperor Napoleon's sympathies were not entirely on the side of Denmark, he appreciated more than is generally believed that popular sentiment by which the Germans were actuated, and which was a first signal for that unity of Germany already in course of preparation by the arms of Prussia. He was far from being so unfriendly or alarmed as he afterwards became at the advance of Prussian supremacy.'

The above extract may suffice for the unofficial diplomatic episode of my father's life; and, to continue the personal memoir, I give a few of my own recollections as his companion.

III.

After many long interviews with Sir James Hudson, the British minister to Italy, and anxious conversations with Minghetti at his office, my father set out on July 16. We had been

at Minghetti's house a few days before, and found him in excellent spirits. I then heard for the first time that my father was going to London, and would take me with him. Minghetti came out on the stair, saying, 'I am truly glad you will go and speak to those veterans of England (Palmerston and Russell); for your showing yourself among them and talking to them is the best way to make them understand what stamp of men we have in Italy. Thank you.'

We went to Paris with our great friend Carlo Bevilacqua, who closely resembled my father in character and in his opinions. On July 20 we reached London, and found there the Marquis d'Azeglio, our representative to England, a nephew of the celebrated Massimo.

My father frequently associated with Lacaita also and Panizzi, who during their long residence in London had become friendly with several of the most eminent statesmen, and through whom therefore much important information might be obtained both directly and incidentally.

The object of my father's coming was not publicly known, and he of course did not wish to excite curiosity by any of his proceedings. This was the more easily avoided, as London affords such an immense field for unbounded activity in every direction. We often went to the British Museum, and I remember being present with him at a debate in the House of Commons, and hearing Lord Palmerston speak more than once. We visited the London Docks, and made many excursions to interesting places, including Hampton Court and the beautiful Kew Gardens. We also paid visits at Chatsworth to the Duke of Devonshire, and at Woburn Abbey and other great places, where my father gathered new stores of information on English agriculture. My love of horses led me to go and see many of the fine stables belonging to private individuals, besides those of her Majesty. I attended Goodwood Races, and delighted in going daily to admire the thousands of horses showing off in Rotten Row. The duties of my father's mission all this time seemed to occupy him more and more, occasioning frequent visits at Pembroke Lodge, where the Russell family always cordially welcomed him as an old friend. He often dined

and staid for the night at Lord Palmerston's; and at last, as he was frequently seen in conversation with Gladstone and Layard, the report went abroad that Count Pasolini had come to England on important political business. On one occasion, when we dined with Mr. Highford Burr, to meet Messrs. Lacaita and Layard, another guest, noted for his querulous, suspicious temper, said to me, 'You are the Count's political secretary?' 'No, sir, I am his son.' 'Ah! you want to make it appear so; but let me tell you that in England a gentleman would never say anything but the truth.' Among many country excursions which we made I remember with especial pleasure those to the villa of Mr. Heath, the Italian Consul; and what with the endless interesting sights of London, it seemed to me that the day of our departure for Paris, August 17, arrived too quickly.

IV.

My father, who had exerted himself to the utmost in furtherance of the objects for which he had been sent to England, found that his efforts had not been altogether in vain.

After his first conversation with Lord Russell every shade of distrust passed off, and the former confidence between them was so well re-established as to give good hope that on great questions they would always understand each other, and be able to maintain harmony in regard to Italian affairs.

This part of the mission, then, was successful, but two other points remained behind. The admission of Italy to the Congress, whenever it might be assembled, was not considered a difficulty, either by Palmerston or Russell, though they could make no promise with regard to the uncertain future. Nor did my father deem it advisable to insist, considering that a promise expressly made might have led to the demand of some return on his side more than he should be disposed to concede. The third point, that of war and alliances, was very doubtful, requiring to be approached with caution, not in a direct manner, but rather by contriving that the discussion should be initiated from the other side; and it happened that Palmerston and Russell did not believe in the probability either of the Congress or of a war. On our arrival in London shortly before the close

of the Parliamentary session, we found all the legislators impatient to get out of town, and it was a great thing for them that no troubles should arise to spoil their vacation. This occasioned my father's remark that the excessive love of country sports, prevailing over political anxieties, might be a sign that England, rich and happy in the height of prosperity, was beginning to rest upon her laurels; and that, although by no means on the decline, she would never take a higher place among nations than at present. He found that the leading ideas of the English in politics were, to 'do nothing in the East,' and to 'distrust the Emperor.'

In my father's first conversation with Lord Palmerston, which took place at a ball, he mentioned that Minghetti had written to him, asking for enlightenment on the state of politics. 'Things are dark at present,' answered Palmerston, 'but there will be no war this year.' 'A Congress, then?' 'No, nothing more than diplomatic evolutions.' My father felt greatly attracted by this venerable statesman, and after hearing him discuss separately the attitude of each of the Powers against Russia, he thought the right moment had arrived for opening out the plan of action and alliances contemplated by the Italian Government in case of war. Palmerston listened attentively, and repeated several times, 'There is a great deal of truth in what you say.' The Austrian alliance pleased England, as an assurance against danger from the French side; and Lord Palmerston thought there should be no war for Venetia, unless Italy could carry it through single-handed; 'otherwise,' said he, 'the Emperor, who had already obtained Nice, would be sure to ask you for something more.' 'Another impediment would arise, besides, from the desire of Austria to annex a bit of Poland;' and 'you know the Poles are impracticable.'

Since the views of the Italian Government had not been altogether displeasing to Lord Palmerston, my father considered he ought now to make them known to the Emperor, who would more readily find a way to pass from theory into practice; but before doing so, he had further discussions with Palmerston on the possibilities of the Congress, and especially of a new kingdom of Poland being constituted, in which event the

treaties would assuredly give Venetia to Italy. The English Minister for Foreign Affairs had no repugnance to the idea of war; unlike Lord Russell, who more faithfully reflected the peaceful sentiments of his well-ordered and prosperous country.

After a long conversation, Palmerston wound up by saying, 'If European affairs were to be settled here between you and me, the thing would be easy.' 'That,' said my father, 'means to say, that if France and Austria had made the proposition instead of me, it would have been accepted!' 'Not now, but after a time it might have been practicable; and all that you have said has been very reasonable.' He concluded with many expressions of sympathy for Italy.

Although Lord Russell was averse from war, and did not believe that there would be any, he gave his opinion that within two or three years some expedient would be found for restoring Venice to Italy. My father reported progress in his letter to Minghetti, thus: 'The grain has first to be sown, then it grows, and harvest is reaped at last; but you cannot do everything at once, and by attempting too much, you risk the loss of all. I have done the sowing, as opportunity permitted, and I think none other than the Emperor can give effect to our desires: that is to say, supposing he approves of the project. But who will broach it to him? For many reasons I would rather not.'

V.

It became clear, in the meantime, that the Italian scheme had not displeased the diplomatic circle. Lord Russell had told a friend that he was ready to give Poland to an Archduke of Austria, and when it was remarked that the Archduke would have to become a Pole, and separate himself from his country, he replied, 'I should not object to let Austria herself take Poland, provided she would leave Italy wholly free.' Austria then inquired whether England had guaranteed the new Empire of Mexico; and an answer was immediately returned in the negative. It was very generally said in the political world that through the blunders of Prussia Austria was gaining favour throughout Germany; but politicians in England roundly averred that it was impossible for them to be heartily at one

with Austria, until she should have ceded Venice to the kingdom of Italy.

These encouraging reports were written of course to Minghetti, whose answers, however important at the time, have now comparatively little interest. He wished my father by all means to obtain an audience of the Emperor. 'You must speak frankly to him of the present condition of Italy, make him understand what benefit may be expected from pursuing the grand policy initiated by himself, and declare plainly to him the project, which, to say the least of it, is not disapproved by Lord Palmerston.'

In one of his last letters to Minghetti, before leaving London, my father wrote, 'I am more than ever convinced that in diplomacy it is advisable always to have definite, practical points for discussion, such as give rise to earnest deliberation; otherwise one gains nothing. Now, we desire to have Venetia: that is our project; let us set it forth at the right moment, when the movements of others tend to bring our affair within the sphere of practical possibility. I have begun to feel my way, and am satisfied to have taken the first step pretty well; we must go on, for the matter is truly urgent.' 'You tell me to go to Paris and confer with the Emperor, but you must consider that I shall be suspected as coming from England; the Emperor knows I am not in office, and can be no good to him.

'Nevertheless, though I feel myself growing old, and much in need of rest, I still have spirit enough to run at speed when once started. When you sent me hither, I agreed in considering myself adapted for the mission, and, in fact, I regret to leave England, because (without vanity) I think my quality of patience fitted me to carry on things here better than most people. I do not feel myself qualified, however, to deal with the Emperor and company, and am afraid of doing more harm than good.'

'Notwithstanding all your objections,' wrote Minghetti, 'I believe it will be best for you to see the Emperor.

'The opinion expressed by Nigra, the fact of your recent position in the Foreign Office, and especially of your coming straight from London with the latest and most authentic information, induce me decidedly to prefer that you should have an

audience of the Emperor, and explain to him yourself the project to which Palmerston has lent a favourable ear. Supposing it accepted by Louis Napoleon, the treaties might go on quietly, and everything be prepared for action in spring.' Towards the end of his stay in London, my father intimated to Mr. Layard that Italy meditated nothing whatever in the East, and would take no part there, whether for the Russians or the French, only that she would desire to give over the Danubian principalities to Austria, in order to have Venetia; if, therefore, a Congress were held, she would be ready to throw all her weight on the side of England. To this Layard replied, anticipating that with patience these hopes might be realised, and in the meantime he could affirm that Austria, while keeping possession of Venice, could never be the intimate ally of England, since English public opinion was all on the side of Italy.

VI.

At the end of July the King of Prussia and Count Bismarck had a meeting at Gastein with the Emperor of Austria, and entreated him to take part with them against the Poles; but the Emperor refused to separate himself from the other Western Powers, and he requested the King of Prussia to concur with him in assembling the German princes at Frankfort to agree upon some modifications of the Federal Union. The King's answer was, that it would be impossible for him to join in that which he considered impracticable, and he declined the invitation, which all the other princes accepted.

Grand and solemn was the entry of the Austrian Emperor into Frankfort, amidst the plaudits of the people. Two days later he opened the Congress, and set forth his idea of establishing a Directory: Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria to be permanent, Saxony, Hanover, and Würtemberg alternative members, supplemented by a Council composed of delegates from the legislative Chambers of Germany. Up to this point there was nothing in the Emperor's design which could affect Italy; but the fifth paragraph of his eighth article, on which he seemed to have set his heart, occasioned heavy thoughts to our Government.

'In case of war threatening between a member of the Con-

federation possessed of territory beyond it and any foreign Power, the Directory shall call for an opinion of the Federal Council as regards their participation in the said hostilities. The decision to be taken by simple majority of votes.' Would Austria then be able to prevent our acquisition of Venetia by letting loose upon Italy the united forces of all Germany? This was a startling possibility, though it did not last long, as the King of Prussia was no party to the Frankfort Conference, which thus, most fortunately, turned out nothing more than a useless display of royal and imperial pomp. The assembled princes could not come to an understanding, and got out of the dilemma by reserving it for their ministers to discuss the unsettled subjects at a future meeting to be held at Nuremberg.[1]

VII.

Circumstances were then very adverse to us, for the French Emperor was anxious not to seem too closely linked with Italy, for fear of exciting suspicion on the side of Austria, whose alliance he valued, and counted upon more particularly since the Mexican expedition. Now, if he favoured the aggrandisement of Austria, how could he receive the distinct proposition of Italy to hinder it, even at the cost of a war? His Minister of Foreign Affairs was not considered friendly to Italy, and how should her views be laid before the Emperor with any chance of acceptance? The only new fact to bring forward was that of England being less averse to combine with France than had been expected. There were two points especially discouraging at this time with regard to the Emperor: first, that he had plainly told an intimate political friend that he would like to settle with Italy by giving her Venetia and taking away Naples! Secondly, it was remembered that the French action in Italy during Cavour's time had not been prompted by that statesman, but it was from Paris that the first idea of both the Crimean and the Italian wars had proceeded. The Imperial Government might tolerate the initiative of Italy, but could scarcely be disposed to co-operate effectually in her enterprises.

[1] *Vide* Baron Ricasoli's letter.

These considerations made Pasolini feel very doubtful lest the Emperor should find some reason for declining to give him an audience, which would have been very disconcerting as a slight to his country's diplomacy. At last, in talking to Nigra, my father mentioned to him the relations of his family in former times with the first Napoleon, and Nigra at once took this up as an excellent excuse for seeing the Emperor. The audience was therefore immediately requested, and was appointed for Sunday, September 6; but before the day arrived Pasolini heard how disgusted the Emperor was about the Frankfort Congress, which had driven him so far as to say that if only Russia could come to terms with the Poles, he would revive the Franco-Russo-Prussian alliance.

VIII.

On coming into the royal presence at St. Cloud, my father found the Emperor very different from what he expected, and did not at once recognise who it was that came forward with outstretched hand, in the friendly attitude of receiving a welcome guest. He told the Emperor that it seemed only his duty to seek this audience of him, as he gratefully remembered the favour accorded to his uncle by Napoleon I. 'I still preserve in my house,' said he, 'some valuable tokens of that great Emperor's kindness.'

Politics now had their turn (as reported the same evening in a letter to Minghetti):—

'"Well, what news from Italy? Good, is it not?" asked the Emperor. "Yes, I think it will be satisfactory to your Majesty." "Je crois qu'on n'aurait jamais compté qu'en si peu de temps l'Italie pût parvenir au degré d'organisation où elle est parvenue maintenant. Je pense qu'on a plus gagné en Italie en ces deux dernières années que dans le temps précédent." "But your Majesty is aware that many difficulties have still to be overcome." He then entered into the affairs of Rome, saying that Cavour's declaration had prevented his withdrawal, as he felt bound to Rome by his own antecedents, and he would not have it said that he had abandoned the Pope and Cardinals to the mercy

of others. "I know well," said he, "that the extreme Ultramontanists are my enemies, though many of them are well affected. As for that, I verily believe that an understanding might be arrived at with the Italian Government; only it is necessary that the Government be a strong one, possessed of that moral ascendency which gave such power to Cavour." "Yes, the confidence of the country is required, and no doubt I may have done things unacceptable to the public." "Your Majesty's gracious words encourage me to acknowledge to you that Italy at the present moment feels weak in respect of foreign alliances. She has a special object in view, and the people begin to accuse their Government of remissness, of remaining apart from the great European questions, in which we also have interests and needs requiring to be adjusted." "Mais il faut attendre. Je vous l'ai fait dire par Arese." He then at some length spoke of the rapid changes which are taking place without any wish of his (in fact, he had at the beginning of our conversation lamented this changefulness), and he related how the events in Poland came to alter the relations with Prussia and Russia; also how the Frankfort affair made a difference with Austria, although, as he said, "of no great consequence." "Certainly, if your Majesty had been pleased to make war in accordance with Austria, England, Switzerland, and Italy, it would have been quickly ended." "Yes, and in such case we should have settled the compensation to be made to Austria for the cession of Venice. It may be still possible; but there is one obstacle which I have no hesitation in declaring—namely, the publicity and loquacity of the newspapers." "But it is easy to keep silence on what your Majesty desires not to be mentioned." "That is all you know! There are my own newspapers, for instance, which repeat—" He stopped, having apparently some special fact in his recollection. Then he resumed his discourse upon "knowing how to wait," and I explained that the Italian Government was not in any mood of reckless haste, but prudently desired to prevent the extreme party from setting up a *drapeau de ralliement*, which would too surely appeal to the popular sentiment. The Emperor next alluded to Mazzini, unwilling to believe that he could manage to raise a revolt in the Tyrol as he wishes

to do. He now asked me about Arese, his personal history, &c.

'To sum up my reflexions: let me say first that politics at present are very intricate. The Emperor, though disgusted with Austria, still avoids a rupture with her. My second consideration is that it would be a great thing for us if there were somebody about the Emperor who could keep up his attention to the affairs of Italy; but our position unfortunately makes this a difficult matter. I found him affable and very communicative, more so than he is generally reported to be. My own attitude was rather reserved, because it did not seem suitable to be eager under present circumstances; also, hearing from himself that Alfieri and Matteucci had had long conferences with him on political subjects, I felt it best to keep in the background, except that I distinctly insisted upon Venice, seeing how important it is to bring this point into the light of day. In going and returning from the Emperor, I had conversations with Dr. Conneau, who courteously came to meet me, and I expressed to him my regrets at having omitted to tell his Majesty my conviction that England would support the contemplated exchange of Venetia for the Danubian principalities, and that it would be easy for France and England to make an agreement on this point. I spoke afterwards with Nigra, and then wrote him a note expressing that I should be glad if he would communicate it to the Emperor, and that I hoped to see him (Nigra) again next day. Nigra says he will not meddle with the Roman question, because of his aversion to do anything in it without the Pope's consent, which so far as I can see is beyond possibility. He is perhaps not sorry for our difficulty with regard to Venetia, which keeps us somewhat dependent upon France; but for this very reason, England will be favourable, because the possession of Venice would complete our independence. The above are my impressions, modified by boundless uncertainties in every direction. It is Nigra's opinion that the Emperor is not persuadable by anybody, and if this be true we have a dark prospect—nothing less than to be at the mercy of circumstances; but it appears to me that by opportune and repeated suggestions some favourable views might be re-

commended to his mind. This, however, may be a rash judgment. To-morrow, after seeing Conneau, I shall arrange about my departure. Adieu.—G. P.'

'P.S. In the antechamber to-day I met the Duc de Gramont and La Tour d'Auvergne.'

Thus ended Pasolini's first mission to England and France. He returned straight back to Turin, well pleased by the assurances given him in England of friendship for Italy, and satisfied to have been made personally acquainted with the Emperor, although saddened in spirit by finding that his thoughts and affections were no longer directed towards Italy as formerly. 'Savoir attendre. It is nothing more than the old song,' said my father; 'and if you go back to the ancient saying of Fabius ("Cunctando restituit rem" . . .), who found safety through delay, you must note that the delay is used to prepare for action, quietly, yet still tending to go forward. Thus Italy might desire to prepare, by her alliances, for the liberation of Venetia; but this Emperor, full of uncertainties, will not move nor settle anything. He is like a man standing motionless in the dark, for fear of knocking his head against a post.'

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND MISSION TO ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The attention of Western Europe is turned towards Poland—Russia deaf to all propositions of agreement—Cold and suspicious attitude of England towards France—The Emperor proposes a Congress, which England refuses—The Emperor insists on Pasolini's return to London—Pasolini leaves Turin, and after an interview with the Emperor at Compiègne, proceeds to England—He endeavours to dissipate the suspicions of Russell and Palmerston, and to persuade England and France to harmonious action in favour of Italy—The Danish question now in agitation becomes an obstacle to every practical proposition—Pasolini returns to Paris, and is received by the Emperor—Conversations with Drouyn de Lhuys, Thouvenel, and Rouher—Pasolini has another audience of the Emperor, and comes back to Italy.

I.

Russia had declined all the propositions of England, France, and Austria in favour of Poland; she would not hear of either an armistice or a conference, and even denied the right of the Great Powers to touch the Polish question; she finally accused France of favouring revolutionary intrigues against her in Paris. Thus on one side was seen Western civilised Europe, combined but vacillating, and Russia on the other, isolated, continuing her barbarous system of oppression. From Turin my father had gone into Romagna to look after his lands; but although apparently occupied there in peaceful country pursuits, he was always anxiously working upon the great political questions to which he had been a party. He continued in constant correspondence with Minghetti, and participated in all the hopes, fears, and expectations occasioned by changing events. About the middle of October Louis Napoleon, more than ever alienated from England, and fearing lest Italy, in her impatience to obtain possession of Venice, might attempt some rash enterprise next spring, turned his mind to the idea of a Congress, and

was considering how to propose one himself. My father had no hope of the Congress being accepted, nor of its doing any good, and he was anxious before all things that the Emperor should be distinctly enlightened regarding the intentions of Italy. He wrote on this subject to Nigra, who answered, 'It is not possible for me to say more than what you have left in writing; but I will neglect no opportunity of bringing your views seriously to the front, with special reference to the favourable dispositions which you reported from beyond the Channel.' Nigra consequently watched his opportunity, and laid before the Emperor all the project described in our preceding chapter, and it was known by the end of October that Louis Napoleon had expressed his concurrence. Omitting many details, it will be enough to state that the Emperor preferred to negotiate the affair by means of Italy, from fear that any proposal which came direct from France would be distrusted, and also that whatever hopes might be founded on the Emperor's good inclinations, these were greatly modified by the fact that he could not persuade himself to attribute to Lord Palmerston's utterances so much importance as my father had done; he even doubted whether the English minister would really favour the project at all. In this dilemma Prince Napoleon, who had talked much with my father and with Nigra, started the idea that to prevent delays Pasolini might be sent again to London, and see the Emperor in Paris *en route*, so that on reaching London he could intimate to Palmerston the Emperor's approval; and if Palmerston confirmed officially what he had said in private, the alliance would be at once founded. Minghetti wrote to my father, entreating him to accept the mission and go as soon as possible to England, 'where,' said he, 'your personal intervention is almost indispensable.'

On November 1 Louis Napoleon invited all the European sovereigns to hold Congress in Paris: 'J'ai à cœur de prouver par cette démarche franche et loyale, que mon unique but est d'arriver sans secousse à la pacification de l'Europe.'

In announcing his proposal to the 'Corps Législatif,' the Emperor declared that the treaties of 1815 had become obsolete.

On November 20 the invitation was accepted by Pius IX., and two days later by the King of Italy.

Prussia and Russia were apparently pleased by the French proposal, while Austria remained in astonishment, suspecting a device to take from her, through negotiations and discussions, the prize which France had not been able to obtain by arms, viz. Venice. All uncertainty, however, was ended by English diplomacy; for Lord Russell not only rejected the Emperor's proposition, but did it so uncourteously and contemptuously as to induce the other Powers to decline. Austria did so at once, then Russia; while Bismarck hesitated, appearing to think the French scheme an advisable one, and that England deserved blame for opposing it. Her haughty refusal did not, however, discourage the Emperor, who sent another message to insist on the expediency of Pasolini being sent again to London. My father was preparing for the journey when a sharp attack of fever seized him at Turin, necessarily delaying his departure for several days.

When he intimated[1] to the Emperor the King's acceptance of his invitation, Nigra told him how much the spirit of the Italians had been aroused by it, and that they felt, supposing the Emperor's generous intentions were baffled by the other Powers, it would be preferable for them to try the fortunes of war rather than continue in the present cramped condition, *i.e.* suffering nearly all the burdens of warfare without any of its compensations. . . . The Emperor here interrupted him, saying that the English refusal was by no means a checkmate to our hopes, and he had never anticipated that the Congress would be unanimously accepted; that if Italy, France, Prussia, Switzerland, Spain, were able to agree, that was enough to encourage us, and as for Russia, it was scarcely to be expected that she would willingly part with the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw. The Emperor then inquired whether Pasolini had gone to London; and on being told that his journey was delayed on account partly of England's refusal, and partly of the doubts about what might be going on at Petersburg, he said, 'Although success be improbable as regards combination with Russia, it would

[1] On November 30.

certainly be worth while to sound Palmerston once more, in order to ascertain, although he decline the Congress, whether he will be ready to enter into the combination implied by your project. I scarcely believe Palmerston will join in it, and I imagine that what he said to Pasolini in conversation was less seriously intended than we understood it to be. On the other hand, we cannot suppose England satisfied to let continual bloodshed go on in Poland, keeping Europe under apprehension of a general conflagration! We must therefore take new steps, and even if Pasolini's mission be unsuccessful, we shall at least reap the advantage of knowing what are the real intentions of the English Cabinet.'

'But is Pasolini at liberty to inform Lord Palmerston that your Majesty accepts and approves his programme?'

'Pasolini,' replied the Emperor, 'will be at liberty to say that the project in question was submitted to me previously to the proposal for a Congress, and that I showed myself favourably disposed towards it.'

Although my father's mission to England seemed now less opportune since the fact of her rejecting the Congress, Minghetti thought it due to the Emperor, who had of his own accord, without any suggestion from others, evinced such anxiety about it, that Pasolini should, if only as a matter of courtesy, return to Paris to have a private interview with him. He started accordingly on December 5, though still very weak in consequence of his recent illness, and much discouraged in spirit. To Minghetti's note hastening his departure, he answered, 'Well, I must drink the cup to its dregs, although I fear it will prove a fiasco.'

When my mother reproached Minghetti for sending her husband to travel before he had recovered his health, and to cross the Alps at such a chilly season, he only laughed, and said:

'I promise that you shall have him back, dead or alive, by the end of the year.' She replied:

'Ah! you politicians have no hearts.'

My father feared his journey could be of no use, and he was uncommonly grieved at this unnecessary separation from

his family. He said in his letter to me, 'I always remember that there must one day be a long parting, and I therefore grudge to be separated from my dear ones prematurely without any need for it. I should feel differently if there were any good to be done, but I cannot see any such probability.' He was attended by his secretary, Cav. Bernardino Bianchi, whose zealous and intelligent co-operation had been of so much use to him during his Governorship of Milan.

II.

It had been desired by all parties, the Emperor included, that my father's journey should escape observation, for fear of awakening the susceptibilities of Russia; but secrecy was impossible, as the newspapers announced his departure, with many comments of their own.

My father proceeded by appointment direct to Compiègne, and was met at the station by Nigra, who brought him at once to the castle, and introduced him to the Emperor in travelling costume as he was. He wrote to Minghetti on the 9th :—

'When your letter came to my hands telling me to be distinct and firm in my words to the Emperor, I was just returning from his presence, and had found no opportunity to follow your advice, but felt obliged, on the contrary, to be very reticent, perceiving how little there is to be hoped for at present. The attitude which you recommend will be more appropriate when we come to reckon up the results of our mission; and frankness will then be better appreciated if we have begun by prudent reserve. The Emperor wishes me to let it be known in England that I did see him last summer, but nothing further; I cannot understand how such secrecy can be maintained, when so many people saw me go with Nigra into a country house where Lord Cowley was staying, neither can I think it of any use to make mysteries. As for finding out the opinions of English people on our concerns, I doubt if they have any, and I believe them generally to be awaiting the turn of public events, with every probability of favourable developments. There is no use in giving further details of yesterday's audience; but you

may depend upon it that I shall do my best, without showing any timidity. I am no firebrand; but if strong language be necessary, I shall certainly use it.'

On my father's arrival in England he went immediately to confer with Lord Palmerston, whom he found fully mindful of all the conversations they had held in summer, though much more averse to the idea of war than he then was. He concurred in the advisableness of liberating Venetia, ceding to Austria the Danubian principalities in exchange, and said that it could be done without any permission from Russia. He considered it absurd to think of making war on account of Poland, and that England would not hear of such a thing. He was also of opinion that the Emperor had now no inclination for hostilities, although a few months earlier he would have been willing to take part in them.

Pasolini took the utmost pains to describe to both Russell and Palmerston the immense difficulty encountered by the Italian Government in maintaining the equilibrium of their country so long as the French were in Rome, the Austrians in Venetia, keeping Minghetti under ceaseless apprehension of war breaking out for Venice, despite all the precautions of Government to prevent it. The question was, how to obtain substantial agreements with friendly Powers—how to insure the harmonious action of France and England?

'If war were to break out in Venetia,' he inquired, 'would there be any danger of England siding against us?'

'No,' answered Lord Russell; 'that could never happen; we might leave you without aid, but we should never be your enemy.'

From the first conversations with Palmerston and Russell on the subjects which had been laid before Louis Napoleon (thus it is written in my father's diary of December 1863), I found that they 'were favourable to the proposed solution of the Venetian question, although they anticipated the possibility of difficulties from Austria, from the tribes of Roumania, from Russia, or from Turkey. They made no account of Russia, occupied as she was with Poland, and they considered that Turkey might easily be pacified. As for the Sclavonian tribes, it

was Austria's business to conciliate their sympathies; but Austria might find it difficult to give up Venetia, because, though the more enlightened of the Austrians were in favour of this exchange, they might not venture to declare themselves for it if the majority of their countrymen were known to be against the measure. Who was to propose it? Certainly not Italy; neither could England, she being under suspicion for her refusal to join the Congress. France and England in combination would be the best mediators, and Nigra was requested to ascertain the Emperor's opinion. Nigra reported favourably, and insisted that we should not stand upon technical objections, but go on with vigour.'

Meantime, it was reported that the Czar had expressed to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg his distrust of the Congress, on account of the general suspicion prevailing against France; for which he was sorry. With regard to Poland, he could not yield, even if he desired to do so, Russian opinion being so entirely against it. 'An unfortunate historical legacy to us,' as he said, and went on to hope that by the help of the Polish peasantry tranquillity might eventually be restored in that country; 'but as for the nobles, if they be discontented, they had better quit it.'

Like the sound of the tocsin falling on the ears of peaceful sleepers, waking them from pleasant dreams to stern realities, so were these words most ominous to all those who had hoped for modifications on the part of Russia in favour of liberty. Minghetti, on hearing them, wrote to Pasolini: 'This simplifies your mission in England, where you can now speak out boldly, no less than in France, for the Emperor will be more able to make up his mind.'

Minghetti was aware that in the Emperor's character extreme boldness alternated with extreme indecision, and that, as he could not bear to feel himself diminished in power both at home and abroad, so the more he was hampered in one direction, the more would he desire to strike out some brilliant novelty in another line. At the time of which we treat, he was anxious to proceed in accordance with England, and he caused a letter to be written expressing this to Pasolini, empowering

him to make it generally known. Thus was my father employed to mediate between England and France for the good of all parties.

On December 18 he writes from London:—

'It is out of the question that England should join in warfare for Poland, though Azeglio tells me that Palmerston personally was inclined that way, unsupported by any others of the cabinet. This explains a great deal, and everything seems distinct enough, the Danish question being now to the front, with some apprehension that it may plunge them into hostilities. At the same time, there is more sympathy with France, and I have heard it said in a general way that there will soon be substantial union between the two countries; but there is nothing yet done towards an Anglo-French solution of the three questions (as proposed without reference to the fourth impracticable one of Poland), only we have agreed in regard to the affair of Denmark. Palmerston said to me, "Separate the questions." I would do so, but France will not; her heart being set upon the Polish question, in which she considers her honour to be engaged. This morning I saw Mr. Gladstone, who had come up from the country, and he spoke to the same effect as Russell, ill-disposed towards Germany, both Austrian and Prussian, on account of their conduct to Denmark; complaining of France for her eccentricities in Mexico, and for her sudden device of a Congress; but he nevertheless hoped for a *rapprochement* with her, and he praised the Italians, &c. &c.

'Through Layard I have made the acquaintance of Bulwer, who told me that, in recently passing from Naples to Florence and Genoa, he found animation and vigour in places formerly without any life; and though of course there were many discontented people, he must on the whole congratulate us. Let me repeat that England is averse to war, and would not think of it so long as the Eastern question be untouched. She would be inclined for closer union with France, supposing a cordial hand held out to her from thence, and she wishes well to Italy, but would not fight for Venetia lest France should intervene and bring on complications. She is disposed, nevertheless, to further by her good offices in diplomacy the desired ex

change of Venetia.[1] Palmerston says that this idea requires to be accepted by Austria, Turkey, and their bordering tribes; I said that Austria should have a *plébiscite* to settle the annexation.

'I confess to having felt rather humiliated on my first arrival here, in the belief that I could be of no use, but my feeling has changed; for I have gained a better understanding of the intentions of England, and am conscious of having strengthened the goodwill towards us, besides putting more clearly into Lord Russell's mind the idea of the arrangement for Venice. The conclusion must depend on France, and if she combine with England to effect that exchange, there is nothing better to be desired.'

III.

Italy, having advanced well this year in the esteem of other nations, might have looked forward with increasing confidence to the future, but for the uncertainties and difficulties of France, her principal ally. The Emperor saw his designs frustrated one after another; the Congress refused, the Poles oppressed, the Italians unsatisfied, and the contemplated alliances not yet effected.

At Compiègne it was said, 'Pasolini's reports show that we must not count upon England as anything more than a neutral ally; she approves, however, of the combination proposed by us, and will aid diplomatically in the exchange for Venetia. We might have hoped for more; but this is something at any rate obtained by Pasolini's mission, which has certainly not been fruitless.' Two courses were open to the French, now assured of English friendship and Russian neutrality; either to join Italy in war against Austria for the possession of Venice, or else to allay the unquiet spirits of Italy by the withdrawal of her garrison from Rome, leaving the Venetian affair to be worked out peaceably by treaty. The Emperor expressed his conviction that the Powers desired to isolate him; hence the necessity for rigid prudence on his side, lest they should enter into alliances against him. He thought that Austria's rejection

[1] *I.e.* for the Danubian principalities.

of the Congress might be a useful point for Italy and for the affair of Denmark. 'I cannot follow,' said he, 'a different policy in Germany from what I have propounded in Italy and elsewhere. I am bound to the principle of nationality, with regard to which my mind is clear, and should war be kindled in Germany, it will not grieve me, but might rather tend to improve my position.'

The French Emperor's last word was always, 'Wait and see,' while his frequent changes of purpose betokened increasing uncertainty of mind, and diminished confidence in his own resources. Besides which, the restlessness of the French, continually craving after more complete liberty, was so heavy an anxiety to him that he had no longer energy enough for any of those bold strokes which opportunely cut through the Gordian knot of politics, and often avail as the rapid remedy for many evils. While agitation and uncertainty thus ruled at Compiègne, the French ambassador in London told my father that his presence there was much remarked by the Austrians, who had received intelligence from Vienna that Pasolini, after seeing the Emperor Napoleon, had come on to England for the purpose of negotiating an alliance of Italy, France, and England, to make war upon Russia. On Christmas Day my father had taken leave of Lord Russell, and was ready to return to France, when such threatening news was received from Denmark as delayed his departure, in order to ascertain whether the Federal troops had actually entered Holstein or not.

He wrote the following day to Minghetti:—

'It appears to me that by great tact and caution we might be able to act beneficially in the present juncture, though not without intimation to the Emperor, and perhaps to the other Powers. They are all isolated, since England led Austria, Russia, and Prussia by her example to reject the Congress; but she is disgusted with Austria and Prussia on account of the Danish affair. I am not acquainted with the ambassadors of those countries, and would rather keep out of their way, so as to avoid idle talk; but, at any rate, I should be too new, personally, to have any influence. I requested Nigra to communicate to the Emperor the sum of my impressions before returning to Paris,

in case he might wish me to do something further here; as it would be impossible to come back again to England without raising a whirlwind of chatter which it is always safest to avoid. The French ambassador told me yesterday that he had written to his Government against the idea of a restricted Congress, which he considers impossible, and he knows nothing of what will be thought in Paris on the Danish affair, but inclines to suppose there might be a conference, including the disinterested Powers —for instance, Italy and Spain—to assist in settling that and some other difficult points. This last part of his supposition I pronounce impossible, and I concur in Palmerston's advice when he said, "Separate the questions." I wish that ours at least might be arranged; but if it be complicated with the affairs of Hungary, there is no chance of it at present.

'Does Austria believe that her military reputation would suffer damage by her acceptance of a pacific arrangement? The clouds gathering over Europe seem to grow daily darker and darker, particularly for Italy; but the differences between England and France are more of sentiment than reality, and I am morally certain of our having England with us in regard to Venice. Are we to derive no benefit from the tacit concurrence of the two greatest Powers who rule the world?'

To a friend in Romagna:—

'*London, December* 26.—Since being in England, which is ruled by old men, I have come to believe that this world is for the young, who must govern it; and that the aged oppose themselves all in vain to the progress of the younger generation! Perhaps I don't see clearly in some way, and my eyes may be dazzled by the new lights; but, anyhow, it is always easy to do harm, and difficult to do good. I never thought to have found myself, as I am here, in daily communication with the Leviathans of the world. It was certainly easier to talk politics at the Café and at the City Board!

'I say to myself, on every new occasion, "This is to be my last political appearance," yet the resolve has been broken over and over again! I gave up the Foreign Office in order to avoid certain responsibilities, which now I have to deal with under special circumstances of difficulty. I am growing old, too, and

I did wish to enjoy a few quiet years of country life before going under the sod!

'This is truly a peaceful country; such wealth and prosperity! Good order seems natural and spontaneous, but their liberty is of ancient growth here, like the grand old trees in their parks; whereas we are only in the pangs of labour, and need all our courage to bring forth the true blessing. Every person you meet will say he desires what is good; but, by Jove! what differences there are in people's consciences! So goes the world jogging on; the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad, all pushing their own way.'

English statesmen were too sagacious not to recognise that it would be for the advantage of their country that Austria should possess the mouths of the Danube; and the gain to Austria appeared so evident as to make it unlikely that any sentiment of militarism should induce her to stand out against the cession of Venetia, which was sure to be severed from her sooner or later. This consideration prompted the French Emperor to intimate to my father his desire to see him again, in order to have him as a mediator for the benefit of all parties. His mind was so set upon the friendship of England that he would willingly throw aside all question of Russia and the Poles, if only he could be assured of effecting the exchange of the Danubian principalities as the equivalent for Venetia.

Pasolini to Minghetti:—

'*December* 27.—If you ever suspected me of postponing public duty to private convenience, you may dismiss the doubt, since here I am still. After having not only packed up for departure, but in the very act of setting off, I found reason to delay indefinitely, long enough at any rate to learn from Nigra whether he thinks I might attempt something *à propos* of the Danish affair; as, besides our great object between England and France, we must insure that Italy be admitted to work in concert with the Great Powers. It would be most desirable for me to come to an end of my mission, and get away speedily; I am always on the point of departure, yet cannot go.'

The year 1863 did not expire without showing some glimmer of light and hope, although so faintly shining amid the general

darkness as to keep the minds of thoughtful observers in a painful alternation of hope and discouragement.

In a letter of Pasolini's at this time to King Victor Emanuel from London he wrote :—

'I find in this country much esteem and sympathy for Italy, but Europe is divided by the prevailing distrust of one Government for another; and, although all recognise the dangerous questions of international interest which must be settled in order to preserve peace, they will not face them, but prefer giving way to indefinite procrastination, because each Government is in fear of being drawn further than it would desire. It is too early yet for me to venture on any prediction of probabilities; but I feel that in any case Italy will do well on every occasion and in every place to assert her rights, because the great deeds already achieved by your Majesty have over men's minds an undoubted influence, which gives solid promise for the future.'

Minghetti to Pasolini :—

'*Turin, January* 3, 1864.—Dear Friend: I gave your letter to the King, who was pleased with it, and desires me to thank you. We then spoke of things in general, and of all you had done. He is anxious to penetrate the views of the Emperor, and to know what may be his scheme for the present year. I have in vain represented to him that the clear firm plan he wishes to understand does not exist, and I endeavoured to prove this by adducing the facility with which he passed from the general Congress to the limited Congress, and from the Russian to the English combination.

'On your return here, the King will be sure to ask you, chapter and verse, about everything, so you must be prepared; and it is best to tell you this before you have your next conference with Louis Napoleon. The King's chief question will be, "Does the Emperor meditate any enterprise this year, or will he continue to shut himself up in silence and inaction?" "In such and such an enterprise, what part can be taken by Italy? or, if none, what course would France adopt supposing Italy to take the Venetian business into her own hands?" You know the King, and how prompt he is to exact direct answers whenever it may be possible to obtain them.

'Your affectionate, M. Minghetti.'

IV.

My father's letter to me at the New Year contained the following passage: 'I have learned that there is no such thing in the material world as real peace, and our object must be to have peace within ourselves, and to preserve it amid all the outward conflicts, which are never-ending.'

In his diary he noted on January 2:—

'Lord Russell, after a long conversation—the Italian ambassador being present—assured me, confidentially, of his willingness to enter into combination with France for this negotiation (about Venice), and that he would write expressly to Palmerston on the subject.'

Lord Palmerston was not well, and in low spirits, when my father saw him on January 5, 1864, but he repeated his favourable assurances of the accord between France and England in regard to Venice; adding, however, that under the actual circumstances of the Danish question, it would be inopportune to trouble Austria by any immediate move.

'I have already told you,' writes Pasolini to Minghetti, 'how different I have found Palmerston this time from what he was in summer, and how touchy he seems towards France; but I do not lose hope of him thus far. I must see Gladstone, and get another introduction, through which, by patience and perseverance, to obtain clearer insight in the matter. These tempers are perilous to deal with, and if only assumed, they may change again. I would wish in such case to turn the opportunity to our advantage; but anyhow, the clue for union with England is not lost, and the Emperor can take hold of it at his pleasure, although for the moment there be a coldness towards him.'

It began meantime to be suspected that the Emperor was making use of Italy for his own ends, and that Pasolini's mission was inspired from Paris rather than Turin; but a little later the public became aware of Lord Russell having entered already on the preliminaries with Austria for the proposed exchange, while Palmerston persisted in holding back, and Lord Russell keenly felt this check.

'Pasolini's word is general war for general remedy;' so

said the English politicians, and it was substantially true, for Italy could have no stability to depend upon apart from the liberation of Venetia, which had become impossible by peaceful means, at least for the time. Failing the Congress, Italy could do no otherwise than fan the flame of European combustion, and trust that the fortunes of war would put her in possession of her rights. Pasolini, with all his caution, was in truth simply representing the spirit of his Government and his country; but that which was desirable for Italy was not so for powerful, happy England.

V.

France, dissatisfied with the Imperial policy, was impatiently demanding more internal freedom, while the Emperor, determined not to grant this, still hoped to drown all voices of complaint by the clang of arms in some grand successful campaign. He therefore kept a watchful eye over all his neighbours, hoping even from the dissensions of Germany and the ambition of Bismarck to draw something for his advantage, and his eagerness for news from every quarter, especially from England, caused him to make anxious inquiry as to the probable time of Pasolini's return. My father arrived on January 10, and next morning was received by the Emperor. His report next day, written to Minghetti, gives a summary of the interview, while its details were still fresh in his mind, and the impressions produced were of a nature which made it advisable to communicate them without delay.

'In the first place I must tell you that the Emperor seemed cheerful. He knew something from Bulwer, which he had probably used as a counterpoise to what Nigra had intimated to him from me; he thought it best to let Germany be further embroiled, as there was a third Power arising from among the smaller States which might bring Austria and Prussia into opposition, and believed that Russia was beginning to meddle with them. I suggested that possibly it might now be time for us to propose a conference about the Danubian principalities, and he agreed with me.

'We discoursed on the possibility of a war for Poland, and I

made no secret of my ill success in this point with Palmerston, who had told me we ought to give up all idea of any such thing, because England would not hear of it. I attributed the coldness of England to mere ill-humour at the proposition of a Congress, without any deeper motive, and told him also that Russia appeared on excellent terms with the English Government, as I used to see her ambassador *au mieux et rayonnant chez Russell.*' "Very strange!" said the Emperor.

'We then spoke again of the Venetian-Danubian exchange, to which Palmerston was so favourable, deeming that it required no permission from Russia, who was at liberty to make war if she chose, but would be in dread of difficulties from Turkey. The Emperor had reason to believe in Russia's acquiescence, and thought that the opposition would more probably come from Austria. It was with the same feeling that I had, in England, strongly represented to Lord Russell the grave consequences which we had to fear from a war (I have repeated the description here also in the strongest colours), and the advantage there would be to us in seeing some clear basis established, on which England and France might combine. Russell then told me that he had personally no objection, but that Palmerston was afraid lest any movement of this sort should change the present good disposition of Austria with regard to Denmark. To this the Emperor replied that perhaps within a month the Danish embroilment would reach the point where intervention might be opportune; that he discerned the dangers incurred, and we must be on our guard; that troubles are threatening in Gallicia, and unfortunately there is no good to be expected from Hungary; yet it was still possible that Austria might incline to accept the proposition, and somebody had suggested the advisableness of entering into direct communication with the Austrian Emperor about it. I here remarked that Palmerston had told me that all the most enlightened men in Austria were anxious for the proposed solution, but that they dared not run counter to the prevailing popular sentiment on the score of military honour, &c.

'Louis Napoleon repeated again that he would seriously consider how to effect the desideratum, and I urged on him the

necessity laid on us for speedily completing our work of unification, especially as we are subjected to new perils through delay. He answered that in yesterday's despatch to Nigra he had expressed his ardent desire for the unity of Italy, and he wound up by saying, "*Dites au roi que je vais y réfléchir sérieusement.*"

'He inquired whether I should be long in Paris, and I said there was no reason for me to remain unless it were for the sake of hearing from you once more. I must not omit to mention my having told him that Palmerston, in spite of his ill-humour, had admitted to me that no French Government had ever been so favourable to England as the Second Empire.'

Immediately on receipt of this letter Minghetti made haste to read it to the King, who was anxiously waiting to learn from Pasolini what were the sentiments and intentions of the Emperor, and was profoundly touched by the sentence which conveyed a special message to himself. Louis Napoleon had already informed him through his ambassador that Pasolini's news from England was encouraging, though the Danish question made an element of uncertainty.

My father wrote on January 14, 1864, saying:—

'France and England persuade themselves that Italy may wait indefinitely for the accession of Venetia without running any danger of such tumults as would compromise the peace of Europe; but this is not enough. We all know that malaria brings fever, though many people refuse to think of it until the fever prostrates them! The Emperor has no fixed plan; how then can he pretend to shorten our term of suspense? This is the question which perplexes me, and I should be sorry to return home with such a thorn in my heart.'

Again, on the 16th, he continues:—

'Everything in England allowed me to infer that by prudence and quietness we might have her sympathy in our policy; but the Emperor's vacillation made a change so soon as he thought he could see something in Danish affairs to be turned to his account, and he stopped short. Can we regulate our pace by his? or for how long? that is the chief point. We must force

his hand, by urging his voluntary promise, besides the necessity of circumstances.'

There was no comfort to be derived from the discussions which my father had with French statesmen at this time:—

'Drouyn de Lhuys tells me he approved of the Congress, not as a practical measure, but merely because it would justify his Imperial Majesty from the accusation of secret intrigues.'

Another of the Emperor's diplomats remarked:—

'You will never bring him to any decision, unless it be forced upon him by unexpected events; for he has no settled purpose of his own.'

'*January* 17.—Rouher and the rest of them declare that France strongly desires peace, and perhaps the present aversion to hostilities is even beyond what could be wished, because we have to fear a reaction which might cry out for "war at any price" before long! The Emperor is not likely to decide for war so far as we can see at present.'

VI.

My father had a second audience of the Emperor (January 22), in order to convey to him the King's acknowledgments for the assurance of his anxiety to devise the best means for accomplishing the unity of Italy. He began by reading to him from Minghetti's letter as follows: 'His Majesty said to me, "Write and tell Pasolini to express my thanks to the Emperor, and to say that I hope some resolute determination may be evolved from his serious reflexions, for that Italy cannot go on much longer in the scales of uncertainty as at present. There are agitations going on now among our most violent parties who have no scruples to hold them back, and I shall feel it necessary to do something for the consolidation of Italy, if not for the benefit of the Emperor himself." These were the King's words as nearly as possible. I don't know if you were going to see the Emperor again; but it would be well to do so by way of leave-taking, and the King will be pleased that you should personally deliver his message.' Pasolini wrote to Minghetti on the same day: 'I have had my audience, and read to him

various passages from your letter, on which he observed that it would be a great pity should the Italian Government allow itself to be drawn into action by extreme parties. I replied that our Government would take every care to be master of the position, and to preserve order; but that if an insurrection were to arise, it would be of very grave consequence. We then discoursed about Venice and the Tyrol. "We will hope," said I, "that the German complications may oblige you to go to the Rhine, and Austria to effect the liberation of Venice."

'"Impossible," he answered: "Austria and Prussia stand too well together; I wish they might fall out, otherwise there will be no chance for me to do anything.

'"It occurs to me, however, that war might arise out of Hungary, and in such case our offer would be opportune; for by looking at the map you may perceive that Austria without Hungary is not Austria."

'"Minghetti in his letter offers to give your Majesty all the information he possesses on the subject."

'To this he answered nothing, but knocked away the ashes of his cigar, and I continued: "Minghetti is very matter-of-fact, and does not indulge in dreams." (Here he assented.) "And he says this would fit in with the Gallician affairs."

'"Yes; I have heard that something serious is going on there." "If so, we must take the initiative, and a general movement will ensue." "Let us wait and see." He then rang the changes over again as before about Germany, &c.

'I resumed, saying: "I have repeated my confident assurance that the Italian Government are able to preserve order for the present; but if our people begin to think they are neglecting the great national cause, the executive will be at once powerless. I am obliged to urge this consideration, because 'Wait, wait,' has been so often repeated that it could have no effect at any critical moment to reiterate the useless old song, to which people might reply, 'We have waited in vain at your bidding, and we must now take another course.'"

'We will speak together soon, dear Minghetti; but I really think you must let the present moment pass quietly, as internal questions are so pressing. It is the opinion of others (although

not mine) that a war is impending from without, which will settle many things. You see, the remarkable point of the conversation was upon Hungary; but, to sum up all, there seems no possibility of the Emperor standing to his words.'

Minghetti answered Pasolini's letter, saying: 'Your mission is now fulfilled and usefully completed. I thank you with all my heart, also in the name of my colleagues and of the country; for great diplomatic advantage results from your conferences, and I can assure you of having done real good to Italy in her preparation for the future.'

VII.

Thus ended my father's second mission. He thought that the Emperor showed signs of being well-intentioned and kind-hearted, and that his irresolution, being partly in consequence of his good-nature, made him weak in his control alike of France and of his own Court; so that more blame was given him than he deserved for the vices and disorders of both. In conversation he was simple, and so familiar that my father, in the interest of the subjects before them, would quite forget his imperial dignity; but the Emperor did not mind his frequent interruptions and contradictions. Towards the close of the first audience he reiterated, with the hearty emphasis of one who mentally puts himself in the place of his friend, 'Have I not told you the thing more than once already? Austria and Prussia are now in accordance, but not for long. They will soon have to fight, and then will be Italy's opportunity.' My father reported this saying when he came home, and it was not forgotten when the prediction became a reality two years later; the fortunate alliance in 1866 with Prussia against Austria having enabled La Marmora to continue Minghetti's policy and to inherit his successes. Venice became reunited to Italy without being the occasion of bloodshed: a happy solution prepared by Minghetti, whose excellent judgment and unwearied firmness demonstrated to the world how necessary the independence and unity of Italy had become to the harmony of Europe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PREFECTURE OF TURIN.

Excursions in the province—The Mont Cenis tunnel—Valley of Gressoney—Visit to Aosta with Prince Amadeus—The Convention of September 1864—Massimo d' Azeglio at Cannero—Riots in Turin—Pasolini gives his vote in the Senate for transference of the capital to Florence, and resigns the prefecture of Turin.

I.

On returning to his humble duties as Prefect of Turin, my father completed his tour of that extensive province, visiting first the town of Pinerolo, and explored all that picturesque valley in company with his two sons. He was hospitably welcomed at Oulx by the Senator Des Ambroix, whom he afterwards succeeded in the office of president. This worthy man was unmarried, and lived by himself at his family mansion, the finest and best furnished in the district of Oulx, where he was born; he took pleasure in showing us the portraits of his ancestors and the heavy suit of armour which had belonged to one of the warriors. His old stories were most interesting, illustrating the manners and traditions of the simple mountaineers in bygone times, and I retain a pleasant remembrance of the day we spent in his company. We next visited Bardonnêche, where the grand work of the tunnel was proceeding, and saw the wonderful boring by force of compressed air through the mighty Alps. We were permitted to make our way as far as one could clamber along the passage, where hundreds of lamps shed their light within the mountain among the thousand energetic labourers continually at work there, and it may well be imagined how deep was our emotion at the sight of the advancing gallery: appropriate illustration of human progress and activity in realising a noble design, the contemplation of which made our hearts overflow

with admiration and happy confidence in the future of Italy. Our course thence was by Susa to the Lake of Cenisio, whence we accompanied Minghetti to the anniversary festival of San Michele, noted as having been visited by Charlemagne when he fixed the boundary of Italy near that point. We ascended the vale of Aosta to reach Gressoney, a picturesque gorge, apparently shut off by its mountains from all external communication, where the inhabitants speak German, and have no doctor, but depend on their traditional knowledge of simples for relieving their maladies; the women wore gay caps embroidered in gold, and were brought up never to speak to a man except their husbands.

The surname of 'Menabrea' is frequent among them, illustrious as it has now become through the general Frederick, a native of Savoy. In winter the snowfalls are so heavy as to keep people shut up within doors; hence the necessity of having their houses furnished with everything required to provide for long months of seclusion, during which neither provisions nor any other help can be brought from outside. We visited there a very rich old bachelor, also called 'Menabrea,' who enjoyed good living, and had so crammed his house with comforts and luxuries of every sort as to make the idea of being shut up in such an abode almost pleasant; but my father remarked on coming away that there was too much provision for the animal existence, none for the moral life. 'There was no sign of woman's presence, no real life, nothing to be learnt there. It is only in a family and in the intimacy of their domestic habits that one can come to understand the real character of the people.' He was afterwards told that this 'Menabrea' and the other rich proprietors cultivated the ground with their own hands. 'Fine pastoral idea,' said he, 'but economically a blunder; the richest man should work more and better than others in the right way; but if these wealthy men can do nothing else than plough their own fields with their own cattle it is not nearly enough.'

II.

On August 1 my father started from Turin with the young Prince Amadeus, and after visiting Biella, Andorno, and various other places, accompanied him to the tunnel works at Bardonnêche; they travelled thence to Ivrea, Aosta, Courmayeur, and as far as the slopes of Mont Blanc. Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, was welcomed with every demonstration of attachment, and it seemed that nothing could give greater gratification to the stalwart highlanders of Italy than to see that although secluded in their remote mountain homes, they were by no means forgotten. The Prince's tour through the province had been recommended by my father as a special expedient for soothing the feelings of those peaceable though susceptible mountaineers, who had lately shown some signs of discontent. Accustomed as they were to use the French language for public and official business, no less than in familiar conversation, they felt profoundly injured when, by some unaccountable freak of authority, an attempt was made to forbid the use of French, and to substitute the Italian language! A loud outcry arose, 'They wish to take even our tongue from us;' and in the month of May, partly on account of real grievances, partly through an exaggeration of clannishness, the municipal council and all the officers of the National Guard had resigned. General della Rovere lost no time in writing to the prefect:—'Dear Pasolini, the people of Val d' Aosta are said to be in agitation, and I fear that to promulgate among those brave fellows the propositions which have been enunciated this morning would be like throwing oil upon the fire.' On this and many other occasions my father earnestly exerted himself to benefit the people, and repeatedly visited the Val d' Aosta in order to remove their suspicions of the Government. He was to a great extent successful in his object, and the journey of Prince Amadeus among them, a joyful and unexpected event, happened most opportunely to re-establish their confidence and good humour. In the evening of August 6 the municipality and all the authorities of Aosta assembled at the triumphal arch of the Emperor Augustus, to welcome Prince Amadeus

on his arrival, and the Syndic addressed him in the following words: —

'Altesse Royale,

'C'est un bien beau jour pour les habitants de cette ville que celui où ils voient arriver au milieu d'eux le fils de leur magnanime Roi, le prince qui porte le nom de leur pays.

'En entrant dans l'enceinte de cette antique cité, veuillez croire, Altesse Royale, qu'à chaque pas vous verrez des cœurs semblables à ceux qui, il y a huit siècles, y ont acclamé le chef de votre illustre Dynastie, Humbert aux blanches Mains.

'Notre modeste cité n'offrira certainement pas la richesse des décorations des grandes villes de la péninsule; mais son Altesse Royale y rencontrera des montagnards au visage bronzé, qui sur un champ de bataille ne savent pas ce que c'est que reculer, et qui sont toujours fiers d'être rangés sous la bannière de la blanche croix de Savoie. Veuillez, Altesse Royale, recevoir les profonds hommages que vous présente la municipalité d'Aoste, en son nom et au nom de cette joyeuse population accourue en foule pour contempler les traits chéris d'un Prince que cet ancien Duché comptera pour son plus illustre protecteur.'

The Aosta newspaper gave a glowing description of the Prince's visit, the grand rejoicings and fêtes held in his honour, and the universal joy that was felt at his presence, which seemed to revive the bygone splendours of this ancient capital of the Alps.

III.

The Prime Minister Minghetti, having been obliged to renounce all expectation of direct help from France and England in the liberation of Venice, now addressed himself to the Roman question, which had for some time been prudently kept in the background. His attitude of modest reserve on this point seems to have been a favourable preparation for the negotiations of 1864, resulting in a convention by which the French should evacuate Rome within two years, and the Italian capital should be transferred from Turin to some other city of the peninsula. My father was a party to these negotiations, and said afterwards that he had never known a political secret

to be so well kept. In September, previously to the proclamation of the grand fact, Minghetti commissioned him to confer confidentially with Massimo d' Azeglio, who was staying at Cannero on the Lago Maggiore, and he wrote from the steamer 'San Carlo' to report the visit accomplished:—'Dear Minghetti, I have done the needful, although time was short, owing to bad management of the steam arrangements. Our friend, you may be sure, was satisfied in the main, though he made some criticising remarks of no importance. I sleep to-night at Belgirate, and get back to Turin to-morrow. This goes to you by a Government messenger whom I have met in these parts.'

I now turn with sorrow to record the fatal act of violence perpetrated at Turin on September 21 and 22; those nights of strife and bloodshed which occasioned my father so much grief and mortification. The Prefect of Turin, an exception to all other prefectures in the kingdom, had nothing to do with the police force, nor had he any responsibility for public safety within the walls of the capital. He could therefore do no more than carefully consider and give notice to those whom it concerned whenever he foresaw a probability of impending danger, that they might take timely measures of prevention. During the days which immediately preceded this outbreak, he had been frequently with Minghetti and other of his ministerial friends. I accompanied him to their place of meeting on the evening of September 21, and saw the rush of the populace against the musketry recruits in Piazza Castello, with discharge of fire-arms, and several victims lying on the ground after the hasty flight of the multitude. Another moment saw me in presence of the cabinet ministers, all startled by the unexpected riot; but Minghetti immediately plucked up courage, while my father and General Menabrea ran to the War Office to ask for military support, as the garrison of Turin had been left very weak, no serious crisis being anticipated. Even General della Rovere, the prudent and observing War Minister, himself a Piedmontese, was utterly taken by surprise; but my father, who always earnestly endeavoured to keep up friendly relations with the citizens, had for some time entertained grave apprehensions of them. It happened about a year previously that he had

remarked to Marchese Rorà, who was at the head of the municipality, how many people used to go about talking of the political and military convenience of changing the seat of Government to some more central city of Italy. 'Take care,' exclaimed Rorà, 'that would bring on a revolt; we should immediately adopt the "bonnet rouge."' These words gave my father serious uneasiness, not from any doubt of the good Marchese's loyalty, but because it struck him that they were the mere repetition of a common saying which Rorà must have frequently heard among the Turinese, and that they implied a real threat. He concluded, therefore, that, although Turin appeared loyal to the King of Italy, there were those within her walls who would not peaceably submit to the transference of the capital. My father walked constantly all about Turin after the riots, during the time of greatest bitterness against the Government party, but never suffered any personal violence nor insult, although well known as a former colleague and firm friend of the Ministry. On his way to confer with them he used always to pass in front of a certain café resorted to by the enemies of Government as their head-quarters, and he remarked, 'It does no harm for them to see where I go.' The Ministry changed on September 29, and General La Marmora became the new chief.

Pasolini to Minghetti :—

'*Turin, October* 3.—I have received your welcome letters, but cannot see why you should thank me, as after our close friendship for many years we seem so identified in all things that I unhesitatingly count upon you as upon myself. I wrote to Bevilacqua the things I particularly wanted you to know at first, thinking it best not to write to yourself; and knowing Borromeo to be in communication with you, I have deferred my resignation, and shall only take a short run into Romagna for urgent private affairs, leaving my family here. I wished to set off last night, but could not manage it, and am now prepared to start by this evening's mail, hoping to see you by-and-by on my way back. As regards a dissolution, I can tell you it is decided that the great question should be laid before the old Parliament, and every precaution is being taken

by Government to keep order in Turin at the time of assembling; but if riots there were inevitable, Parliament might meet in Florence, or elsewhere. Of the new Ministry, I most frequently see La Marmora and Lanzi, and must acknowledge that we could not be better off than with these two, who are in my opinion an improvement on their predecessors. La Marmora is well satisfied with his position, finding that his colleagues are men of unexceptionable character; at any rate, they are all firm and clear on the subject of the convention, which, as I have always said, is a matter of supreme importance and most heavy anxiety. I thought it so from the first, and think so still, because of my misgiving that in the general consent to this great measure there is a latent influence of the anti-Piedmont spirit which has shown itself before; and because, if anything were done to stigmatise or irritate this province, which has been, and still is, a rock of safety to Italy, it would be a great shame, and highly dangerous to us. I mean by this that the convention must be carried out with the greatest possible discretion.'

At length came the unhappy necessity for voting. I say unhappy, for so it was to my father, who sincerely appreciated the good qualities of the Turinese, and held their traditions in due honour. He had always considered that city a noble seat of government for the King and Parliament of Italy. On the other hand, his whole heart was set on the liberation of Italy from the stranger, by sending the French out of Rome; and to make sure of this essential point appeared in his eyes a sacred duty. I was in the gallery of the Chamber that day, and heard the president's enunciation of the vote. 'The capital of the kingdom shall be transferred to Florence.' My father rose to his feet as though performing a duty which cost him a great effort, and gave his vote of assent. He wrote next day to Lanzi, Minister of the Interior, as follows:—

'Turin, December 10, 1864.

'I voted yesterday in the Senate for the transference of the capital, as in duty bound by distinct conviction of what was right towards my country; but that vote places me in opposi-

tion to some of the most worthy men in this province, whose interests will be seriously affected by the measure which has been passed, although I feel persuaded that the noble and patriotic sentiments prevailing among them will save me from their censure. Your Excellency will perceive, nevertheless, that the point of honour induces me at once to place in your hands my resignation of the prefecture of this city and province. I lose no time in doing so, as I am anxious to show that it is done of my own accord, apart from any influence of others, and I remain, with much respect, 'Your devoted humble servant,

'G. PASOLINI.'

Lanzi approved of his sentiments, and immediately offered him the prefecture of the future capital; but he declined this offer, and resisted also the earnest request of La Marmora, that he should go as prefect to Naples; pleading in apology his extreme anxiety to return to private life.

On the last day of 1864 he thus wrote to a friend:—

'I tendered my resignation the day after the momentous vote in Parliament. The Ministry have shown their approval by offering me whatever office I might prefer, but I declined, with thanks. The newspapers continue their comments on my resignation, some approving, others not; but all are courteous towards me in the main, which I am sure is a wonder, for what with the vexation of the capital, and my being so well known as friendly to the Ministry, one would have expected the wind to be dead against me! In country districts, lately, there seems a sort of reaction against Turin, and some displeasure at my resigning, as it were, on account of the Turinese. My great object is to dissolve the knots without any cutting, or, in other words, to take my departure quietly, without disgusting anybody. The other day we had my provincial deputies at dinner, along with the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Public Works, and I must confess it was real enjoyment to me, as I felt myself well and on good terms with them all.'

My father, at Lanzi's request, deferred his departure until the Governnent should be ready to appoint his successor.

On January 30, 1865, a Court ball in Turin became the

occasion of serious riots, which were described by an eye-witness as follows:—'Towards seven o'clock a crowd gathered at the iron gates opening upon Piazza Reale, extending by degrees to Piazza Castello, so as to block completely the crossings of Doragrossa and Via Nuova, where they permanently stationed themselves to hiss and shout abuse upon all the guests as they drove up. The riot soon reached such a height that many carriages were forced to turn back because of the block, and in some cases their horses were seized and turned round by the mob, who, of course, broke the windows. The ordinary police, unable to cope with such violence, were obliged to send for the National Guard, of whom a hundred and fifty speedily joined them, followed by the remainder of two legions, who had been in reserve for contingencies; but it was not till after various manœuvres, and many appeals to the multitude, with indefatigable perseverance of the patrols, that the piazzas and streets were cleared of the rioters.'

This insult to the King's invited guests was a direct personal offence to himself, as he keenly felt, and he consequently intimated to ministers his intention to quit Turin without delay.

On February 3 he went to Florence, attended by General Alfonso La Marmora, President of the Council.

My father wrote to Minghetti:—

'Since the doings of Monday I have obtained the acceptance of my immediate resignation: behold what comes of leaving people to their own devices for five or six days! And the world will never understand that the prefect was not responsible for all this. I am indescribably grieved, and I wish it to be distinctly known that my resignation, from considerations of delicacy, had been presented seven weeks ago, that it had never been withdrawn, and was peremptorily insisted upon after these last disgraceful facts. Who will ever believe that the prefect of Turin was powerless to prevent them? But I must leave off speaking of myself and my feelings.'

From this time up to my father's departure there was a continual influx of friends at our house to take leave, lamenting that he must go. A gentleman of Turin, entirely adverse to the convention and to Minghetti's Ministry, in fact a faithful

representative of the general sentiment of his class, sent to my father the following kindly assurances :—

'At this moment of painful disillusion respecting the politicians whom we trusted, it becomes a consolation to feel unaltered esteem for your honourable name, and to hold it up to the well merited esteem of others, as that of one whose high sense of honour was the sole cause of his being incidentally mixed up with facts ever to be regretted. I wish you to know that in my presence no word of blame shall ever be uttered against you with impunity.'

At the meeting of the provincial deputation on February 3, an address was voted to my father, conveying the most hearty expressions of their esteem and regret, in acknowledgment of his farewell letter to the Deputato Anziano. The cities of Ivrea and of Aosta also expressed affectionate regard and regrets at losing him.

The letter of February 7, from the 'Junte Municipale d'Aoste,' concludes thus :—

'Considérant : Que pendant toute la période que M. le Comte Pasolini a tenu dans ses mains les rênes de l'administration de la Préfecture de Turin, il n'a cessé de témoigner le plus vif intérêt aux besoins moraux et matériels tant de cette ville que de tout cet arrondissement ; que nous avons toujours trouvé en lui un magistrat zélé, éclairé, et prompt à appuyer de sa haute influence auprès du Gouvernement toutes les grandes mesures qui sont appelées à faire sortir la Vallée d'Aoste de l'état d'infériorité où elle avait été laissée jusqu'ici ;

'Que dans la Vallée d'Aoste, la démission de M. le Comte Pasolini de sa charge de Préfet de cette province a été considérée comme un malheur public :

'En conséquence, cette Junte a été unanimement d'avis d'exprimer nouvellement par le moyen de ce délibéré, tous les regrets qu'éprouvent les habitants de cette ville de se voir privés des lumières et du bienveillant appui de M. le Comte Pasolini dans la direction de leurs intérêts administratifs moraux et matériels ; elle l'assure que le souvenir de son passage à la tête de cette province restera ineffaçable dans le cœur des Valdôtains.

'Mais elle supplie le noble Comte de ne pas oublier la Ville et la Vallée d'Aoste dans toutes les charges où l'appellera la confiance du Gouvernement et de la Nation, et de vouloir aussi conserver, dans la haute position qu'il a su conquérir par ses mérites et ses talents dans les conseils de la Couronne, le titre tout modeste que nous nous étions plu à lui donner, de *Protecteur des Valdôtains.*

'Pour prouver en même temps auprès de ses administrés qu'elle sait être la fidèle interprète de leurs vœux, la Junte ordonne que le présent soit affiché à tous les bancs des publications de cette ville.

'De quoi tout acte qui après lecture ouïe a été signé comme suit:—

'*Le Syndic*, Chevalier Av. Dép. J. MARTINET.
'J. B. FAVRE. J. DALBARD.
'V. ROSSET, Av. L. DONNET.
'S. CHAPPUIS, *Secrétaire.*'

My father was very glad to retire into private life, and to resume his old occupations, as he expressed in one of his letters to a country correspondent about this time:—

'I understand the ambition which makes a man desire to rise in life, but I must put up with the criticism of friends who reproach me for the want of this feeling; for I am old and worn, and I feel it time to have some repose.

'After five years of public duty I shall be thankful to go back to my farms with a clear conscience, assured of having strenuously and honestly done my best; encouraged also by believing that the goodwill shown to me in so many ways by the most worthy of the people with whom I have been connected is heartily loyal and sincere.'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COMMISSIONERSHIP OF VENICE, 1866.

La Marmora's forebodings of war—Baron Ricasoli—Pasolini appointed Commissioner at Venice—His arrival there—His proclamation—General Moering—The Patriarch, Cardinal Trevisanato—The Plébiscite—Entrance of King Victor Emanuel into Venice—Lord Russell—Social life at Palazzo Corner—Condition of Venice on the departure of the Austrians—Public Works undertaken by the Commissioner—Arrangement of the new Government offices—Opening of the first Provincial Council—Ricasoli prohibits the popular meeting—Interpellation in Parliament—Dissolution—General Election—Arrival of Garibaldi—His departure—Pasolini leaves Venice—His farewell to the Venetian municipality.

I.

On returning to his Romagna property my father's heart was much saddened by the unhappy condition of the country. 'I should have been delighted,' he wrote to a friend, 'to come back to my farming but for the vexation of finding everything here so much worse than I had anticipated, for the result of liberty thus far has been only to intimidate the good by leaving opportunity for the bold and bad part of the community to come to the front. Public security does not exist unless by accident, when nobody wishes to make disturbances.'

The general state of Italy was also unsatisfactory. I quote from my father's letter to Bianchi :—

'*November* 25, 1865.—You will have seen what a deplorable speech was put into the mouth of the King! If we have a King, there ought to be a kingly manner of utterance, superior to the littlenesses of party, and more dignified than a ministerial programme.

'I am one of those who think royal authority indispensable to us, and feel, therefore, very tender of it, and grieve to see it degraded.'

Again—

'*February* 6, 1866.—When our friends were in power, anything recommended by us used to be cried down, as savouring of favouritism, and we were branded as a "clique," though our fault was really that of not being sufficiently prudent and compact in our doings. I have faith in the future of Italy, and this makes me firm in my conviction that the present form of government will in course of time become constitutionally solid. We are said to have good soldiers and good politicians; but there is almost nothing as yet accomplished for our internal administration. I am now happily restored to that private life and complete exemption from the responsibilities of public business, which I have not enjoyed for more than ten years; as even in the Pope's time there was not much peace for the head of a commune! The change suits my age and disposition, especially at present, when I can neither approve nor understand the Government proceedings.'

The great events of 1866 were so little foreseen at the commencement of the year that for economy's sake the army was being reduced, and many cavalry horses had been sold; but soon there came a rumour confirming Louis Napoleon's prediction of war between Austria and Prussia, and the seed sown by Italian diplomacy beforehand, yet not too soon, began to show signs of growth. With Prussia in opposition to Austria, Italy now found the long-sought opportunity for an alliance to liberate Venetia, and by the time April arrived, nothing was heard on all sides but the noise of warlike preparations.

II.

Before General La Marmora quitted office as President of the Council at Florence, to assume command of the army designed to re-conquer Venice for Italy, my father went to see him and wish him success. They naturally discoursed together on the fortunes of war, and agreed in thinking that the immense armies of modern times, required special skill in the commander. In La Marmora's opinion the old generals (including himself) were not able effectively to manœuvre hundreds of thousands

of men, nor had anyone as yet mastered the science of rightly leading such enormous bodies of combatants.

Certainly we had no success at Custoza, and after the naval disaster of Lissa our military reputation fell very low; but old La Marmora's predictions were so far true that Benedek, fighting against the Prussians, was still more unfortunate, and had to sue for peace, and at the settlement Venice was ceded to France, by whom it was restored to Italy. Many people will remember the painful suspense during the summer of 1866, while it still remained doubtful whether Italy would obtain any of the benefit which she had hoped to secure by her own prowess. Baron Ricasoli was now head of the Government.

Writing from Fontallerta on July 7 to the deputy G. Checchetelli, my father says:—

'I saw the Baron for a minute, and was afterwards with Celestino Bianchi, or rather he looked in upon me as I was beginning to write to him, which I continued to do, and read the words aloud as I wrote them, viz. that he should go to the camp, and judge by his own eyes of the possibilities. I have been in the city all day, and find nothing but bad news. I have seen Usedom and Brassier de St.-Simon, and feel very apprehensive. If things come to the worst, do you think Ricasoli ought to resign? It is a momentous question, which requires to be well considered. Oh that we might have news this night of a grand victory of our troops!'

No military success was achieved by us; but the Venetian provinces, so much longed for, were at length adjudged to Italy, and a King's Commissioner was appointed to each of them. My father by that time had gone to Montericco, near Imola, and was living there in complete retirement when he received the following from Ricasoli:—

'Florence: September 5, 1866.

'Give me your best attention, and keep secret between ourselves that which I now say to you. When the Venetian fortresses shall have been evacuated, Government will appoint Commissioners to Venice, Verona, and Mantua; it is therefore advisable to have a previous understanding with trusty in-

dividuals who are willing to undertake the required service for their country, and to be assured of their acceptance, that we may make out the appointments immediately and unexpectedly at the happy moment. Tell me, therefore, if you would go as Royal Commissioner to Venice. I am confident you will say "yes" to your affectionate friend, RICASOLI.'

III.

My father's feelings on the subject were expressed in writing to Checchetelli. The Commissionership of Venice, although an honour desired by many, was so little to his liking that he was almost tempted to decline it. 'I hesitate to answer Baron Ricasoli, not being at all prepared for his proposition, and of that country I know absolutely nothing. What should I do with my family—take them, or leave them? The domestic difficulty troubles me greatly, and has always been a reason for my not wishing to take up politics as a profession. I looked on myself as having done with active political life, and was entering on a different line; not that of idleness by any means, for I must always be working as long as I live. But I am more aged in mind than in body, for there is a certain kind of faith, an elasticity of hopefulness which already fails me, and without which one cannot go energetically to work. I should be sorry if it were to turn out that Ricasoli had made a blunder in fixing upon me for this business. Think of it, and let me know your opinion without delay.'

Checchetelli replied thus :—

'I hasten to acknowledge yours of yesterday, and even apart from this friendly communication it would have been my duty to write you something expressly on the subject in hand, being authorised to do so. The Baron had addressed his letter to Ravenna, supposing you still there. For goodness' sake, for the sake of Venice, do not refuse. I know you to be somewhat deficient in self-confidence, as those who know a great deal frequently are, but we must set against your inward doubts the outward evidence of facts which your modesty cannot deny;

for the remembrance of your governorship at Milan is still affectionately and honourably preserved, as is also that of your conduct as Prefect of Turin. To these antecedents we add the general desire for you among all the best of the Venetians, who have become aware of Ricasoli's intention. You can scarcely imagine how much my esteem and regard for you are heightened by the fact of knowing that, in spite of your great love for domestic and country life, you have never thus far hesitated to renounce your favourite pursuits when your country demanded the sacrifice of them. Now you need not give me credit for any other virtue than mere sincerity, and you may be assured that I would say nothing at all unless from the conviction that you will be joyfully received at Venice, and have good success there. In fact, the Baron, in asking you to go, has done that for which Italy may thank him. Considering the circumstances and temper of the Venetians, you are the right man in the interests of their province. If I did not honestly believe this, I would pluck up boldness at once to tell Ricasoli not to disturb your peace and quietness; but, on the contrary, I have already felt impelled to congratulate him on the selection he has made! You know how important it is that the first act of the Italian Ministry in choosing a Governor for Venice should be acceptable to that people; and in sending them the person who is most acceptable to inaugurate the new order of things, the commencement will be favourably made by a well-timed compliment to the self-respect of the Venetians. You would do very wrong to refuse, and it would be an unmerited cruel blow to poor Ricasoli, who has almost done violence to his natural character in order to obtain this province for Italy. The Government wish you to take your family to Venice, as it is especially important that their representative should not confine himself within the political circle, and the Countess's presence there with you is essential. I have written you words warm from my heart, in great haste, which you will excuse on account of their sincerity. It is no mistake of the Baron in choosing you for Venice. His choice rather proves him to be a more practical man than we had supposed. I shall be in great anxiety to know for certain that you have sent him your acceptance.'

Ricasoli, however, had made sure of it from the first, and wrote on September 10 :—

'The thing is done, and I thank you in the name of the nation. The King's Commissioner will not be installed at Venice until after peace has been signed, and the Austrians withdrawn from the city. You may make your own reflexions upon the good work before you, and I am sure you will end by taking pleasure in it. No one is more worthy than yourself to be the first representative of Italy in beautiful Venice.'

The Baron's expression in a later letter was :—

'I consign "beautiful Venice" to your hands, to be administered in the name of Italy, after long years of bondage.'

My father, writing to Checchetelli on September 16, said :—

'I am now ready for the sacrifice (as it really is to me), but it is not a folly if I rightly understand myself. Yet I say alas for my country home, my books, and my horses! All right, however, if I were only sure of doing good, which is the doubtful point.'

Checchetelli again writes to him on September 18 :—

'In answer to your esteemed communication of the 16th, the Commissioner will certainly not go alone to Venice, but must be accompanied by men who know the district "*intus et in cute.*" It is not in my power to name the persons, for the Baron says you will choose whom you please to be about you; and you might consult with him on the subject. As regards the probable date, you will know more about that than I; it must depend upon the stipulations made with the Austrians for their withdrawal, so there may still be a good many days to spare.

'What will people think of you? I cannot answer that question except by another, What was the opinion of you when you gave up Milan? or when you left the Foreign Office? or when you resigned the prefecture of Turin? Be honest with yourself, as I am. At Milan your departure was regretted universally; and when you quitted the Ministry it was the same thing. Hudson can tell you that I was one of those most enraged at your leaving us; and as at that time I had not the honour of intimate acquaintance with you, my rage could only have been excited in sympathy with public opinion. I heard

some months ago from Bertea that at Turin everybody wished to have you back again, and so on!

'Have done, then, with your doubts, and be assured that at Venice as elsewhere you will be welcomed on arrival, and will not fail to leave recollections of respect and attachment behind you when you go away. I know well the sacrifice you make in leaving your own property and people, your farms, your horses, and your books; but when, after a time, you return to them, and can say, "I come back with a clear conscience, never having refused my best services to our beloved Italy, and I find myself among you again, followed by the grateful attachment of our countrymen in the new and beautiful province restored to us," will not your beloved home and all your old pursuits seem more pleasing to you than ever?

'Your affectionate,

'G. Checchetelli.'

My father replied on September 21:—

'You put me in mind of my past errors, and I certainly did wrong in quitting Milan for Turin. As for leaving the Foreign Office, which was more to my taste than any other employment, I thought I had already told you the reason of it. I made a mistake at Turin by not coming away immediately after presenting my resignation; but on that occasion I was weakly influenced by the entreaties of Lanzi to delay my departure. It was my unlucky fate to "See the best, and yet the worse pursue"—that is all, but it makes me timid of plunging again into public responsibilities. I must own that my exclamation about my fields, horses, and studies was somewhat hyperbolical; as, although my love for these things has never diminished, I would not let it stand in the way to prevent me from doing that which is right to be done. I am just going to Forli, to meet my son Eneas, who will be there to day with his regiment, *en route* to Foggia, from beyond Venice.'

Ricasoli to Pasolini:—

'October 14, 1866.

'Dear Friend,—We are informed that our troops are to enter Venice on the 18th, and I think you had better be there by the 19th, or at latest, the 20th. Since you said you would perhaps

set out from Ravenna, it has been suggested to the Minister of Marine that you should be accompanied to Venice by the ships of our squadron.

'Your affectionate,

'RICASOLI.'

IV.

Instead of going to Venice with the squadron, my father took a special train from Imola, and I accompanied him as far as Pontelagoscuro, where many persons had assembled in kindly and respectful curiosity at the station to see him pass. A great number continued to watch the Commissioner's carriage crossing the River Po by the bridge of boats, until it was hidden by the trees on the opposite bank. He reached Venice on the evening of the 20th, and his family joined him ten days later. Unobserved, because unexpected, the Royal Commissioner's gondola was quietly rowed along the Grand Canal, and stopped at Palazzo Corner, the splendid residence of the Austrian Governors. Before clearing out of Venice the Austrians had held an auction of the Governor's chief movables, which found ready purchasers, as usually happens in case of an enforced and unfortunate departure. Thus the palace was stripped nearly bare of its most necessary furnishings. The good Venetians were too much absorbed by their large enthusiastic patriotism to think of small homely things at that moment, and there was not even a bed prepared for the Commissioner on his arrival. My father was too simple in his habits to care much about the personal inconvenience of an ill-supplied house, and that was soon remedied; but he keenly felt his isolation on first arriving, without friend or adviser in a strange place. This discouragement quickly passed off, and instead of loneliness he found the enjoyment of congenial friendly society. He liked the Venetians so much that as time went on, he often made real friends of his new acquaintances, seeing them frequently, and maintaining that interchange of thoughts, opinions, and mutual good-will which is so desirable and helpful to a man in authority.

V.

The following proclamation was given out that evening to be immediately set up in all parts of Venice:—

'Venetians! Long live Venice! This is the cry of exulting Italy, with which I enter your city, sent by that King whose life is consecrated to the national independence, and whose bravery in the battle-field is only equalled by his magnanimity. His ancient and glorious crown gains increasing lustre from the loyalty of his people. I find myself in a city second to none for its historical fame by feats of arms, of policy, science, arts, and commerce. Venice is the more dear to Italy because of long desire, painful anxieties, and troubles endured in so noble an attitude of firmness and dignity; especially because of the remembrance that from her illustrious exile proceeded the mighty watchword, which availed to bind discrepant opinions into one harmonious aim, "Unity and Monarchy."

'I deeply feel the honour and the importance of the office devolving upon me, to initiate free institutions among you, who are to determine the future by your own spontaneous votes. On my own part, I promise you good-will, activity, and a strong sense of duty, in aid of which I confidently invoke your hearty co-operation as my best encouragement; because, under a free government, the executive must know how to work in harmony with the judgment and feeling of the citizens, without which their measures cannot be thoroughly useful.

'If the population, who after hard struggle have vindicated their independence, will turn their energy to the various branches of civil progress, we shall go on rapidly to prosperity and greatness. The facts of the present day have their parallel in your glorious annals, when, after repulsing the enemy from these lagoons, the wisdom and virtue of your ancestors became the admiration of the world. I predict the renewal of this glory in Italy! I predict its renewal in Venice, whose ancient splendours will shine forth in a new form even more worthy of admiration, reflecting lustre and joy upon the entire nation.

'The King's Commissioner,

'Pasolini.'

He was waited upon the same day by Count Luigi Michiel, with the heads of the Provincial Delegation and District Commission, the only offices regularly consigned by the late Austrian Government to the civil authority of Venice. All other offices except the tribunals had been left unthought of by the Imperials, in their precipitate retreat from the city.

The disposition of the Venetians proved so friendly and amiable that my father found nothing to prevent his keeping on good terms with people of opposite parties; and notwithstanding several difficulties, he always maintained relations of courtesy with General Moering and other Austrian officers who had to remain until the last moment, in order to give up formal possession of the military establishments. The Austrian uniform had always been an eyesore to the Venetians, reminding them of many injuries and misfortunes; but, when once free, they respected the Austrian soldiers as their guests, and behaved to them with that generous courtesy which is part of Venetian traditions. Although the Court of Rome looked with little favour on our young kingdom, it so happened that Cardinal Trevisanato, the Patriarch of Venice, had not a shadow of grudge against us, and thought it right to demonstrate his participation in the general rejoicing by letter as follows:—

To his Excellency Count Pasolini, Senator and Commissioner of the King of Italy.

'Patriarchal Palace, Venice: October 23, 1866.

'The Royal Italian troops now stationed in Venice belonging to the 43rd and 44th regiments, which have shown their valour in the field, and have also endeared themselves to the good people here by their quiet, regular behaviour, are destined, as appears in a communication of the 6th current, to be transferred to a distant quarter, which would cut them off from the gratification of participating in the national festival, and from the honour of standing in presence of our beloved King. The notice of this intended removal has caused great regret to the Venetians, who, in evidence of fraternal affection for these gallant soldiers, have entreated that I should endeavour to obtain your

Excellency's good offices; hoping they may not be deprived of a reward which they have well deserved. In my natural willingness to further the reasonable desire of the citizens, I accepted their commission, and therefore have taken the liberty of writing to entreat of your Excellency's gracious kindness that you would make known to the War Minister the prayer, as I may say, of the Venetians, who are anxious that this worthy corps be permitted to continue longer among them. We venture to believe that your high influence might avail to procure us this indulgence, and I thank your Excellency in anticipation for the kindly act of help; assuring you of the high esteem and consideration of your devoted humble servant,

'G. L. Cardinal Trevisanato.'
(Patriarch of Venice.)

VI.

It was decreed that the ardent and almost universal desire to complete the unity of Italy should be legally expressed by the direct vote of her people, and the 'Plébiscite' took place on October 22, without any of those disorderly demonstrations which too often accompany any great occasion of popular rejoicing. The polling showed only sixty-nine contrary votes, and 641,758 for annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Victor Emanuel: a happy result which was duly proclaimed on October 27 in the Doge's Palace by Sebastiano Tecchio, President of the Court of Appeal. Two days later the Commissioner appointed as head of the municipal administration Count G. B. Giustinian, with the title of 'Podestà.' The new Provincial Delegation was now constituted, and Pasolini thus prepared the way for the promulgation of the new laws, and the planting of new institutions. He at once put in force the common law of Italy, and every Government appointment made by him was subject to careful and equitable regulations. I say this advisedly, from personal knowledge, well remembering that my father's zeal was unfailingly accompanied by the most scrupulous regard for personal rights, even the smallest. He spared himself no amount of thought or trouble to be assured of doing what was just, and succeeded in this so completely that amid all the necessary

changes of persons and offices during the inauguration of a new Government, no one had any cause of complaint against him. There was a great deal said and printed afterwards in praise of his impartiality; but what pleased him most was the saying which we knew to be often repeated in private conversations of the employés among themselves. 'This Commissioner has never done harm to anybody.' Such words were the due acknowledgment of his earnest desire to do right, his just balance of mind, and his absolute impartiality in every word and action. My father said to Checchetelli: 'I am greatly worried by people's likes and dislikes, but must make it my business to overcome them.' To Ricasoli he wrote: 'The men most credited with ability have still some smudge of the Austrian about them, and new ones need to be educated.' On the first occasion of political elections at Venice, everything was found to be so impartially conducted by the electoral committee that the Venetians became aware of having already realised the benefit and joy of liberty.

My father had taken up his position in Venice as though entering among an ancient family, all of whom he respected, ignoring party strife, fomenting no discord, but peacefully inviting the co-operation of every one for the public good, so that he soon established with the citizens a solid link of personal influence; and although he scrupulously respected the absolute right of each man to speak and vote as he pleased, many of the free Venetians were more or less guided by his opinions.

One of his first duties was to organise the city militia, putting at the head of it Colonel George Manin, A.D.C to the King, and son of the illustrious dictator, Daniel Manin, whose glorious memory, still fresh in the public mind, will ever be honoured in Venice.

VII.

Victor Emanuel made his entrance into Venice on November 7, 1866, amid such universal festive demonstrations as surpass all possibility of description. Thousands of people from the mainland crowded into the city, every window and balcony was filled with eager spectators, and nothing could exceed the joyful

excitement which prevailed from early morning of that eventful day. Before dawn, the Grand Canal was enlivened by the movements of many coloured gondolas, 'bissoni,' launches, and lighters. An hour or two later there was such an immense gathering of 'barche,' that the Commissioner's gondola could not get near Palazzo Corner. In despair at this delay, he took an ordinary boat with one gondolier, and had great difficulty in getting to the station just as the artillery of Marghera made known to all Venice that the King was arriving. Except the loud cheering of the people, Victor Emanuel's joyful entry into Venice differed entirely from the circumstances of his visits in state to the other cities of Italy. Instead of richly caparisoned horses as elsewhere awaiting him, he found here a magnificent barge like a temple, beautifully painted and gilded, rowed by eighteen gondoliers in the picturesque garb of the sixteenth century, copied from a picture of Victor Carpaccio. As the stately barge proceeded, everyone could see the King conspicuously standing in the centre, attended by Ricasoli, his Prime Minister; Pasolini, his Commissioner; Giustinian, the 'Podestà'; Count Michiel, the Marquis de Brême, the officials of the Port, and among them an aged English gentleman named Heath (for fifty years the Italian Consul in London), who had expressed his great desire to appear for once in his official uniform among free Italians on this auspicious day to welcome their King. An endless multitude of crowded gondolas floated before, behind, and all around the royal barge, like a swarm of bees, so dense as to hide the water completely in that part of the Grand Canal. At noon the slight mist which had till then been like a fluttering veil over the scene, obscuring here and there the bright colour of the boats with their banners and with their wealth of beautiful flowers displayed in every part, and the gorgeously tinted tapestry hung out from many balconies, was suddenly lifted, revealing the brilliant reality in all its pomp and joyfulness, while the ringing out of the Church bells added a more touching solemnity to the pageantry of Venice, as though the voice of their ancient bronzes announced the awakening of new life to the city of the sea! Unknown, countless were the voices that day cheering the King with their loud "Evviva!" preceding

following, and surrounding him. The squadron advanced very slowly, and took two hours for the voyage to the royal palace. On landing at the Piazzetta, a royal salute was fired by all the ships of war, and Victor Emanuel entered the Church of St. Mark to the sound of grand military music. At the close of the Benediction, pronounced by Cardinal Trevisanato, the King turned his face to the people, who could keep silence no longer, but broke out with a ringing cheer which echoed through the sacred edifice. Many Croatian soldiers were seen that day wearing the Italian colours on their caps, and even Marshal Moering, in Austrian General's uniform, had followed the state barge in a gondola carrying the Italian flag!

Lord John Russell was then in Venice, and came to view the pageant from our windows in Palazzo Corner. When my mother saw this old friend appear with the tricolour upon his breast, she said: 'Fort bien, Milord! nos couleurs italiennes sur votre cœur!' He shook her by the hand and answered: 'Pour moi, je les ai toujours portées, Comtesse. Je suis bien content de vous trouver ici aujourd'hui. C'est un des plus beaux jours de notre siècle!' Somebody then said to Lord Russell what a pity it was that the sun of Italy did not shine more brightly to gild the historical solemnity. 'As for that,' said he, 'England shows her sympathy by sending you her beloved fog from the Thames.'

VIII.

The week of the royal visit to Venice was one of immense anxiety to my father, under the difficulty of insuring good order in a place so overflowing with an extraordinarily mixed assemblage of people; and his agony reached its height when Villamarina, prefect of Milan, came to tell him that among them was an individual who had come with the intention of murdering the King! The idea seemed too absurd, yet every precaution had to be taken for his Majesty's safety; although it was felt that in case of danger his real defence would be from the universal love of his people, surrounding him as with a shield.

Amid all the rejoicings, now at their height, some of the

emigrants from Rome craved permission to hoist that dark banner in his Majesty's presence, as a reminder that the unity of Italy was not yet fully accomplished.

The King rightly considered it an ill-timed demonstration, by no means calculated to hasten the liberation of Rome; but he was persuaded by his Commissioner to let the flag be set up one evening in the theatre, 'because,' said he, 'it is politic to allow them this satisfaction; especially since it has been in virtue of granting liberty to the expression of every man's opinions, that your Majesty has been able to make your progress through Italy, and to enter Venice in triumph.'

On November 14, my father attended the King's departure, accompanying him as far as Treviso. 'You must continue to me your esteemed and valuable friendship,' said Victor Emanuel to him, with a warm shake of the hand at parting.

IX.

The royal palace did not long remain uninhabited, for Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, came to reside there, cordially joining in the many social festivities which took place that happy winter among the chief families of Venice. The prince used to be present at the weekly gatherings of Venetian society, held by my father and mother in the stately halls of Palazzo Corner, where the visitors were of every different stamp, socially and politically, from the royal guest down to the humblest class of artists.

The financial condition of Venice was far from flourishing at this time, when she was at length set free, like a prisoner long inured to suffer in idleness. The people, from no fault of their own, were unaccustomed to labour, and were prone to idle quarrels. Their defects had hitherto been attributed to the Austrian Government, and the Italian rule was therefore expected to cure every evil, restoring them at once to economical, no less than to political prosperity. In their eyes, the blessing of independence seemed a sovereign remedy, which ought to make everybody immediately happy. My father's private notes give evidence of his great earnestness to ascertain the best means of

promoting local interests. With this intent he applied to Count Agostino Sagredo and other influential citizens for their opinion regarding the most urgent points to be considered, requesting them to favour him with memoranda of the public works already in progress, and of those that were contemplated. A great deal of work was thus given to large numbers of artisans, in finishing the Rialto, restoring the royal palace and various churches, besides building the asylum of San Clemente for lunatics, and the sea-wall at Malamocco: undertakings which had been discontinued for some time. He also insisted on increasing the number of labourers in the royal dockyard, and appointed a committee to examine into the rights of emigrants, another to regulate the King's bounty of money to the poor of Venice, with preference to those who had assisted the national cause. Three separate commissions were also named for the purpose of getting back from the Austrians whatever had been carried off from the Archives of the Frari, from the arsenal, and from the public offices. The societies for the preservation of ancient monuments and for the study of Venetian history were also instituted by Pasolini, who gave much attention to the subject of public instruction, endeavouring to reform scholastic affairs, so far as local authority might venture without risk of disturbance by excessive changes. He was also zealous in restoring to active usefulness all the ancient national institutions, and encouraging every effort of private zeal for the promotion of the general good. But his principal aim at first was, here, as it had been at Milan, to insure public safety, which is so apt to be disturbed during a period of political excitement, and he was unceasingly on the watch to check the slightest symptom of disorder.

To Ricasoli he wrote :—

'I have divided the city into thirty-three parts (December 7, 1866), each being consigned to the police, the carabineers, or the National Guard, so that from midnight to six in the morning there is a patrol in every district.'

The duties of King's Commissioner being now accomplished, the name came to an end; but Pasolini was appointed to remain as head of the prefecture of Venice, and on January 21, 1867,

he opened the first session of the Provincial Council. Ricasoli's official letter of compliment at the close of his commissionership ended thus: 'For the happy results brought about by your Excellency in the fulfilment of your onerous duty, I have much pleasure in conveying to you the sincere thanks and entire approbation of the King's Government.'

X.

Early in February 1867, meetings of a popular character were held at Venice, as elsewhere, to protest against the new law for the liberty of the Church, which was about to be discussed in Parliament. The meeting was called together in the Malibran theatre, and Pasolini had thought better to permit it under surveillance for the prevention of mischief, than to prevent its taking place; but an order arrived from Ricasoli, prohibiting the thing altogether, desiring Messrs. Galli, the proprietors, to shut up their house and take away the keys. Pasolini was very averse to this arbitrary proceeding, and his free remarks led to a question in the Chamber of Deputies on the 11th, which resulted in the following vote by a majority of 32:—

'The Chamber, in full confidence that Government will remove the existing obstacles to the constitutional right of free citizens to meet together at their pleasure within the limits of law and order, now passes on to the business of the day.'

After this vote the Ministry tendered their resignation, which the King accepted, but desired Ricasoli to proceed immediately to form a new cabinet. The Chamber was dissolved on the 13th, and orders were given out for the general elections. My father expressed soon afterwards to Ricasoli his wish to retire from Venice, but the Prime Minister would not hear of it, and wrote to him:—

'How could you think of retiring at this crisis? It would be unjust to the country and to yourself! I promise you shall do as you please after the elections, but it is necessary that you stick to your post for the present, and do your best to promote the choice of good men as deputies—men equally attached to

order and to the cause of freedom, and who are endowed with honesty, thoughtfulness, and capacity for business. There is nobody who can do so much for us in Venice at this moment, or one-tenth part of it, as yourself, and in fact I should not know whom to send instead of you. Trusting, therefore, that your patriotism is sufficient to keep you up to the important duties of your office at a time when it will be so useful to the country,

'I remain, your attached Friend,

'RICASOLI.'

The Government programme for the elections was to respect the freedom of voting, and merely to point out the qualities desired in those who should be sent to Parliament, that they ought to be men chosen for their integrity, capacity, and firmness of character, men in earnest for their country's good, and not warped by party spirit, still less by personal interests of vanity or selfishness. The Prefect of Venice loyally responded to Ricasoli's appeal, and the result was satisfactory in the choice of worthy representatives belonging to the moderate party of Liberals.

XI.

On February 23 Ricasoli again wrote to Pasolini: 'Garibaldi has quitted his retreat, undoubtedly with mischievous intentions. It is the duty of Government firmly to prevent the disturbance of public order by any individual, whosoever he be. In Italy we are all citizens, the King and Government included, the law being supreme over all; Garibaldi is a citizen, like others, be it remembered. I trust you will maintain your dignity as his Majesty's representative, which requires you to abstain from doing homage to any private person.' My father's absolute faithfulness to the inviolability of the laws was well known, being in fact a part of his religion; and his zeal in this respect had made him regret the more seriously how often it happened that those in authority defeated their own best objects by rigid and vexatious adherence to technicalities, which only served as an excuse to the seditious in their efforts to excite popular discontent. He therefore requested some modification of the

Premier's words: 'I was formerly at Milan with General Garibaldi, and was able on that occasion to keep things quiet, having been empowered to act as I deemed best, with the full assurance of support from Government. I know no better rule of action than amid choice of evils to choose the least; and on this principle, I believe, we may even now keep free from serious disorders.' Longana, a councillor of the prefecture, was immediately sent to Florence with this letter, and easily obtained from Ricasoli, in place of his first instructions, a few lines expressive of friendly and complete confidence.

Garibaldi reached Venice at five in the afternoon of February 26, and was welcomed by the municipality, the National Guard, and the representatives of the labourers' unions. Throughout Venice it may be said that he met with a festive, enthusiastic, and tumultuous reception. His stay there lasted two days, on the first of which he made an harangue against the ecclesiastics, which immediately caused the riotous part of the populace to go and break the patriarch's windows. Garibaldi's followers next day put it into his head to get enraged with the Syndic for not including them in his invitation to the city banquet, and he broke out into such bitter words against the whole council that the Garibaldians began to talk of making a demonstration against the municipality.

Four common councillors had been deputed to do the honours to Garibaldi in the name of the 'commune,' as their respected guest, one of these being William Berchet, nephew of the poet, a young man on whom the King's Commissioner greatly depended for his trustworthiness and tact in delicate affairs.

Having seen the bad effect of Garibaldi's first speech, and observing the danger of still worse consequences from the excitement now provoked against the magistrates, Berchet went straight to the General, and thus plainly admonished him: 'After your discourse yesterday the mob broke the windows of the patriarchal palace, and to-day they may probably smash those of the municipality. Such is the fruit of your two days' visit here; and can such results gratify you in an illustrious city which had for years longed to see you, and now welcomes your

presence with enthusiastic rejoicing?' Garibaldi, thus appealed to, fixed his blue eyes upon his generous monitor, whom he shook vigorously by the hand, saying, 'You have an honourable name, and you are worthy of it, for you boldly speak the truth to my face, which few people do.' He came to the banquet that night without any followers, and all passed off happily. At the Phœnix theatre next evening his arrival attracted little attention; but Prince Amadeus, who came in shortly afterwards, was greeted with the most hearty applause, a contrast somewhat disconcerting to Garibaldi, who deemed himself the first man in Italy. He departed the day following to Udine, and it was understood that the visit to Venice was considered by his party as a failure. My father reported it to Ricasoli without delay (March 1, 1867): 'Garibaldi started to-day for Udine, after a visit little satisfactory to himself, probably beneficial to our elections. The tremendous cheering which burst out for Prince Amadeus when he entered the "Teatro Fenice" last night was most significant. The Prince acknowledged it by bowing repeatedly, and at last stopped the shouts of applause by leaving his own box and coming into ours, where my wife and Countess Pianelli still stood waving their handkerchiefs, as did the other ladies. Garibaldi occupied the box assigned him by the municipality, alongside of us; but neither he nor his party made any demonstration, and his lady friends remained silent in their seats while the cheering continued. Garibaldi had been applauded in the entrance-hall, but not at all inside the theatre. I did not go to see him, partly in deference to your wishes, and because my example would have been followed by the prefects elsewhere, had I done so; secondly, because he had not paid his respects to Prince Amadeus; and thirdly, because in consideration of all the circumstances at present, it seemed safest to let him alone.'

Pasolini's mission to Venice was now accomplished, having been already prolonged beyond the time originally contemplated. On March 18 he went on leave, and Count Bernardino Bianchi remained as his substitute at the prefecture. Within a month from that time Ricasoli's Ministry fell, and Rattazzi came again into power. This led my father immediately to present his

definitive resignation. He returned to Venice only once subsequently, when sent with a deputation from the Senate to bring back the honoured remains of Daniel Manin.

His farewell letter to the city of Venice was acknowledged by the Syndic and assessors with the strongest assurances of respect, gratitude, and lamentation at his departure from them. I subjoin the concluding words of their address: 'Your Excellency, as our first national governor, had the art, by your high qualities of mind and perfect courtesy of manner, of teaching us to forget the miseries of former times, and initiating friendly relations between the governor and the governed, such as they ought to be. Liberated Venice, associating her first rejoicings with the illustrious name of Pasolini, will ever hold it in loved and honoured remembrance among those of her most distinguished citizens. If ever, amid the chances and changes of the future, your thoughts turn back to the days of your residence in Venice, we hope your lordship will again read our parting words, with full confidence that they are not only the expression of our personal regard for you, but convey in truth the universal sentiment of the city, in whose name we assure you of our liveliest gratitude and affection.'

(Signed by the Syndic, Giustinian, and the eleven assessors. Venice, April 15, 1867.)

The 'Gazzetta' of the same day reported:—

'Venice will ever preserve a grateful and affectionate remembrance of Count and Countess Pasolini. The name of the first magistrate who came to inaugurate national government is worthily associated with the memorable resuscitation of our country's life.'

CHAPTER XX.

HIS COUNTRY LIFE.

How my father passed from classical studies to take up natural science and agriculture—His relations with men of science in other countries—Institution of the Agricultural Provincial Association of Ravenna—The farms, villas, and rural life of former days—Pasolini's country house and domestic habits—His first attempts at improvement of cultivation—Happy years—My mother's journal—Political changes—Being called to public employment, my father quits his fields—His acquisition of property in Tuscany—Agricultural studies and farming in Romagna—An excursion to the Tuscan Apennines, and notes on forestry—Excursion to the Marche—Development of mulberry cultivation, and the produce of silk—Restoration of Montericco, management of the lands, and alterations in the system of culture—Studies different methods in the Italian provinces, and travels to England to pursue the subject of agriculture—Makes notes of practices adopted in Switzerland, Germany, and the Rhine districts—His agricultural management as estimated by himself—His system of accounts—The four years' rotation and other agricultural improvements—His notes on Pietro Cuppari—The farmer's calendar—Pasolini's affection for the country people, and how advantageous he considered it that the proprietors should habitually reside on their estates—His estimate of the peasantry, their virtues and failings—Reflexions on the condition of Romagna.

I.

In the foregoing chapters I hope that I have given a sufficiently full account of Pasolini's public life for the instruction of his descendants, and enough to convince those friends who urged me to the work that I have not failed in appreciation of my father's character as a conscientious lover of his country.

His name is also well known in the cause of agricultural advancement, and many people in Romagna, who are occupied with the cultivation of their estates on his improved principles, have asked me for information respecting the commencement of his studies. It gives me pleasure to satisfy their inquiries, in grateful acknowledgment of the respect thus shown to my

father's memory. But in truth any record of him would be incomplete if it failed to describe how much time and attention he devoted to the culture of his fields: not by fits and starts, nor merely for occasional purposes, but steadily and continually all his life.

No one who had seen him as a boy at Reggio College studying classics, gaining prizes for Latin prose and poetry, but imperfectly instructed in his own language, and not at all in natural science, could ever have guessed that he would become distinguished either in politics or in any practically useful subject. He never forgot his classical studies, and his after-life fully illustrated the words of Cicero:—'Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Quod si ipsi hæc neque attingere neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus.' ('Pro Archia,' VII.) But the sedentary indoor life among books and parchments was sapping his physical strength. The doctor at home prescribed free open air and exercise in the fields, which eventually restored his bodily and mental energy, causing him to develop into a strong man, as Nature intended him to be. We stated that he studied natural science at Naples, where he was the friend and companion of Pilla, Scacchi, Gussone, and other eminent practical men. He began at that time to take up the study of agriculture, foreseeing it to be the most important for him, and perceiving that all the natural sciences found their application in the effort after agricultural improvement; but he found little or no benefit from exploring the farms about Naples, as those lazy proprietors of the 'Campagna Felice' contented themselves with growing that which gave them least trouble, and took no pains to improve their crops; neither was there any experimental garden or farm in that neighbourhood. Finding no opportunity for practical instruction in agriculture near Naples, he came away defeated; but he found in his native Romagna the opportunity hitherto vainly sought elsewhere. On a small estate at Massa Lombarda lived Baron Crud, the distinguished

scientific agriculturist, a Swiss by birth. My father made his acquaintance, and visited him frequently at Caseria, where he was bringing into fruitful cultivation a piece of land which had been in the most deplorable condition of sterility. From these visits to Baron Crud my father returned with many new ideas and distinct principles, which he determined to act upon; and in after days, Crud's books were always found lying on his business-table, the pages filled with marginal notes, side by side with his farming reports, as though they were the root of the matter. Baron Crud's friendship was very serviceable to him in his early travels, introducing him to De Candolle at Geneva, and in Paris to the Duke de Broglie and Count d'Apponyi, as 'un jeune homme plein de mérite, et supérieur de beaucoup à ses contemporains.' It was also through Crud's warm recommendation of him to the Professors Mirbel, Richard, and Jussieu, that my father was received among their pupils, and had the privilege of botanising and studying with them, freely exploring the agricultural museums at his pleasure. By Pilla he was introduced to Elie de Beaumont, the geologist, and Edmond de Boissier, the naturalist; and he became acquainted in London with Charles Lyell, then secretary to the Geological Society of England. After 1837 my grandfather, who fortunately was not in any way tenacious of personal authority, committed to his son the exclusive direction of one large farm, and soon allowed him to superintend the whole of his property, finding great help and encouragement from the young man's comprehensive knowledge and unwearied activity in the application of it.

On my grandfather's demise in 1839, my father made a thorough examination into the state of his patrimony, reorganized the administration, and set on foot a system of duplicate accounts, which in course of time he managed to simplify, so as to be able instantly to turn up all the details of every proceeding at the date required. From 1840 to 1843, he continued his agronomical studies, with special reference to the judicious application of capital to land improvement; and to avoid mistakes he instituted a minute analysis of all farming expenses between 1830–1839, separating the items with their

dates, and calculating the returns in comparison with the cost of each particular department. It was in 1841 that he became acquainted with the Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi, and four years later they discerned some dawning of progress towards the awakened condition of present times; for men's minds began to work more by reasoning and less upon traditions, experiments began to be appreciated as furnishing the best guidance to practical usefulness and profitable labour, while the ideas of increased wealth and ease daily became more defined as a pleasant anticipation for everybody. Intelligent cultivation of the soil, as an obvious means to this end, now engaged general attention, and great hopes were founded by all classes on the successful agriculturists. These hopes led to the formation of an agricultural society for the furtherance of united efforts in the good cause. The Agrarian Society of Ravenna was instituted while Cardinal Massimo was Legate, under the presidency of Giuseppe Pasolini, whose first care was for the formation of a library, under the advice of Ridolfi.

In the president's discourse to the society (January 1847), he said:—

'Up to the present time, and until those who exercise the manual art of agriculture shall be better informed, there can be no other directing principle of labour than that of imitation, exemplified in the common saying, "We have always done so and so, as our fathers did before us." Now it is necessary that they who direct the operations of industry should lend the full strength of their minds to aid the working arm, and that by patient research and indefatigable diligence they should contribute the proportion which is due from every individual to the cause of human progress. Everyone ought to work either with his hands or his head, and it is a sin for any of us to be idle; so much so, that the man who from indolence refuses to do his part towards the common weal is thereby denying or shirking the debt which he owes to his fellows.

'Now, on looking into our social condition, we find that useful information is by no means rightly diffused among the cultivators of the soil. Yet one often hears them accused of perverse ignorance, even by people who have learnt all that they know, or think they know, of agriculture from those very

farmers whom they depreciate presumptuously without having studied the subjects on which they give their opinions.

'I know that from want of practice in this sort of study, which has seldom been the subject of public discourse, there will be a danger lest our discussions occasionally flag, and our ideas come short of that liveliness and energy which is so desirable. But if we steadily hold our meetings and persevere with zeal in the purposes of the Agrarian Society, our minds will open more and more to the usefulness of them. As our views become enlarged, so shall we advance in the power of acquiring knowledge, and in that love of it which, although often dormant, has always deep root in the heart of man. There could be no better moment than the present for making a good step forward, when people have awakened to the desire of improvement, and have already shaken off much of the old inertia and jog-trot indifference.

'The idea of "progress" is gaining ground among us; the word carries with it immense power over men's minds. Heaven grant that this renewed force be turned to the furtherance of agriculture, as the greatest of all material interests alike for the poor and the rich!

'Physical strength, activity, and courage are greatly cultivated by labours in the field, amid peaceful beauties of Nature, in the full enjoyment of sunshine and fresh air; while by studying Nature's laws, and how to bring forth her treasures for man's sustenance, the heart is brought into harmony with feelings of brotherly love—the love of our native land, and of the religion which our fathers transmitted to us.'

These words sufficiently illustrate the president's mode of thought, and we must now mark the practice of this zealous agriculturist in his own home.

II.

Pasolini, although by nature an attached observer of old traditions, was at the same time ready to adopt any novelties in practice which seemed likely to be useful, and he would take pleasure in playfully boasting that he was in advance of his day. This was distinctly true as regarded his farming improvements, in many of which he set the first example.

Why were our fields ever allowed to fall into such poor condition? Our forefathers of Romagna had certainly no poetic love for them. Their possessions were inaccessible in winter for want of roads, and in many places swampy, from the waters which had gathered into stagnant ponds, protected by the shade of indigenous oak trees, so that it was only towards the centre of a field that the light and heat of the sun had a fair chance of ripening the crops. The very limited wants of the people accommodated themselves to the scanty harvests; and such was the parsimony of living among the peasantry that disputes seldom arose between the labourers and the proprietor, who, being generally an absentee, never turned his mind to farming affairs, or probably considered them beneath his notice. Yet in the midst of those desolate fields, so difficult of access, and so neglected as to appear in many parts almost like a wild forest, you might see here and there a grand-looking mansion, contrasting with the miserable huts of the peasantry, which were nothing but wattle and clay, roofed with brushwood, and roughly divided into a stall for the cattle, and a wretched hole for the family, where they all huddled together on straw, with little else for their sustenance than ill-cooked paste or porridge of maize. These solid stone mansions, or villas, had been built not much more than two centuries previously: that is to say, at the time when our nobles abandoned their ancient fortified castles, and exchanged the violent vices of the middle ages for the later faults of sloth and idleness. These villas were arranged internally after the manner of town houses, apparently without the slightest thought of or care for the beauties of Nature, and they remained during the greater part of the year uninhabited. In autumn the long rows of windows would be seen to open, and you would hear the bustle of many people coming and going; it was the noble proprietor arriving with his gay party, who brought with them from the city their habits of gossip and idleness, and continued them during the whole of their stay in the country. The numerous guests who succeeded each other were entertained with practical jokes and grand banquets, displaying lavish waste of food and wines; rare fruits being often procured from great distances. As in mediæval

Courts, there used always to be a fool for the amusement of the company, and at these country houses advantage would often be taken to play upon the simplicity of a peasant or of some rustic priest, by way of fun. Then there might probably be some lady who was the reigning beauty of the party, or perhaps, now and then, it would be honoured by the presence of the Cardinal Legate, who came to recruit from the labours of Government. This gave opportunity for further indulgence in vanities under the pretext of some religious ceremony, followed by excessive dissipation. Such orgies clearly showed that the vain worldlings, whose lives evinced no thought or care of obedience to the precepts of the Gospel, wilfully and ostentatiously made an amusement of ceremonial and unedifying pomps, which one might have imagined they had contrived on purpose to turn religion into ridicule, and make it seem nothing but empty superstition, fit only for the vulgar!

Love of the country for its own sake seemed not to exist either in the higher classes or among the humbler and quieter sort of people. They looked with wonder at the operations of husbandry, asking the simplest questions, such as: 'When do you sow? When do you reap? How do you prune the vines? Why do this? Why do you do that?' They would stand with folded hands looking at the labourers, getting information from them, yet laughing at their simplicity, and treating them as mere children. So soon as the autumn rains began, these visitors would hurry away like the swallows; delighted to get back into the town. Such was the usual way of enjoying country life in Romagna, until a comparatively recent date; but the habits of the Pasolini family were far different, and my father despised the idea of being a 'cockney,' who could live in the country without understanding what went on before his eyes or entering into his own affairs.

III.

After 1843 we used to pass many months at his property of Coccolia, where the tiny house, originally that of a carpenter, had been enlarged by successive additions, until the group of cottages became what we called a villa, which my father adorned with a garden and clump of trees; taking the idea of them from

his recollections of places in other countries. His garden contained many plants and shrubs then little known in Italy, and he brought with him from Paris the first specimen of a 'Paulownia,' which grew to shade the house some few years afterwards.

The dwelling was modest and simple, yet with signs of industry and intelligence pervading it. We had collections of shells and minerals, and my father's botanical collections from various parts of France and Italy were arranged under the direction of the most eminent botanists in Paris. He was far from leading an idle life, and had no occasion to learn from his labourers the secrets of husbandry. On the contrary, having studied scientifically for practical purposes, he was not only a competent director, but a useful example to them in every respect. Great part of the day was spent by him in the inspection of his lands, armed with extracts from the farming accounts, in which were entered the dates and other details of the cultivation. These he studied on the spot, making notes of them, which were afterwards copied into pocket-books, and brought by degrees to such perfection that he could at once refer to them for the exact nature and amount of produce from any particular holding, the cost of production and of whatever improvements he might be making. The special note-books were examined and summarised every ten years, a calculation being made of the medium results during that period. This was compared with the average of the ten years preceding, and in course of time such records became a real history of agricultural progress, from which trustworthy answers to every practical inquiry were readily extracted. My father used also to carry with him pocket-maps, those of the Government survey, on which he marked every alteration or improvement of the ground, the area assigned to each crop, and the differing qualities of the soil. It would be out of place to attempt any minute description of his registries by book and map; I have merely indicated their general scope, because these statistics were entirely his own idea, which in course of time he brought to great perfection. He soon perceived that in order to secure trustworthy deductions from experiments of culture, it was necessary to make them on rather an extended scale, and that

there was no use nor benefit even from the best experimental arrangements, unless these were conducted with intelligent and steady watchfulness. The lands around Coccolia were of comparatively small extent, and detached from the rest of the family property. This caused a difficulty in carrying out consistent plans, and made them more expensive, owing to the impossibility of continually transferring men and beasts from one place to another, so as rightly to utilise their labour. The difficulty also of systematising and personally superintending his experiments weighed with my father as an additional reason for selling and exchanging much of his land, in order to make the property more compact and easily divisible into portions of the size most convenient for his plans of improvement.

IV.

In the summer of 1871 my father read the 'Memoir of John Grey' (of Dilston), an English farmer, whose modest character and beneficent works are recorded by his daughter. He was delighted with the book, and said to my sister, 'I should like if you could some day write the same of *me*; for this man was exactly what I should wish to have been, but could not be.' On reading Grey's life, I found that many things said of the one were an exact description of the other. This biography not only entered into minute particulars illustrated by many family letters, but also gave extracts from John Grey's diary, which treated of political and social questions, domestic events, incidents of agricultural experience, and especially of his horses, which were with him almost a passion, largely shared by his family. These details were recorded in so simple and lively a style as to bring before you the man and all his surroundings with charming distinctness and reality. I like the English way of honestly throwing aside that artificial rhetoric which disguises a subject, and would make it appear as though one man were just the same as another. Here, on the contrary, is the simple, unadorned record of a pure life, which becomes familiar to you as you read, making you a friend of the man, whose faults you understand and regret, while you rejoice all the more in his virtues.

It would be premature, however, to offer to Italian readers the same sort of practical biography which is so highly valued in England; for although we have given up the old grandiose prolixity, and are trying to write simpler memoirs than formerly, we are still far behind the English in that respect.

I venture to subjoin, for the sake of my own family, a few passages from my mother's journal, which to them will be interesting:—

'1845, *June* 15, *Coccolia* (Monday).—The reaping began this day.'

'1846, *June* 15.—To-day the reaping is begun at Coccolia.'

'*June* 21.—The five horses purchased at Padua arrived this evening.'

'*August* 2.—Left Coccolia at four o'clock this morning, I with the four large horses, Geppino with the small ones, and Marei with the saddle horses. Arrived at Montericco by half-past four in the afternoon. At Ravenna, September 8, my second son was born, and christened "Giacomo Enea."'

'*October* 11, *Coccolia*.—We kept my twenty-first birthday, and had service in the chapel; there was a feast for all our Coccolia and Gambellara people, with dancing to the violins afterwards; then we had a raffle for a pair of coral ear-rings, Cereda being the happy winner.'

'19*th*.—The members of the Agrarian Society assembled here, and before dinner made their experiments with ploughs of various patterns.'

'*December* 2.—Geppino is busy with his plantations.'

'1847, *January* 7.—The Agrarian Society opened (at Ravenna) by a speech from Geppino; the archbishop, the prolegate, and nearly all the members of the society being present.'

'15*th*.—Geppino is gone to the Agrarian Society meeting.

'*June* 15*th*.—The reaping began to-day at Coccolia.'

'21*st*.—We went to Ravenna with the Collegno for the festival of the Pope's Coronation.'

'*July* 20 (Tuesday).—The day of Amalia's birth; she was baptised by the Bishop of Forli, who came that evening on purpose.'

That quiet time was the happiest of my father's life, as he often used to say. He remarked to my mother, 'It is said that

no man is altogether happy; but I really am so, and should be thankful to continue all my life here in the country among our people.' 'Let us do so,' said my mother. 'Why not? who is to hinder us?' 'I don't know,' he replied, 'but it seems too bright to last.' In fact it did not last very long, for on July 31 came a Pope's messenger on horseback with a letter from the Secretary of State, to give notice that Pius IX. had chosen Pasolini to be 'Consultore' for the province of Ravenna, and desired his presence in Rome.

V.

In my narrative of my father's public employments, I have already mentioned the political circumstances which in 1850 induced him to purchase the estate of Fontallerta, near Florence. He had personal friends among the most distinguished cultivators in Tuscany, including Ricasoli, Digny, Ridolfi, and Lambruschini; he was a member of the 'Georgofili' Academy, and often sat as one of the judges at the Florentine Horticultural Exhibitions. At the same time he did his best to continue the works of improvement on his Romagna estates, notwithstanding the disadvantage of prolonged absence and the difficulties experienced in persuading the peasantry to adapt themselves to any new practices.

Writing to his factor in Romagna (from Florence, February 1857) he says:—'I trust we may be able to get on this year without diminishing the allowance for manures, draining, or cottage building, as the estimated returns from some other parts go somewhat beyond the old limits, and at Imola we may expect a better return than those of the last two years; but nearly all the income is absorbed by these outlays, which have now reached an amount never before heard of. After analysing them I see clearly that it will soon be impossible to continue any works of amelioration without trenching upon our capital; the family expenses are always on the increase, and are never likely to diminish until the elder generation go under the sod.'

In another letter he balances the doubtful question of growing beetroot for sugar-making; but ends by determining in the meantime to cultivate that root only for cattle food, until satisfactory experiments shall have shown the quantity of sugar

producible from it; as that is known to vary according to the nature of the soil in different places. He next debates the possibility of acquiring two desirable bits of land on condition that four years were allowed for payment of the price; and after owning to a partiality for small holdings, he comes to the conclusion that they must be of a certain size, in order to be cultivated advantageously, so as to produce the maximum of nutriment for man and beast.

In September 1856 my father was invited to accompany the Gonfaloniere of Florence in his journey to Alvernia, where he was wanted for some official duty. Thence he proceeded to Camaldoli and Falterona, to explore the Grand Duke's pine forest (under the direction of Siemoni, a scientific German forester), and took great pleasure in seeing several of the most venerable trees, which were said to have stood for not less than eight centuries. He also saw the curious spectacle of two hundred short trunks of pines left standing just as they had been cut off, at ten or twelve feet above the ground, to furnish scaffold poles for the rebuilding of St. Paul's ('S. Paolo fuori le mura') at Rome; they looked like a series of truncated pillars, and were called St. Paul's Cemetery. The finest pine trees were lower down the hill, and one of them measured more than twenty-nine feet in circumference, its height being above a hundred feet. On reaching the summit of Falterona shortly before noon, Florence was dimly visible on one side, and Forlimpopoli on the other; but a haze on the horizon shut out all chance of seeing either of the seas.

VI.

In 1855 my father began to cultivate mulberry trees, following the method adopted by Count Spada-Lavini on his estate at Osimo; and in order to perfect his knowledge of the system he took two of his farm managers[1] with him at the end of August 1857 from Imola on a week's excursion, to inspect the cultivation around Osimo and Loreto, and especially on the Brigantini-Bellini property, where the mulberries are, more than anywhere else, an abundant source of wealth. After that exploration he

[1] Bailiffs, 'fattori,'

increased his mulberry culture, which began to be a very important resource to the country people about Imola, and became all the more profitable to them, as the price of the silk thus produced, being paid in ready money, enabled them to meet the heavy incidental expenses. During his time of office as chief magistrate of Ravenna he used to reserve one day of the week for an expedition into the country with his sons, returning to town at dark; so that his rural operations were never allowed to stand still, and he felt his mind recruited by an occasional holiday, not for idleness but for change of work, which to a laborious man is better than repose.

It was in 1865 that he turned his attention particularly to the making of wine, when he went to Pegli with his family for sea baths, and took the opportunity to obtain information from Oudart, an eminent man in that line, whom Cavour had brought from France, and to whom he let his vineyards, giving him 'carte blanche' to enlarge them or to change the vines at his discretion. The villa of Montericco, called by my mother in early days 'Bleak House,' was situated on a rocky eminence too sterile to produce more than the scantiest crop of grain. This hill was eventually clothed with luxuriant vines and oak trees, leaving space enough to discern something of ornamental farm inclosures, above which the old towers conspicuously rise. My father studied how to adopt the culture best suited to the soil of these parts, and succeeded so well that his vines obtained in 1869 the first prize of honour from the commission of the Agrarian Provincial Exhibition of Bologna. My mother's hand soon adorned our interior with the pleasant signs of home, enlivening the old halls with flowers, books, &c., in addition to many antique pieces of furniture which were eagerly hunted up from every corner to make the place look inhabited. My father was very fond of it, especially on account of its associations, which brought back to him precious memories of the departed. He expressed this in writing, many years later, to one of his sisters.

'*Montericco, June* 11, 1875.—Dear Maria: How I should have liked you to come to us here for a few days just now! This place is entirely congenial to me, with its austere simplicity and

its venerable air inherited from the past; sufficiently comfortable, but nothing done in the way of luxury, only making provision for the useful and the productive, in subjection to a sense of the beautiful. Sufficiently remote to exempt us from the interruptions of society, it seems exactly suited for a life of quiet occupation in useful things. I can assure you that for an hour yesterday, after coming from the heat of Imola into this pleasant freshness, my mind was filled with these impressions, which I resolved to write to you. I have again read the interesting notes Pierino wrote of the pictures here, and there are two ladies among our ancestors well worthy of imitation—viz. the Pantaleoni and Gomez (I prefer models from antiquity, because one cannot be jealous of them), who left of themselves "large memories" in the family. It occurred to me that from this long-forsaken nest, the voice of an ancestress might fitly reach your ear with her exhortation, that you should strive to combine with the excellence of your own kind heart something of that practical industry by which those ancient dames were so honourably distinguished in their generation.'

VII.

Baron Ricasoli invited my father in the summer of 1863 to join in his experiments with steam-ploughs at his farm of Barbanella, near Grosseto. Of this and similar visits he made notes, which were afterwards useful in his calculations for agricultural purposes. He had great readiness in assimilating information, and showed by his inquiries and remarks such mastery of the subjects put before him, as to win the confidence both of proprietors and cultivators, who readily opened to him their farm-books as the text for long discussions on their principles, and on the matters of fact illustrating them. Such conversations were mutually profitable, and induced my father to go on visits of inspection to the best-managed properties of the Bolognese, Tuscany, and the Roman States.

While admiring in Lombardy the agricultural skill by which the soil is made to yield the greatest amount of wealth, he could not do otherwise than deplore the hard conditions of land-holding, which allowed the peasantry scarcely any share of

the abundance produced by their labour; so that in this most luxuriant province of Italy people were suffering all the miseries of 'pellagra' (akin to scurvy), from the want of wholesome nourishment. It was high time for some rich and generous proprietor to set the example of a more equitable arrangement between landlord and labourer.

When my father was sent to England by Government for political affairs, as elsewhere described, he employed his spare time and refreshed his mind by turning to rural concerns whenever the opportunity arose for such useful recreation. He inspected the lands of Woburn Abbey and Aldermaston, and more particularly the extensive estates of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The beautiful castle with its grand halls, where the chief sovereigns of Europe had been entertained, the picture gallery, museums, library, and the enormous scale of wealth which these implied, inspired him with wondering admiration, totally free from envy. 'In the midst of this magnificence,' said he, 'my thoughts always cling to my own little places.' Thus from his inspections of Chatsworth he returned with full information about crops and management, the benefit accruing to the proprietor and to the tillers of the soil. The welfare of the labourers was a special subject of his inquiries. In London, after his interviews with Lords Palmerston and Russell, he used to visit the Horticultural or Botanic Gardens, and even in winter he went as often as he could to the country, to explore some model farm. 'I have had a delightful expedition' (December 16, 1863), 'on our way back from Woburn to Sir Anthony Rothschild's place, and then to Sir Mayer Rothschild's, near Layton. I forbear to describe the splendour and luxury of their country houses, but much did I wish Pasini could have been with me at the farm; such wonderful cattle as we beheld! A year-old short-horn Durham bull, for which three hundred guineas had been refused, and three-year-old fat oxen at fifty guineas. Such grand farmyards too; I should have liked our factor to see the farm-steadings most particularly, with open sheds in front, and within them the shut-up places for animals that are fattening; plenty of air circulating throughout, even between the walls and the roof, very

different from our way of building large, close houses for man and beast, which are not wholesome for either of them.

'I wish also you could have seen their stud of race-horses, in which were four stallions that cost five thousand pounds each, their height at the shoulder being within two or three inches of the top of my hat, and some of the eight-month-old colts were valued at seven hundred pounds. The magnificent brood-mares are kept out at grass all day, summer and winter, but taken into the stable at night.'

VIII.

When my father found himself free from public responsibilities, after the successful inauguration of constitutional government in Venice, he gladly resumed his country occupations, and became as zealously devoted as before to the study and practice of agriculture. To his accommodating temper, the transition from the stirring life of business and society in Turin or Venice to the quietness of Coccolia seemed perfectly easy and natural. On being asked which of the two he preferred, solitude or society, his answer was, that he would rather not be bound exclusively to either, and that it was good to have a change from time to time, in order to obtain alternately the advantages of each. At Coccolia, in 1867, he found that the trees which he had planted twenty years previously were grown up, so as to shelter and conceal what our mother now called the 'green nest,' in which, after the long interruption of their rustic life, she and my father, surrounded by grown-up children, seemed to renew the brightness of youthful days.

We find by my mother's journal that on August 9, 'Our men for the first time thrashed with the steam thrashing-machine.'

'12*th*.—We went to Galla's to see the steam thrashing-machine at work.'

'27*th*.—A holiday; we had dinner for our farm people in the orangery, to the number of eighty (two from each house), and danced afterwards.'

My father wrote at the same time to his friend Bianchi:—'I am kept busy with the reorganisation of farming affairs, and

sometimes they seem more abstruse than the government of Venice; or else I may perchance have found out the art of dragging hidden obstacles into view, with the disadvantage of greater fatigue in handling minute details, having fewer human instruments available here to help me.'

He used to compare the administration of rural property to the government of a province, saying that in both you had to harmonise the wills and interests of the inhabitants; but as to farming, the principle of authority has a much lower sphere of action, while you have less power to enforce obedience to the rules, and no means to punish anybody for transgressing them.

IX.

Draining, manuring, and labouring were his three essentials for agriculture; but of these the most important by far, and the most difficult to improve, was the human element. He did not allow himself to be discouraged, however, by the difficulties of educating his men; and at a comparatively late period he began to bring forward several youths on his property near Ravenna, to be trained to the duties of management. Referring to this plan, he writes:—

'The farm bailiff, next to myself, has good pay assigned him, with a certain participation in the produce, so that if he has zeal and ability to increase the productiveness of the land his remuneration will be considerably beyond the usual salary of a factor. I wish him to be in such a position that he may feel himself thoroughly well off, and always in the way of improving. His participation, however, will be limited to the profits of one particular farm, of which he has the sole responsibility; while his services on other parts of the land and in other ways are given on the usual footing without such percentage, because it is my desire that his extra profit shall be a gift from myself to him as my working manager, who acts under me according to the orders I give.'

It was the factor's duty to have always ready for reference the plans of the farms, on which were marked the area assigned to each sort of crop, and each of these outlines had a corresponding number, by which it was noted in one of the

pocket-books already mentioned. On the farm-maps was indicated the intended rotation of crops, and a statement was made each year of the changes effected on the surface of the ground, an outline being preserved of any levellings or such-like. In another book were entered the quantities of seed sown of various kinds, and the amount of produce derived from it on each acre of ground. The trees growing in different parts of the property were also noted, and particulars of the various species with their ages, &c.

I have merely mentioned a few of these things in evidence of my father's difficulties, as the duties of farm superintendent required not only technical but scientific knowledge, and, at the same time, a force of character sufficient to keep his work-people well in hand without severity or loss of temper. Writing to his factor at Ravenna, my father thus counsels him in 1869 :—

'I trust you will soon complete the statistics, which are of so much consequence to me as a basis for our programme of cultivation. If you wish to raise your income to a higher figure, study how to increase the green crops for forage on the home meadows. We must contrive next year to grow our own hemp-seed instead of having to buy it. Look well after the stables, and be very careful of the manure, as our greatest resource for increase. Should you have the chance of buying any additional supply on advantageous terms, see you take proper care in the keeping of it, otherwise it will be of little use either to me or yourself. In this rainy weather you must look sharp after the drains, to repair any defects in them immediately; see also that the thrashing-floors be well drained and closed according to order. Let it be the labourers' regular work to keep up these repairs, and to maintain the hedges in good order, allowing nobody to break through them. I hope to find everything perfect when I come to you in spring. On finishing the book of statistics, you should set to work and prepare blank sheets with headings and lines on which to enter the details of crops and other things at the right time, so as to give yourself as little trouble as possible about them afterwards when the out-door work is pressing. It will be great saving of time if you can arrange so as to have merely to insert the figures in

these tables day by day, and you will enter in your diary every evening the day's doings and expenses. All this is to be continued for duty's sake, in your interest no less than in mine, as the only means to secure the maximum of produce from the farms. Let me know in what ways you have been kept back of late by the unfavourable weather. Continue to write to me once a week. I am glad Pio is better, and hope he will soon be quite well. My good wishes to you all for the coming new year.—G. P.'

'*Florence, December* 1870.—Half the battle in agriculture is to make sure of doing things at the proper time. We are apt to begin lazily and lose a day, when one day is precious. This causes undue haste at the end of the work. If we fail in any particular crop, I deem it a sign of deficiency either in labour or manure. We must not have any repetition of such scandalous wilfulness about using the plough. If the ploughs be defective they should be mended, but they are not to remain idle under the shed. It is right to treat our people kindly, and help them, and agree to their reasonable demands; but we must resolutely dismiss those who do not choose to work, and take pains to procure good men in place of them. What difficulty I had in getting the cottagers to keep silk-worms! and now they want to keep more than enough. I suppose it will be the same thing some day with regard to the hemp-growing.'

The Pasolini cottagers were mostly a good sort of people, and such my father earnestly desired to keep them, amid all the new difficulties and excitements of rapidly changing times. He always exhorted his factors to keep their eyes open to the behaviour of the peasantry, and never to hide anything from him. 'It is by mysteries and concealment that mischief is hatched,' he would say, 'and when we distrust one another there is an end of any mutual help—ruin, in one shape or another, being the natural result.' One important maxim of instruction was this: 'The factor must maintain his attitude of superiority in dealing with the labourers, and remember that no abusive language nor wrangling is admissible. To get into a passion would only lower his position instead of exalting it, and dignity is best preserved by imperturbable calmness of temper.

Give very simple rules to the rustics, and be always unwearied in repeating them. People easily get slack in the execution of difficult or tedious operations, and it is not enough for the overseer merely to give his orders; he must also watch to ascertain that they be properly carried out. The factor's chief difficulty lies in learning how to prevent abuses, and to maintain strict order without disgusting those who are under him; in short, how to be at the same time firm, yet mild in his administration.

'A high sense of duty, and of the importance of the business one has undertaken, is the essence of faithfulness and diligence.'

It must be remembered that although my father passed the greater part of his life in public business, away from his lands, his attention was never actually withdrawn from them, and his system of cultivation was always continued for thirty years in the same spirit of improvement, directed, so far as was possible for him to do so, by his letters. He took immense pains to write them with perfect distinctness, numbering the various subjects in hand; and to some of his letters he appended an index of the contents, to aid the recipient's memory. His most frequent expressions in correspondence were: 'I propose,' 'I should prefer,' 'If you agree with me'; thus subjecting his ideas to modification by the person on the spot. He often doubted, and was afraid of being too positive in his affirmations, saying: 'At this distance I might be mistaken,' or, 'Act upon my ideas if you think them correct.' When anything which he had recommended was said to be 'impossible,' he would answer, 'Let us see why'; and, in such case, the allegation of impossibility had to be unmistakably demonstrated to him. If a proposed undertaking were reported 'difficult,' he would probably say: 'Then I must consider well, to find out how it can be managed.' It might happen that objections were made to some useful design on the score that there would be a danger of personal quarrels arising about it. 'A storm in a teacup,' said he. 'It needs a high breeze now and then to clear the atmosphere.'

From Coccolia, August 31, 1870, he wrote to his agent at Ravenna: 'I found in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" an interesting article on the scarcity of forage, which my daughter has translated for me, as I think it may be useful to us at the present

time. Have the goodness to ascertain from Scarabelli, or some one else connected with the agricultural journals of Romagna, whether we can have it inserted in one of them. If not, I would see about getting it printed in Florence.' My father, in his impartial judgment of himself, for which he was remarkable, alike by nature and from conscientious habit, was under no illusion respecting the personal profits to be realised by what he was doing at so great an amount of expense and trouble. Far from this, he sometimes felt that his agricultural enterprises were carried on more for the good of his country than for private benefit, as the prudent father of a family—these experimental works being the more costly and speculative from the fact of their novelty, since he had to pay both for the education of his men and for the many failures to which an experimentalist is liable in proving his theories.

He wrote to me once, in December 1868: 'I was wrong to undertake an improvement of this sort while absent from the place, without having a thoroughly capable director on the spot. I have laid out a great deal of money to little purpose. Baldrati has become a fairly efficient overseer at Imola, and I think Mansuelli is getting on well at Coccolia.' After a good many years, during which the outlay for improvements exceeded the returns from them, he had the satisfaction of seeing not only his own income slowly and surely increasing, but also that there was a visible improvement going on in the system of cultivation throughout all his immediate neighbourhood. Talking of this, he said: 'I always thought it useful work for one's country to find out ways of increasing its agricultural produce; but there is much risk in going too far ahead of the times, and one makes safer, although slower, improvement by carrying on ordinary operations in the best possible manner, than by endless outlay on experiments. Fifty years hence there will be an abundant supply of skilled overseers fit to direct things on an intelligent system of high farming; but at present such men are an exception, and for want of them the expenses of improvements become ruinous. . . .'

'I have just finished with my own hand the balanced account of thirty years' management' (so he wrote to me). 'Those sum-

maries of every ten years have been most useful, enabling me to draw correct conclusions, and without them I should certainly have come to grief a dozen times. The accounts are an admonition to me of many mistakes in the past.' In his private memoranda we find: 'I exhort my children, above all things, to keep correct accounts of their income and expenditure, and to balance them at the end of each year. There are some essential duties in which no compromise can be permitted, and this is one of them. Great Britain settles her accounts every three months, and it is the right way; fifty years hence it will be our way also.' In a letter to his agent Pasini, with whom he had been for forty years on terms of friendly, almost brotherly confidence, he expressed his views as follows: 'Landed property, nowadays, as distinctly explained by Sella[1] (whose luminous discourse on the subject I shall never forget), must be regarded as capital, the value of which is estimated according to the amount of clear income derived from it after deduction of all expenses, including that of management, which is indispensable to bring out the net profits constituting the proprietor's fortune —in fact, the wealth of the country. The main object of keeping accounts is, that the proprietor may render to himself a reason for his doings, and know how to direct the administration of his capital. We need to rectify the ideas generally held in regard to territorial possessions, which are not the same now as in former days.'

X.

After due consideration of the four years' system of rotation, he finally adopted it in 1856, with immense benefit to the productiveness of his fields. We find ample evidence from his own notes, twenty years later, of the improvement effected by this system, under which the successive crops may be compared to segments of a wheel. If one of them be wanting or ill-fitted the wheel will not go round; so, without a proper order of succession in the growth of the various crops, there can be no successful cultivation of the ground.

It is observed in practice that one improvement leads to

[1] Quintino Sella died March 1884, universally honoured and lamented.

another, and when the better cultivation had made forage more abundant, a greater number of cattle began to be reared by our people. Swiss cows were sometimes imported, and bulls of the most esteemed races were sought after to improve the native breed.

In one of his notes my father said: 'I am a farmer, not a cattle-dealer, and I only keep animals enough for working my land. I never buy beasts at high prices for show, and my young oxen are kept for profitable uses.' The cattle stalls were enlarged to suit the extent and productiveness of each farm, and were either finished solidly or more slightly, according to their situation, and as circumstances required permanent or merely temporary accommodation. Almost all his farm cottages were rebuilt from the foundations, and well done, although it was my father's precaution, as he said, not to set up expensive stone fabrics like castles to last for ages, because it would be more difficult to adapt them afterwards to unforeseen changes which might arise, and the expenditure of so much capital would in such case turn out to be a costly blunder.

He was one of the first who used the steam thrashing-machine, and imported his own from England, at a time when scarcely any such novelty had been seen in Romagna. He sold it again after these machines were brought into general use and steam thrashing had become a trade. His overseers had not time to attend to business beyond the range of their own fields. 'My business is to be a producer, and to produce as abundantly as possible. If I wanted to make gains beyond those of a cultivator, it would be a change of trade, and I should become a merchant.'

He once inquired of Ricasoli what proportion of seed he allowed for each acre of corn. 'I don't know,' answered the Baron, 'and I did not trouble myself about it, because the corn was standing so thick that you could scarcely have inserted a knife between the ears without shaking them.' My father made many experiments in sowing, and found it well worth while to increase the quantity of seed. He also was at great pains to supply his labourers with faultless ploughs and harrows, that they might take a pride in their work.

He gradually increased the cultivation of hemp, which the rustics in former days had usually limited to the small quantity required for their own use. This extension necessitated considerable expense, besides several years' study to find out the most economical and convenient description of macerators, and to secure the requisite supply of water for them. For this purpose he made a cutting to conduct at pleasure the run of water from a torrent on the high part of his land near Imola into the macerating troughs; and the overflow of these waters in winter was reserved, with benefit to the thirsty ground at other seasons. Many people exclaimed against such unheard-of innovations; but in after years my father, complacently observing the large increase of hemp culture all about Ravenna, used to laugh and say, 'See how those wise folk who mocked at my beginnings have ended by imitating me.' Nothing was more evident than the fact that by his perseverance he had succeeded in making the land capable of producing new and more abundant crops, and a corresponding transformation was observable in the minds around him—those who had been the most obstinate and bigoted now beginning to take in larger ideas. My father had never been dogmatical in his ways, nor had he ever dictated to them by word or writing, but merely influenced the neighbours by his example and results, which were patent to all. Our hemp obtained the prize medal at the International Exhibition in London in 1862.

XI.

It may not be out of place here to note my father's observations upon Cuppari in 1868, and the just value he put upon the somewhat distrusted opinions which that learned naturalist continued to profess all his life. 'Cuppari says first, "You must know how to surpass your neighbours in the amount of produce derivable by the old system, without attempting novelties; secondly, you must be able to place absolute confidence in the faithfulness and intelligence of your people. This is indispensable, for when I changed my milk-seller, the result which had been A1 changed next day into B." Again: "Do not adhere to theories of rotation; but make it your object to get out of your ground the maximum of forage for cattle. The best way to do this will

be by growing lucern and turnips, wherever the soil will bear them." Now Cuppari was a man who, after extensive theoretical studies of agriculture, began to put them into practice; and when the results did not correspond with his expectations, he immediately lost faith in his theories, and assumed that practice was everything. Hence his next advice was, "See the way your neighbours work, and by doing the same thing, with greater diligence, you will obtain more abundant produce." We, on the contrary, began practically; and from practical deductions our understanding opened itself to the theories, after feeling how much aid is afforded to our work by having a correct theory for guidance. Cuppari was latterly too much discouraged by the one unavoidable difficulty which is inseparable from every human undertaking, and he exclaims: "What philosophy, what machinery could ever make the difference to me equal to that which was found in the space of two days between the honest person and the dishonest one in selling my milk?" Had he been accustomed to any work of administration he might have known that the human element is the most difficult to find or to adapt to our designs; and as we cannot do without the co-operation of our fellow-creatures, it is incumbent on us to study how we can make the best use of the average men around us, allowing for their imperfections.'

XII.

My father delighted to find in Cicero the echo of his own love for country pursuits. 'Non utilitas me solum, sed etiam cultura et ipsa natura delectant.' He regretted to meet with so little of the same feeling among our countrymen of the present day, few of whom were found to sympathise in his love of Nature, or even to understand it, and he often talked in this sense to his family at home, saying: 'We Italians have the old Latin ambition to show off in the Forum—in other words, to make a brilliant figure before the public; whereas the English derive from their Saxon forefathers a love of the country for its own sake, which conduces very much to manly independence of character. Rustic life pleases the English people, not only for its peaceful advantages of domestic ease and happiness, but because

upon the character of the country gentleman has been based that national reputation so much appreciated by every person of understanding. With us, as in France, when a country proprietor becomes ambitious of taking part in public affairs, he forthwith abandons his land and rushes to the town. An Englishman, on the contrary, continues attached to his country place, and lives there as much as he can. Hence, in spite of the enormous trade and innumerable manufactures in England, there always exists a preference for landed property, and people will work hard to get rich for the purpose of buying an estate. Now a country-born Italian, who has raised himself in the world, is rather ashamed to own the insignificant name of his native village, and would prefer to say that he came from the chief city of the province. That is why you find so many Bolognese who never saw Bologna, and nobody knows to what district they belonged. It is the contrary in England, where no one boasts of being a Londoner, and those who have possessions in the country take pleasure in the place where they were born; while those who have none are desirous to found a family, by acquiring and bequeathing house and land to their children. Members of Parliament and others, who are obliged to be in London the greater part of the year, still habitually give for their address the name of the country residence which they regard as their head-quarters.'

My father remarked with admiration the prevalence of this English feeling among all classes, from the royal family downwards. 'You see, Queen Victoria never stays in London unless for a few days, when obliged to do so, as her real home is in the country, where Prince Albert personally manages the Queen's private farm. I remember its being mentioned in some English newspaper that Queen Victoria had found out a way to cure her turkeys of something that was the matter with them, and this occasioned great delight to everybody. Only think how different we are in Italy, and how people would have jeered if any such meritorious discovery had been attributed to the Pope! The English take serious interest in everything concerning practical country life. How much better is this than the townish, artificial habits to which we of the Latin races are naturally addicted!

It is unfortunately the same thing in France as with us in Italy.' He observed, in reading about France and Ireland, how many evils had grown up through the habitual absence of the land-owners; and that among ourselves similar bad effects were widely resulting from the same cause; while the labours of the rustics were chiefly employed in contributing to the luxuries of the towns. 'The only remedy,' said he, was 'to take example by the English, who, instead of squandering their income on useless luxury in town, spend great part of it in the place which produced their wealth, so as to be continually adding to the means of production, and bettering the condition of those to whose manual labour they are indebted.' The personal residence of the proprietors cannot fail to influence in a wholesome manner the sound production of wealth and the development of constitutional freedom; for which reason agriculturists and politicians equally recommend that land-owners should live on their property.

My father was of opinion that there exists an inseparable connexion between the political and economical prosperity of a country; and he agreed with Mirabeau in saying that he could distinguish at once, as he went along, estates inhabited by their proprietors from those which belonged to an absentee. In our long rides together this remark was often repeated, and illustrated by the well-known quotation from Pliny: 'Majores nostri fertilissimum in agris oculum domini esse dixerunt.' Everything, in fact, is sure to be a little improved immediately around the proprietor's residence; he being the first to notice any deterioration, as he is in most cases the only person who has power to amend what goes wrong. By his representations the local authorities are induced to improve the roads, making it easier for him to extend his drains, rebuild or repair his labourers' cottages, and have the ground manured. In a hundred ways the benefit of the owner's presence becomes visible, tending to a favourable transformation in the conditions of his country seat. A man naturally desires to improve his own surroundings, and when he marks with his own eyes the industry of the peasants, their wants and hardships, he cannot help doing something to relieve them, so that a mutual attachment is established in place of the discontented indifference which is apt to exist

where the proprietor is non-resident. The fact of being always personally remembered by him becomes of itself beneficial to his people, as an assurance of protection against many evils to which the poor and helpless are liable; for village tyrants are checked in their encroachments upon weaker neighbours by knowing that the landlord will take cognisance of them, and many petty injustices are prevented by the fear of detection, which otherwise might have been perpetrated with impunity. The usurer will be less rampant, the creditor more reasonable, and all sorts of exactions will be of a milder character in the district where everything lies within the ken of the proprietor.

I have myself seen the truth of this strongly exemplified. In making inspections of his property my father used only to go into the farm buildings, and did not enter people's dwellings without a reason; because, he said, 'they have a right to the privacy of their home.' He employed a great deal of time in calculating the means of subsistence provided for his labourers under each change of cultivation which he thought right to introduce. He tried to take every circumstance into account, making the cause of the labourer his own, as it were, and interesting himself in everything which could affect his welfare and happiness. It was continually observed, as a consequence of this, that whenever my father was resident for any length of time, his influence made everything turn to the comfort of the poor; the parson would become more zealous in his duties, and the parish doctor more attentive and careful with his patients, who were all known to us. My father never forgot the favourite maxim of his friend Ridolfi, who used to say that 'improving agriculture' meant not only improving the lands, but improving also the moral and material conditions of those who cultivate them. One amendment leads to another, and no real improvement in human life can be one-sided, but will naturally be brought to extend its beneficent results far beyond the sphere of the original movement. Many quotations might be made from my father's written notes and reflexions on these subjects:—

'The labours of the field, more than any other, keep one in mind of man's weakness and insufficiency. The labourer

need not dread monotony in his work, when the necessary division of it causes him to pass so often from one sort of occupation to another.

'Men who never meet can feel no attachment to one another, and in order to love your people, or be loved by them, you must live among them to do them good. It takes time and much patience to become well acquainted with them; and as for the good you can do them, it has sometimes to be done almost by force. They will understand it afterwards, although not at the time.

'I have unbounded respect for a good husbandman, so many things as he has to do and think of, with so many crops to look after, and so much ready observation required in regulating his work according to variations of seasons and circumstances.

'An efficient workman is the best of agricultural machinery.

'Cultivation of mind must be an accessory to cultivation of the soil.

'All the mighty changes throughout every age have depended more or less on the tillers of the soil, and have often been originated by them. How often have the laws, the government of a country, the Parliamentary questions, the rising of the populace, and the most momentous wars depended upon the circumstances of the harvest! If the peasantry only understood their own power, they would feel that the city is supported by them much more than they are by the city.

'When I look upon the fields in springtime, full of promise, and remember that the hurricane might destroy it all in an hour, I cannot help feeling unbounded sympathy with the husbandman's anxieties. The rest of us have other interests, other thoughts to divert our minds; but the poor labourer has his sole stake in the fields. His hopes centre in the harvest, for which he works with all his energies of soul and body.

'How much we have to learn from our peasantry! How many examples they give of industry, carefulness, and charity. The worthy labourer's door is never shut against the poor, and he is ready to divide his morsel with the needy.'

XIII.

Under all the chances and changes of life my father never failed to preserve a dignified consistency of character. He was by no means desirous of political reputation, and I remember his saying once, 'My decision was, politically, a mistake, I am aware of that; but it will be evident that I am a man of principle, and that is enough. As for being a great politician, the idea is not at all congenial to me, and I don't aspire to it.' The true foundation of firmness and consistency in doing right, the real dignity of his life, depended on one special fact, viz. that he put his whole heart in what he did, and acted always on principle.

It has been well observed, in regard to unsteady politicians, that bad motives are often wrongly imputed to them for their changes and inconsistencies, which are supposed to savour of treachery, when in fact their opinions had no root whatever, and were merely a consequence of their defective reasoning—in which the intellect, not the heart, was concerned. With my father the intellect and the heart worked together, and his principles were part of himself.

Unbounded good-will to his neighbour, unfailing respect for the rights and liberties of all men, and a deep conviction of the duty of doing good to the utmost of one's ability, these were the ruling principles of his life. His utter repugnance to injustice and his sympathy for the helpless made him naturally burn with indignation at the sight of tyranny and oppression; and when he had the chance to lay hold of an ill-doer in the act, his wrath against him would burst out beyond all control; as happened more than once in cases where his own cottagers were concerned. He considered that he owed much to them in return for the obedience and confidence he required from them, and that he had entered with them into a just compact of reciprocal assistance and protection. The offending parties said afterwards that they would take care to be in the right next time before venturing to meddle with the Pasolini people! He felt himself called upon to do his best for the poor neglected classes, and was truly a 'man of the people' in the right sense

of that expression, which has unfortunately been so abused as to mean in general something altogether contrary to the true love of one's neighbour.

XIV.

From the foregoing descriptions it may be seen that my father had an unshaken belief in the perfectibility of man. He considered true progress to be of a harmonious character, and that there could be no real reform without a moral foundation. Political reforms were in his eyes of less importance than those which related to the comfort and happiness of social life, reforms such as the English, who are an example of wise constitutional government, call 'social legislation,' and which they steadily continue, with the view of rescuing the lowest from their ignorance and misery, so as eventually to reincorporate them with the other classes of society. It was to this end my father exerted himself especially for his beloved Romagna; and seeing that public safety must be the first indispensable condition of progress, we can imagine how continually his grief and indignation were aroused by the many crimes of violence committed in that country, notwithstanding all that could be done to put a stop to them. His complaints on this score were reiterated to every successive Government, even to the persecution of his best political friends, who were obliged to listen to his persevering representations and most solemn warnings of actual and coming evils. It is necessary to enter upon this melancholy subject because of its bearing upon the conditions of agriculture, which depend so much upon the comparative peace and security of the surrounding country. My father's note-books abound in passages corroborative of this.

'Crime is a persistent fact among us; but why? The people of Romagna are not more wicked than elsewhere, and I must say that this country is not a nursery of thieves and assassins, although there are assassins lurking here. Evidence cannot be obtained, no one will give information; it would require heroism to do so, for he who informs is in greater peril of his life than the murderer.

'What means has the Government? Investigation, armed

force, and the justice of the law. Have these been rightly brought into use?

'We ought not to suffer in 1870 what we were obliged to tolerate in 1847. Let the Government ascertain that the executive is in good force, and if not, put on more strength. It is impossible to let things go on as they are now going.

'When the number of crimes greatly exceeds the number of convictions, it shows that the arm of the law is weak, and that one unpunished crime surely leads to another! The dread of punishment is designed to hinder men from crime; but when the penalty is more likely to fall upon him who obeys the law than upon the criminal who has broken it, society must fall to pieces.

'I have attentively followed the Parliamentary discussions of the English on passing their "Peace Preservation Act" for Ireland, and the principal argument was, that, despite the best efforts of an excellent police, they failed to obtain legal evidence, owing to the intimidation of witnesses. It became necessary, therefore, to devise special remedies, and the Ministry required to be armed with exceptional powers. That case differed from ours, as the minister was able to demonstrate that the ordinary resources of the law had already been exhaustively employed. No words were wasted in mere invective against the Irish; but every effort was made for their relief, by devising measures to free them from that intimidation which screened evil-doers against punishment, and encouraged the repetition of crime.

'What is to be said for our constitutional Italian Government, of which we have boasted as the panacea for every evil, when we hear again and again, "Such a one is murdered!" "Why?" "Out of vengeance for evidence given by him at the last trial." "Who killed him?" "Nobody knows." What did we say when such things happened under the Papal rule? Did we not stigmatise it as useless and unbearable? Now, is ours any better? No. When a Government shows itself just, energetic, prudent, and persevering, it inspires confidence, and obtains the willing co-operation of all good citizens; but when, through sluggishness or incapacity, the law becomes impotent,

and crimes are perpetrated with impunity, cautious persons are apt to withdraw from the weaker side. I see very inefficient men appointed to important posts, the duties of which are consequently done as ill as possible, or not at all, everything going at sixes and sevens, and harm being done instead of good. Can it be possible, I ask myself, that I have already become too antiquated to understand the spirit of these new times? But I return to the conviction that one should struggle to the utmost against growing evils, and that whoever ceases to struggle or draws back from the conflict in order to preserve his own ease and comfort is doing immeasurable wrong.'

Writing to Minghetti, January 6, 1865, he says:—

'A horrid, treacherous assault was made the other day at Ravenna upon Antonio Monghini, whom you know, and who is seriously wounded. I have for a long time been complaining of the dreadful insecurity here; but our rulers are all engrossed with their speeches, for applause in Parliament and from the public prints. It is a month since Monghini was fired at, and not an arrest has been made. My heart is agonised by this state of things. I had perhaps fewer illusions than many people, and never anticipated a return to the golden age, but this is worse than I expected, worse indeed than the iron age.'

'By what means can secret societies be discredited?' he writes to Checchetelli in July 1869. 'What is the use of the law when it is broken with impunity, and the most atrocious criminals seem the most safe from punishment? In what way can the tribunals be made efficient? Is there any method available to make the Government unite in earnest with one heart and soul from a sense of duty on this grave subject? Or are the public functionaries all absorbed in selfish views, to avoid responsibility and secure advancement for themselves? If all the subalterns of an army were to act thus, where would be the chance of victory? And in civil affairs, is it not by rights a continual struggle that we have to sustain of good against evil?

'These things are very afflicting; but it is some consolation to think they may be better after we are gone to the other world. I have an idea that possibly my feelings only resemble those of other average men, who, after advancing to a

certain extent with the times, end by standing still, and no longer comprehend the forward movement, but rather dislike and are afraid of it.'

'*Coccolia, June* 1870.—Here I rise at five and go to bed at ten, living mostly in the fields; but I spend the hottest hours of the days in-doors, where the verdure all around us affords at least the look of freshness. I am truly sorry for what you tell me of those robberies! Did I not advise last winter that we should make a stir about them in the newspapers? Our friend ——— said to me lately, "There always have been thieves and robbers, more or less; even the Austrians could not shoot them down, so what can you expect now?"'

On October 20 he wrote to Minghetti, 'Here the chief political sentiment or opinion is, that so costly a Government ought at least to insure the personal safety of loyal subjects, which never has been so insecure as at the present time in various districts. Had things been equally bad under the Pope's administration, what an outcry would have been made by those who are now at the helm!

'What view do you take of the future which awaits France when the war shall be ended? Will that country be the cosmopolitan battle-field for republicans, radicals, communists, and secret societies? or will they only prepare now for the strife, and fight out the great battle later in some other place?

'I wish the Italian Government would devise much larger terms to be offered to the Pope. It will be another momentous crisis for Italy when Rome is made the capital! Any change displaces the centre of gravity (so to speak), and this would necessitate a re-balancing of Parliamentary and Government affairs in accordance with it. To have Rome for the centre has been a ten years' cry; but is it founded on true and well-considered reasons? On the right solution of this question must, in my opinion, depend the safety or ruin of Italy; but you must make allowance for me and my ideas, which are only those of a rustic.

'Another question I must seriously ask you, "To what extent is it possible to leave a country without any government at all? for here there is none, and all sorts of bold disorderliness, which

bespeak contempt of authority, are going on unchecked; the executive simply refuse to intervene.'

'What grieves me beyond everything (he writes to another friend in January 1871) is the shocking condition of my native Romagna, where abuses and corruption prevail past all belief. Every bad passion and unworthy ambition seems to have free course there, showing that though we have instituted Parliamentary government in Italy, it is not the free constitutional one which should make tyranny and oppression impossible. Blessed be the country which has discovered the true secret of public and individual liberty! Popularity seems the idol of our politicians, unfortunately. It was well said by Cavour that we should follow the example of the most illustrious of English statesmen, who, while promoting freedom, averted revolution, so that no man could have told which was the stronger, their love for the former or their repugnance to the latter.

'I take comfort from the recollection that England had to pass through some terrible periods before reaching her present enviable condition. Yet it is seldom that one learns practical wisdom by the lessons of history.'

To Minghetti.

'Bex (Switzerland): September 12, 1871.

'You rightly observe that a mere report of the number of crimes committed does not suffice to indicate the exact measure of public security in the country. Before leaving home I had seen the comparative statistics of homicide, which showed that Ravenna was not among the worst cities of Italy, so far as numbers went; but if you take into account the circumstances of the crimes, and the fact of their being perpetrated with impunity, it makes the case appear altogether much worse.'

'*Fontallerta*, *March* 23, 1872.—Let me say, for the thousandth time, how useless it is to expect from Government a sovereign remedy all at once! The Prefect, even though he were a Solomon, would always have to begin by putting the city administration into working order, as the centre and nerve

of everything; and the lower classes are apt to take example from the ways of their superiors. In illustration of this, you may remark how they have gone from bad to worse at Ravenna, while at Imola, under apparently similar opportunities, an immense improvement is discernible. In these times we must exert ourselves to be strong at home by virtue of our own efforts, and then we may confidently claim the co-operation of Government. I am convinced that some day a reaction will set in against the modern system, under which the idea of the family and the individual is merged in that of "society," as a collective existence; but at present it seems no use making any protest on the subject.'

'*June* 13, 1874.—Liberty, as understood on the Continent, would seem almost to abolish personal free-will and individuality; for, excepting cabinet ministers, all other men are counted merely as numbers, the moving component atoms of the indivisible nation. See how G. T., in his newspaper letter, roundly abuses the country at large, quoting England in point of public safety, &c.

'Good Heavens! In England a man is a man, not, as with us, a mere contributory atom to the mass out of which is evolved the collective existence; he is something more in England than a cipher! Are the laws vexatious? If so, people may say, the vexation does not affect the whole body of the nation, but only affects certain individuals. Is it, therefore, of no consequence to amend the wrong? Shame that such should be the practice! How can you expect that personal intelligence, energy, and zeal can rise up at your bidding to work for your honour and glory, if you thus ignore all individuality?'

'*Livorno, August* 13, 1874.—Dear Codronchi: So soon as the last facts from Romagna became known, I said I would ask permission for the publication of a letter which had been written to me on the 25th ult., showing how everything that happened had been foreseen, and due warning given, all in vain. It was your letter, you know; and from all quarters further evidence appears of the "little wisdom" with which the world is governed.

'In my old age I begin to lose hope of living long enough to see a bright phase of the continual warfare between good and

evil; and I feel that there can be nothing worse than the despotism and misrule which choose to disguise themselves under the colour of liberty and public consent. I have nearly arrived at the conviction that true liberty is a myth; for one party will always domineer over the opposite so long as this world lasts.'

My father often said that the secret violences and disorders in Romagna, contrasting with many fine traits of character which are always observable among the Romagnuoli, would furnish endless interesting subjects for the novelist. It is enough to have given an outline of his reflexions, and of his anxieties for the country he so much loved.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOMESTIC HABITS.

Early education of his sons—Eneas enters the army—Letters and reflexions—Family life—Rides, studies, and occupations—Eneas on service in the Venetian campaign and in the Capitanata.

I.

It remains for me to describe my father's habits in family life—that inner circle where a man's character appears in undisguised reality from day to day; and here I must claim the reader's indulgence if it seems presumptuous on my part to bring forward the domestic traditions relating to one who was himself of a disposition so modest and retiring.

I date from the year 1854, when my sister Angelica, the delight of our house, was born, as it was in the same month of February that Eneas and I began our Latin lessons; and although we had a tutor, it was my father who superintended the instruction and corrected our exercises. These examinations, truth to say, were somewhat formidable to us and our master, and we were glad when a visitor or some other incident happened to interrupt them. The tutor's efficiency was doubtful; but that of our parents was powerfully felt in every branch of education. I well remember the deep impression produced on me for good, alike by his severest reprimands and his many affectionate exhortations to us. He would say, 'God has given to every human creature the law of duty to fulfil. Woe to those who transgress it! I wish you never to think of your father, living or dead, without remembering this word—*Duty*.' Returning continually to this text, he used to repeat that the fact of being born to an affluent condition of life gave no exemption from the universal law of work to which we are bound, and that throughout the world 'the struggle for life' is unceasing.

When in our walks with him we saw some poor boy at a little distance working hard, I recollect thinking to myself, 'Now we shall have a lecture,' and it was sure to come. Something like this, 'See how many boys of your age are earning their own bread, and working to help their mothers and brothers: now what are you able to do?' He insisted long on the conscientious sense of duty, with which his own mind was so deeply imbued. 'I owe it to God and to society that you should become capable men, and do some good in your generation.' 'Choose what profession you like, but be diligent withal; do something to be useful.' 'I have great respect for an industrious ploughman, blacksmith, or carpenter, but none for an idle man of any description.' His strongest reproach for idleness was, 'You will be a useless gentleman;' or, 'People will call you a good-natured Signorino (harmless little gentleman), nothing more.' This epithet of 'Signorino' became to us a word of most threatening import, conveying the idea of utter contempt, sufficient to make one shudder; and from childhood upwards I retain an invincible aversion to it. 'You should not let yourself regret the indulgences from which you are shut out by the claims of duty; because that which saves you now from idleness will bring the blessing of independence in after life.'

'It is clear, for the best reasons in the world,' he wrote to me in 1860, 'that every man should be brought up to do something; and any honest trade is preferable to the shame of being an idler, a mere "Signorino."'

My brother chose the army, and I the law, though family misfortunes interfered with my regular course of preparation for it.

II.

In our father we had constantly before us a living example of personal religion. He had not imbibed it from the minute religious practices which so strongly pervaded the school education of his day, tending more to formality than to spiritual devotion; neither had he built up his faith by the study of the Fathers of the Church, although in early youth he devoted to them a considerable part of his time. It was more through constant association with his own father that he was confirmed in religious

principles, which he received, not as a dead letter, but as a living force to inspire and direct the outward actions. Here, again, we find corroboration of the opinion that paternal education is required for the transmission of those virtues which form the best patrimony of a family, and that religious faith is our surest guide to virtue, enlightening the mind without fostering intellectual pride, and strengthening without hardening the character. His religious convictions were so deeply rooted within as never to undergo any change amid all the modifications which he perceived going on in the opinions and thoughts, the words and practices of so many around him, who seemed shaken with every wind of the changing times. He did not sympathise with that presumptuous confidence in the strength of the human intellect which exhibits itself in a cold hardness of criticism, tending to chill every lofty sentiment, and which throws discredit upon all the gradual developments of human society in past ages, for the sake of glorifying the present.

On having occasion to find fault with our conduct in church, he did so by pointing out that any want of reverence there was an obvious contradiction to the purpose for which we came. Religion was no mere outward habit with him, and his attitude in church betokened a mind filled with higher thoughts, purposely withdrawn for the time from all distractions of little worldly things. A reverent and abiding sense of what is above this world, a willing obedience to the precepts of the Church as guardian of revealed truth, and a steadfast faith in the Creator were apparent in all his reasonings, and in every action of his life. He very much liked the old-fashioned practice of having a special service to invoke God's blessing on the harvest; and in England he observed with pleasure the signs of a general sentiment of religion which had induced many people to put inscriptions on their farm buildings, such as '*Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus.*'

When at Fontallerta, on account of the distance from church, mass used to be celebrated in the oratory on festival days, he was sorry that the household should miss hearing the explanation of the Gospel, and he used to have the Gospel of the day read aloud afterwards, in Italian, to the assembled family.

III.

My father had turned his mind earnestly to the object of qualifying himself to be a good director of his children's education, and several compilations of history and natural philosophy remaining among his papers give evidence of the diligence with which he worked for our benefit. We imbibed from him a love of poetry and of the classics, with special regard for Cicero. We boys were brought up to admire the poets and heroes of antiquity. Our schoolroom table used to be heaped with all sorts of ambitious attempts at composition in poetry, prose, history, or biography, the great men being described as paragons, according to our idea of perfection, and we thought ourselves on the first step of the ladder leading to immortal fame. In short, our minds were full of ardour, and the love of the beautiful remained with us for ever after. It was really to our father we owed this, not only because of his daily instructions, but through the loftiness of his own sentiments, which gave a charm to everything he taught us.

He wrote to me from Turin, September 2, 1862:—'I have lately read a good deal about Count Cavour. It is always interesting to have the minute details of a great man's life; particularly of his, whom I knew so well. To myself the lessons may not be of much consequence, my race being nearly run; but I think more of them for the sake of you, the younger generation, who may have a long course before you. Minghetti amused me with an account of his conversation with M. Cousin (a philosopher, whose works you shall read after you have studied Rosmini and Gioberti). Cousin said to him, in the most solemn tone, "Do you know why Cavour died? Because there was nothing more for him to do." This answer, in which the sublime approaches the ridiculous, has a considerable spice of truth in it, and I must tell you that Cavour, at twenty years of age, throwing off his military uniform, devoted the next fifteen or twenty years to farming, and after that became a politician, with the results which you know. Now it seems to me that these two are the encyclopædical professions, which require almost universal knowledge. Cavour said he found himself greatly

indebted to the study of mathematics, not so much for the direct usefulness of the science as for the habit it had given him of exact reasoning, and of requiring to have things demonstrated to him by correct evidence. He was accustomed at night to go over in his mind the problems he had learnt by day. This accounts for the ease with which he retained the thread of his discourses and the sequence of his arguments. When he made a speech in Parliament he felt absolutely secure against the danger of confusedness or forgetfulness. He said that if he had written his speech he might possibly have stumbled at something or other, because the words would have interfered with his ideas. He regretted not having studied the art of elocution, and exhorted a friend to train his children in the practice of composition. Cavour expressed his regret at knowing so little of chemistry and physical science; but I dare say he knew more than most of us on those subjects. You may conceive how desirable it is both for the agriculturist and the politician to be armed with every variety of information. I can explain this to you more particularly when we meet. I am rather anxious on the score of your deficiency in mathematics and physics, and of Eneas' want of rhetoric. We must make up lost time in these branches, also in drawing, before it be too late. Read all this to Eneas and to your mother. God bless you!'

We naturally took pleasure in whatever we did with my father, and imbibed his love of study, no less than his love of the country and of horses. I remember his saying when we were small children, 'How delightful it will be when I can have my two sons out riding with me!'

He never liked that family affairs should be public property. But from us there were no secrets, either about income, expenses, or pecuniary prospects; and our father would have felt hurt had we not shown some interest in these matters. Every important affair was discussed in the family before being decided, and we were told each of us to express our free opinion, criticising or finding fault perhaps with what was done. He was pleased with this, and would say, 'Here at home I maintain constitutional principles.' The result of such freedom and consideration allowed us in early youth was, that we never had

any great desire to seek pleasure away from home, where our father's constant activity and variety of pursuits, his freshness of feeling, and the earnest desire he had to associate his children with himself as friends made our boyhood tranquil and happy; so much so that in no other place did we ever find an atmosphere more peaceful, bright, and pure than within the paternal walls. He acted on the principle expressed by Sydney Smith, who said, 'If you make your children happy now, they will be so twenty years hence by virtue of the pleasant remembrances of their young days.'

My father wrote to me:—'I will not bore you with advice. If you come to me for it, I am ready to advise you seriously as my father advised me, by his precepts and example, which are always present to my recollection. Should you prefer your own way, I shall not persecute you; but you must observe one thing: I will accept no half-confidences. I can understand young birds flying away from the nest on their own wing; but in the nest itself there should be nothing short of full confidence and affection, according to our family traditions, of the last two generations at least.'

IV.

It will not be amiss to give a few quotations from the many letters of paternal counsel addressed to us boys:—

'Never treat serious subjects with levity: even at your games, you should be in earnest to play them well. You may believe me when I say that by paying attention to the little things of each hour of the day, the greater things will come easy; for the mind grows strong by exercise, and no man achieves greatness without strenuous efforts of self-control. Be manly and purpose-like in everything. Be the efficient man of whom people say, "Oh! if we only had *him* here, he would make things right."'

'At all times, and in all circumstances, strive to maintain calmness of mind. Restlessness is a malady, and can never be beneficial. To set to work calmly, calmly to take one's self to task for what we have done amiss, and with composure to continue doing our very best in all things, this is true perseverance

by which wonders are accomplished—"esprit de suite," as the French call it. There is a certain grace to be aimed at in one's manners and behaviour, the contrary of roughness and awkwardness. Nicety of dress and in all personal habits must be kept up for the embellishment of our lives. Look at the flowers of the field! their beauty and pleasantness are a type of elegance and moral gracefulness.'

'I prefer the positive to the negative; for, in estimating the blessings of wealth, nobleness, talents, taste for the fine arts, and for everything beautiful, grand, or gracious in society, we discern that these earthly gifts proceed from the Almighty for our solace; and of His gifts there can never be too much if we only make a right use of them.'

'As the disposition which seeks harm to others for the sake of benefiting self is the meanest of all, so is it, thank God, the falsest of calculations. What we call "cunning," is the very opposite of prudence, which leads us to benefit both others and ourselves. Cunning aims at the interests of self with damage to other people, and its inconsistency usually brings discomfiture on the evil-doer no less than on his victims; whereas prudence tends to remedy or diminish the misfortunes of all.'

'Egotism defeats its own end.'

'Nothing great can be accomplished without generosity of mind, and in public affairs the chief requisites are uprightness and sound judgment, for which cunning and sharpness would be very poor substitutes.'

'In social relations, good humour is the best sort of prudence.'

'Man's life should be a continual education, an endless striving after what is good, an unceasing progress in the improvement of one's self and in the understanding of what is around us. The difference between the wise man and the fool seems to be that the wise man discerns things a little beforehand, and is prepared; whereas the fool does not understand them until too late.'

He used often to warn us against the faults of which he was aware in his own case.

'Do not imitate me so much in all my defects,' he said;

'in my young days I committed the error of being too apt to joke upon serious subjects, and I am sorry to find that despite all my efforts this failing still at times besets me, so that people are uncertain whether to take me up seriously or not. Be as lively and playful as you like, but take my advice and avoid the fault into which I drifted.'

Then he would tell us how much he lamented having allowed himself on several occasions to lose his temper. 'Ill humour,' said he, 'is a sauce that spoils the best dishes.'

He had a great respect for individuality and real originality of character, though not for eccentricity, against which he warned us, and would say, 'Take your mother for an example: enjoy the gifts which God has bestowed on you without pretending to those which you don't possess.'

His sentiments of charity were never put aside for selfish preoccupations, and he often said, 'We cannot sufficiently realise the sufferings of destitution, nor do we think enough about them. It is difficult to do real charities, in which good judgment is as much required as a kind heart. Even the charitable societies, which set themselves forth to be so useful, often do but little good; and the best way is to follow the Gospel precept by knowing and helping the poor individually, so as if possible not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth.'

Among his papers were found various private notes running thus—'Number of the necessitous in parish of So-and-so,' 'The poor who live near us,' 'Their numbers,' 'State of family and of habitation,' 'Nature of illness,' &c.

My father had a love for the old customs of the family, and a special regard for those aged people who had been long connected with it, and could remember what used to be done in past times. He was anxious to have attached family servants about him for life, and greatly regretted some disappointments in this respect, saying, 'It is most desirable, and worth every possible care, to have good contented servants in our house. Although your father has not succeeded to his wish, remember that he considered it a misfortune to be regretted, much as one may lament being ill, after taking all precautions for preservation

of health.' His maxims of duty to servants were, 'Not to order them about too much, nor to scold; to provide for their old age, and be indulgent to unintentional offences.'

Again, 'The relation between father and son admits of no compromise, being one of authority and obedience in the early years, to which succeed counsel and confidence; after that, complete and affectionate friendship.'

'Be a man, not in whiskers and swagger, but by showing that you have a mind of your own, and firmness in holding to what you think right. Be courteous to all, but let no one lead you by the nose, and take care to keep the mastery over your natural impetuosity of temper.'

'The man who is by nature and habit irresolute should particularly guard against being hurried into an important decision, as happens now and then, under the idea that he is curing himself of his vacillation; whereas in such case he is more probably carried away by an access of passion strong enough not only to change the ordinary mood of mind, but to overcome the voice of prudence.'

'"*Bene omnia fecit.*"—This description in the Gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ pictures the perfection of human conduct, and is a guiding light for us to follow. If we set our whole heart on doing thoroughly each duty of every-day life, even those which are quite apart from spiritual concerns, we shall become superior in them, and men will take account of us accordingly; but for this end, unremitting watchfulness must be maintained over the passions which would turn us from the path of virtue. We have to conquer the weakness of the body, and rise above the temptations of the senses. What a grand scope it is! fit to embellish the humblest existence! And as the race which we run goes far beyond this mortal life, be it remembered that to follow after excellence should be man's chief aim. "Estote perfecti sicut et Pater vester cœlestis perfectus est." The attainment of lasting fame among men is a secondary object, which may or may not be gained while we press onward to the prize of our high calling in Christ. I wish you, my children, to recollect that the Gospel is our surest guide, which you should always keep before your eyes and in your heart. The

voice of love, the tenderest love of your earthly father, would fain make itself heard in your ear, even from the tomb, to lead you to our Almighty Father in heaven ; and may He grant you the full measure of both heavenly and earthly blessings!'

I have given these short extracts from my father's voluminous private papers, one of which was apparently the fragment of a work he had begun to write soon after the death of my maternal grandfather. It extends to some length, and would be too much for insertion in this memoir. The notes he had written include certain headings of chapters, which indicate the subjects of his intended book, *i.e.* 'The Patrimony: its Administration;' 'The House and Household;' 'The Country;' 'Public Affairs;' 'Political Parties;' 'Friends;' 'Religion,' &c.

V.

1864.—Italy was under arms, preparing for war, in order to liberate Venetia from the Austrians, and great numbers of Italian youths were eager to renounce every other pursuit for the sake of serving in the army. Among these was my brother Eneas, who looked forward to a glorious campaign. My father did not blame his ardour, but would have wished him to go through the special education for a military career, and feared that by entering the cavalry he might get into habits of idleness. 'All very well to be a soldier,' he said, 'but I should have preferred the scientific branch of the service.' He would not, however, oppose the boy's earnest desire, and Eneas was wonderfully good about it, saying, 'If father says he wishes me not to go, I will give up the idea altogether.' I was grieved to part with Eneas, and actually entreated my father to take advantage of his docility. But he replied, 'Certainly not; I have no right to demand such a sacrifice from him. Parental authority is a weapon easily blunted, and should not be used without necessity. I should never think of exerting it to forbid that which is not in any way wrong, although I may doubt the wisdom of his proceeding. He is free to go as he wishes. God bless him!'

Eneas entered the Cavalry School on November 1, and my father's first letter to him was the following:—

'Dearest Eneas,—"Best friends must part." You know that

English proverb, which has been in my mind ever since you went away from the paternal home. I have ever, as you well know, desired that my hold on you should be less that of authority than of affectionate confidence, and that there should be always the most intimate and true friendship between my sons and myself. It may not be of much use to advise a young man of eighteen when launched into the world among his contemporaries, and a father's part is sometimes difficult. (What a bore it would be were this paper to fall under the eyes of anybody who would turn it into ridicule! I hope for better luck.)

'The first thing we have all learned from our parents is religion, in regard to which a young man going out into the world finds himself beset by two difficulties. One is that of perceiving how much the lives of even respectable, discreet persons differ practically from the precepts of the Gospel. Another stumbling-block arises from the sceptical religious discussions so generally prevailing nowadays, and with respect to these it is useful to remember that the best things become more or less corrupted in the hands of fallen man, and that which is good may be obscured; yet the essence of truth and goodness remains the same, in spite of men's abuses in religion. Christ predicted that offences would come, and what we see to-day is the fulfilment of His saying, as received by the faithful. When misfortune falls upon us, when death and countless perils surround us, whither can we look for help and courage, unless to the Almighty in the way by which we are taught to approach Him? The difficulty first named refers chiefly to personal morality, the duty of practical adherence to the path of virtue when the majority around are trying to taste sweetness in the cup of vicious indulgence. Was not this also foretold in the Gospel? Oh! hold fast to what is right! that which is evil must produce more evil; but truth is truth, and produces good evermore.

'Besides your regular studies, I advise you to make a special object of some one branch of science—perhaps mathematics; and if you are to continue in the army as your profession, you must devote yourself much to the study of history, and modern languages, French, English, and German, which will be of unbounded use to you. Be sure to reflect every evening upon

what you have done during the day. Nothing is more useful than to withdraw occasionally from outward distractions, to commune with one's own heart; and an honest interrogation of conscience while things are fresh in memory will serve to show where we failed to-day, and how we may do better on the morrow.

'Be as good-natured as you like with companions, but guard against being too communicative. Friendships at your age are easily made, but the most real and enduring friendships are not often formed until later. You need to maintain a degree of prudent reserve, without showing distrust or dislike to anybody, and above all things, keep out of quarrels. Even in the politics of life, the Evangelical motto of "Good-will" to all men comprises the truest practical wisdom. Take care to be accurate in all your pecuniary affairs, and in every matter of business.

'When you want advice, never ask it except from responsible and experienced friends; of course, I don't allude to your father and mother who have watched over you, how tenderly, God knows! for these eighteen years past.'

'*March* 19, 1865.—I thank you for yours of the 17th, with kind wishes for my birthday, though far from desiring a hundred returns of the same! The dreary day when you left home was a warning to me, a sharp reminder indeed, that this life is a passing scene, and that I must one day be parted from all things here below. It will be when God pleases, and I hope you, my sons, may be spared long after me, to lead useful, benevolent, and honoured lives. As your years advance you will realise more and more the truths which I have taught you. God grant you may never have to reproach yourselves with neglecting them!'

In another letter he says, 'Knowledge is the most solid capital that a man can store up for his life, and though the studies which occupy you now are in preparation for a special career, they are of wider application, and do good in exercising the best powers of the mind. I regret that my letters have always a tendency to sermonising, which is not lively for you! But how should it be otherwise? I have lived fifty years, you only twenty; and I, knowing by experience the line on which you are just entering, can tell you a great many facts about it, which you would otherwise have to find out for yourself. I

don't enter into the family news, as you are sure to have it all from your mother and brother; so you see your old father takes the dry part of the correspondence as his particular duty. God bless you! General La Marmora has been showing me his four saddle horses, which are beautiful. How admirably he drills the cavalry!'

When Eneas came home on leave we had some happy days with him at Ravenna and at Coccolia, whence we took many rides together to Imola and Montericco. We roamed through our fields, and through the delightful picturesque solitary plains which surround the ancient city of Ravenna, and felt refreshed with a sense of grandeur and serenity by viewing the long line of the distant Apeninnes, the nearer pine-forests, the desert shores of the Adriatic, and the ancient unspoiled basilicas, standing witnesses these of memorable days in the history of human civilisation! Here I am impelled by a sense of justice and gratitude to record that although we passed many hours on horseback among the poorest labourers of the plains, never did we hear an envious word from them, but met everywhere with cordial salutations and kindly looks. My father always spoke respectfully to them, and they used to talk willingly; freely opening their minds to us. Eneas, although under no obligation to do so, always went about in his college uniform, that of a private soldier. This pleased our father, for at that time the levies were a new burden, pressing heavily upon the peasantry, and he liked them to see that he was paying the military tribute to his country equally with them. Afterwards, when Eneas went on distant duty against brigandage, my father was glad to know that several sons of our own people were under arms along with him.

VI.

1866.—My father wrote to me from Florence, March 1st:—'I am glad to think that you and I were both alike engaged in speechifying.' (I had had to give a public answer in the Bologna University.) 'You are lucky to have begun early in oratory, and will do well; but I, like the swan, take up my song late in the day! I spoke twice, at no great length, on Tuesday in the Senate, and once yesterday. You can read my words, if

you like, in the "Official Gazette." Take my advice and cultivate the art of speaking: it is a matter of great importance for men in office. If you go to Ravenna, tell Eraclito that I have a beautiful mare, so intelligent that, with a little education, she might almost learn to speak! Keep up the habit of going into society regularly, for you need to accustom yourself to live in the world in association with other people, and be sure to have a few minutes' inquiry with conscience each night as to what has been done in the day, and what will be most advisable for the occupation of the morrow. Don't indulge in changeableness, but adhere to the resolutions you have made. To will, consistently, is half the battle."

'*Easter Sunday*, 1866.—My dearest Eneas: I cannot let this day pass without writing you the assurance of my best blessing. It gives me satisfaction to see young men with real energy of their own to push their way in the world; but I have met with many inferior characters (the majority) who, instead of real capability, have mere self-sufficiency, leading them to despise the counsel of their elders, as though their experience amounted to nothing, and the world were a new engine, not an ancient fact. "*Nihil sub sole novum.*" I have no wish to be a domineering, tiresome old man; and if it please God to give you an enlightened understanding, I know you will go on well without advice from me. For this I pray earnestly, as the first of blessings to be desired for you. As to your expenses, I can give you no better direction than the English maxim, which says, "Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less."'

VII.

In spring of 1866 Italy, allied with Prussia, made war against Austria. Eneas was on leave at the moment, not expecting this sudden call; he went back immediately to Modena, passed his examinations, and was promoted to be an officer. When on finishing the course of practical instruction at Pinerolo he joined Victor Emanuel's Regiment of Lancers in Venetia, who would have thought the campaign could end so speedily? An armistice was concluded before our young soldier had even seen the enemy! From Saleto di Padova the Lancers made a forty-

seven days' march to join the garrison of Foggia, and thus had the pleasure of exploring little by little a great part of our Peninsula. After short pause at Foggia, Eneas was sent to Lucera, where he found himself for the first time face to face with brigandage, that plague and disgrace of Italy, rampant as it was in the Abruzzi, and in the plains of the Capitanata, which were ravaged by Giordano's gang of robbers. Eneas found those districts so accustomed to this scourge as scarcely to complain of it, and their social condition seemed naturally productive of depredators. He said that the sight of fertile lands, ill-cultivated in some places, and in others not at all, while families almost destitute preferred to live by plunder rather than work for their bread, made it clear to his mind that the army might struggle with such a state of things, but could never uproot the vice, which was only to be cured by the advance of civilisation with unlimited time and patience. He and his Lancers had several encounters with Giordano's band; but being soon afterwards appointed A.D.C. to General Incisa, commanding the Genoa division, he quitted the Capitanata—not without regret, as the service there had a certain charm for his bold, active disposition. His life at Genoa was pleasant, but in looking forward to the future, he felt doubtful what course he ought to pursue, as a military career in time of peace seemed too slow and idle to be satisfactory. He wrote his doubts to his father, who replied on April 19, 1868:—

'True though it is that "Man proposes, and God disposes," we still must look ahead, especially at your age, when you stand as it were on the threshold of life. I have always had the idea that you two should each have a decided profession, which is a safe capital, not to be taken from you, and gives you independence. Occupation is the wholesome salt which keeps life sound and free from mould; whereas idleness in itself is a taint of corruption. A life of diligence tends to raise you above the ordinary level, your aim being ever upwards; and without such aim one would always stick at the bottom of the ladder. Your case is a special one, since you have determined on the military line, and have chosen the cavalry; the branch which is least to my mind, because of its being next door to idleness, both by

reason of the slow promotion, and the small amount of education required for it.

'I cannot add anything to what I have already said on this subject, neither would I desire to do so, knowing your temper to be naturally ardent and generous, yet by no means ready to be guided by advice, unless it fully agree with your own opinion. To try to persuade you against your will would be labour in vain, and you know it; just like the horses! But the things which I have said before are of such self-evident truth, that you will not be inclined to contradict them. Turn them well over in your mind, and choose freely the employment that you prefer; then, having made your choice, stick to it as an industrious man.'

A few days later he writes again: 'You do well in keeping up your studies.

'The state of our country is such as to make it impossible to calculate what may be the best line to turn to in the future. All professions have their drawbacks, and in any case it will be the truest wisdom to have as many resources in one's self as possible. Among all the different affairs which I have had to deal with, I always found occasion to regret my never having studied engineering, and I should rejoice if one of you were to take to it. I think you might go forward in that study when you are on half-pay in a city like Florence.'

VIII.

It was finally agreed between my father and Eneas that he should resume the studies which his military campaign had interrupted, and prepare to enter on a useful profession, the exact nature of which was not yet decided, though there seemed no doubt of finding a desirable one, and my father founded great hopes on Eneas' talent and force of character. They both seemed to feel a happy confidence in the future at that time, and trusted that Providence would guide them to do the best. Fortune had been favourable to us latterly, in rewarding my father's labours with success. As an agriculturist, he had the satisfaction of seeing his improvements adopted with

general advantage all around Ravenna, and in many other parts of Romagna.

The annexation of Venetia also gratified his life-long aspirations for his country's liberties; and he could not but feel pleasure in the consciousness that his labours had contributed to the good result. His family were in health and happiness around him, my mother being the sunshine of our home, the animating spirit of all that was bright and useful. The exuberant spirit and exceptional strength of will which had originally caused our parents some anxiety in regard to Eneas was now turned in the right direction, and showed continuous improvement. He had profited by his chapter of experience, had learnt to conduct himself discreetly in the world, and had made the firm resolution to become a laborious and useful character. It was about that time, in one of his happiest moments, that my father said, 'Pierino is my dear boy, but Eneas has the stamina.' Alas! where the hopes were highest, even there was the misfortune to fall upon us.

CHAPTER XXII.

1868 AND 1869.

The spring of 1868 at Florence—Eneas goes to Nola, thence to Calabria—His letters descriptive of the brigands there—The Sila mountains—He is taken ill of fever—Returns to his family—Dies at Pisa—The distress of our parents.

I.

At the expiration of his time as A.D.C. at Genoa, Eneas came to Fontallerta on leave of absence. Florence was a busy place then, with all the works going on to add to her beauty and grandeur as capital of the kingdom; and the circle of the city had again to be enlarged far beyond her ancient boundaries. In May Florence was the scene of great rejoicings for the marriage of Prince Humbert; and it became more than ever a favourite resort for Italians from every province, as well as for foreigners. I am bound in gratitude here to record that at this period the Florentines more than once called upon my father to be a member of their Municipal Council. He was commissioned to report to the commune upon the propriety or otherwise of completing the 'Viale de' Colli,' and for that purpose assisted Poggio, the engineer, in surveying those private grounds where is now the Piazza Michelangiolo. His astonishment was great when he came unexpectedly upon that matchless view, until then almost unknown to the public.

My father's report to the Council, July 17, 1868, was in favour of finishing the 'Viale,' seeing that the two main roads were already made; and afterwards, by many ornamental additions not contemplated at first, the work was carried out on a most magnificent and costly scale.

Eneas might now have left the army, in order to resume his studies; but after so long a leave of absence, it seemed due to

his superiors, and to his friendly comrades in the regiment, that he should at least temporarily rejoin them. Victor Emanuel's Lancers were still on garrison duty at Nola di Napoli, and bad news had been reported of the increased boldness of brigandage in the southern provinces. This left no doubt of what was right to be done at the moment. My brother was therefore anxious to do his part as before on that service, and he started from Florence without delay. He wrote from Rome (still Papal) May 12, 1868:—'At the confines I had to get into the horse-box to change my clothes, otherwise they would not have let me pass. I have been exploring since four o'clock this morning, and visited the Pincio, St Peter's, and the Pantheon. One reason why I had to stop here to-day was, that Italian paper money is not accepted at the railway station.'

He wrote to his father from Naples a few days later, 'I will try to put in practice what you advise; but my first necessity is to be well posted up in military matters here, and I want to do myself credit.' The opportunity soon came; as he writes from Nola on the 19th:—'All I know of my destiny is, that I have to set off somewhere to-morrow as second in command of a detachment, and it is supposed we are going to join General Pallavicini's flying column at Rossano. I am too delighted at the prospect of having some night marches again; exchanging the monotony of garrison duty for something like independence, with the responsibility of my own proceedings. "Prince" is a capital good horse, and "Zobia" promises to distinguish herself among the others, so I should hope she will be well up to what is required. I have lots to do, and my health is excellent; thank you for your kind wishes.'

II.

After bringing forward so much of our father's correspondence illustrative of his life, it seems well to subjoin a few letters of his young soldier son, which give faithful and lively descriptions of sadly memorable days, besides incidentally throwing further light on the subject of this memoir. Eneas' name, as linked with my father's, is a pleasing though melancholy remembrance in the family. His most intimate and affectionate letters were to my

mother, and unfortunately they have been for the most part destroyed; but some fragments may be interesting.

'*Rossano, June* 12, 1868.—Calabria is surely the one country, not to say infested, but dominated by brigands, whom the Government are now endeavouring to put down. Energetic measures are adopted, full power being given to the military, though too late, as usual, seeing that the evil is already beyond all bounds. Brigandage here is a very ancient tradition, creating among the wealthy a terror amounting almost to cowardice, and among the poorer sort an admiration akin to fanaticism. I am inclined in some measure to account for it by the immense contrasts and inequalities of social positions.

'Near Rossano there are known to be at least eighty brigands by profession, whose names are words of dread, and the band increases or diminishes according to circumstances. Their accomplices are innumerable, partly through fear, and partly through greed. Not many days ago we caught a robber chief who had been hidden by the officers' messman. The accomplice was duly executed.

'The most renowned bandit is "Palma," who has been scouring the country for twenty years. There is one oath held sacred by these wretches; and if a promise has been made by Madonna of Carmine they will be sure to keep it, as poor Baron de Rosis has found to his cost. They seized him by daylight in the town of Corigliano, where there was a numerous garrison of all arms, and named as his ransom a sum not less than eight thousand pounds sterling to be paid in coin! Our commander is Lieutenant-Colonel Milon of the Staff—a resolute, active officer who has already effected some good in the district, though there is still an infinity to be done. Only fancy! my landlord has not ventured out of his house for a month! This is an endless tale, and I will write you more about it by-and-by. Rossano is rather a nice mountain place, considering all things, and the air is fine, which cannot be said of the plains below.'

'*June* 17.—My mother has enclosed me a letter from Signor Donato Morelli for Cavalier Compagni, who is a genuine representative of the ancient feudal lords. I should have enjoyed making his acquaintance if I had been in possession of this

letter before passing by Corigliano, and I shall hope for the chance of making use of it before long. He inhabits an old castle in the centre and on the very summit of the Corigliano district. He dresses in Calabrian costume, and rides about with an escort of twenty or thirty horsemen armed with guns, pistols, and dirks, like the "braves" of Don Rodrigo. The amount of his wealth is considerable—second to none in Calabria except "Baracco"—and he has a beautiful breed of horses branded on the haunch with his crest, which is a lion. He keeps five or six hundred men under arms, and goes about guarded by his vassals and those of his brother the baron, so that no gang of robbers, however numerous, can attempt to touch him; in fact many of them have surrendered at his summons. Cavalier Compagni is said to be well educated and most amiable, and he exercises traditional hospitality; I hope to accompany the Colonel next time he goes to Corigliano. We have just heard that Catalano's gang attacked the National Guard not far from here, and that our people have had the worst of it.'

'*Rossano*, *June* 20.—We have reduced Catalano's band to great extremity, for they had gone down to the coast, and their retreat is cut off. They cannot force their way back to the hills, though they have daily little skirmishes with some of us. The robber bands of Faccione and Palma, on the contrary, continue strong and safe among the mountains, from which it seems almost impossible to dislodge them. An episode of the last few days will be enough to make you shudder. A brigand named "Scoglio" came in disguise (when going in a body they wear something like uniform) to a farm, looking for provisions, but was arrested by the country constables or "Squadriglieri," about fifty of whom were gathered together. He stood firm, recognising some of his old comrades in robbery, to whom he appealed like Cæsar's "Et tu, Brute," then said, "I surrender," and presented his pistol to one of them. The man put out his hand to receive it, but was instantly shot dead by the prisoner, who exclaimed—"It is thus that Scoglio surrenders." Being overborne, he was killed on the spot by his captors, who cut off his head and stuck it upon a pole, covered with a cloth. Almost immediately after they met a woman on horseback, who said,

"I am Scoglio's mother, and I want to speak to him." "We have killed and beheaded him." "Show me his head!" They did so. The mother recognised it as that of her son, saying, "Good God! I thank Thee for having delivered me from this torment," and then turned away to go home, quite pleased! When Scoglio had a mother like that, one can almost understand how he took to robbing and murdering! It is said that he had committed nineteen crimes of bloodshed at the age of three-and-twenty, and that he ate a piece of bread dipped in his enemy's blood, coolly saying, "Now at last I am avenged." If ever you wrote a romance of savage life you would be afraid to relate such horrors, as they would be considered too atrocious to come within the possibilities of human depravity. These Calabresi are bold, handsome men, and you find among them grand traits of bravery contrasted with dreadful treachery and ferocity, owing perhaps to their curiously mixed origin, so much of the Greek being added to the original race of mountaineers. Despotism and feudalism have contributed to the result, and it may be said that there is no middle-class existing in this country. After all this you will be surprised at my telling you again that I am glad I came here, and feel satisfied to remain. We have sometimes seven or eight days' quietness, then a week of adventures.'

'*Rossano*, *June* 24.—By various symptoms we can see that the brigands begin to be in a bad way, and X——, who was formerly one of their number, relates strange stories about their habits and resources. It appears that Palma, the robber-chief, speaks of certain "honourables" (deputies) having received sums of money from him, and that if we could only get hold of Palma he would make incredible revelations. He says, "I am a true Calabrian brigand, devoted to Madonna del Carmine, and I only take from the rich their superfluity; but those villains are paid both by me and the Government. They are no help to me, and they tremble at the very sight of a gun." One cannot take an assassin's word for gospel, yet I fear there may be some truth in what he says, so far, at least, as concerns the lowest class of Government officials. There is a report abroad this morning of the capture of three of Turco's gang, and of their having

revealed the whereabouts of their head-quarters; but for many reasons I think this incredible. I have read the Parliamentary summary of the disgraceful facts in Ravenna; alas! it is not only in the Calabrias that rogues abound.'

'*Rossano, June* 27.—This morning the Labonia family set off on their way to embark for Naples, and I was ordered to escort them to the steamer. You can have no notion how much of the mediæval, feudal style there still is in the habits of these great families. There were innumerable farewell visits from the smaller neighbours just before the princess started, and if she had let her hand be kissed by all who aspired to that honour, it might have been worn away like the foot of St. Peter! There were three travelling carriages, and the most intimate of the neighbouring gentry had joined them with their armed retainers, besides the numerous mounted men of the Labonia household, their leader riding a beautiful grey horse, and the steward mounted on a mule, dressed with his white neckcloth, spectacles, and an old flint gun. On every occasion of a journey it is '*de rigueur*' that all the followers attend the departure or arrival of their lord and lady. When we finally started I ordered part of my Lancers to lead the way, others to bring up the rear, and rode myself alongside the lady's carriage, mounted on a splendid bay mare. At first the road was all down hill, then we crossed a plain clad with olive trees, and there the road ended, so that each had to pick his own steps as best he could till we reached a seaside house belonging to the Labonia, where an abundant and excellent luncheon was prepared for everybody. I thanked the princess for this in the name of my Lancers, who said, "If we had the same escort duty to do every day we would glady go on soldiering for the rest of our lives." Before luncheon I had a delightful dip in the sea. The steamboat was due by half-past eleven, but the hours passed on till two o'clock without any sign of her. At half-past two, when we were making ourselves happy in the idea that she would not come, and that we should have to convoy the ladies home again for another fortnight's stay at Rossano, anticipating a merry evening in honour of our abortive expedition, behold a smoke in the dim distance! In vain I called it only a cloud, and when it

came nearer I hoped it was a mere trader, not the passenger boat, although my long sight recognised its character sooner than the others. It proved to be the ss. *Ancona*, an ugly craft, slow as a snail. I accompanied the Labonia party on board, and did not leave them till the anchor was about being weighed: then to horse, and came back at a good round trot nearly all the way, except when within half-an-hour of Rossano we stopped to breathe the horses, and on again as before, over rough and smooth, at full pace into quarters. I thought to trot off my bad humour in quick time, but when I went to eat there was nothing but cold mutton for me, with very sour wine—bad medicine for the spleen. Now I shall try to read, though feeling little inclined to it.

'The departure of that friendly family makes a real blank in my life. They used to have some nice people with them in the evenings, and one felt at ease there, though always on good behaviour in the presence of a dignified, gracious lady and her distinguished daughter. I had grown into so much intimacy with them as to be treated like an old friend. Now for patience, with the brigands for diversion! One of them was caught red-handed, and shot yesterday (not by me); such a handsome youth, perfectly well dressed and well armed. He was bold and cheerful down to the last moment, with a smile on his lips.'

To Eneas from his Father.

'Florence, June 30.

'Your dear letter of the 24th has just reached me. I hope and trust it may please God to keep you from harm in the extraordinary circumstances you describe. Such a life has its good side anyhow, in training you to steadiness and presence of mind; but it is awful and most singular that such things should be possible in the kingdom of Italy!

'I believe that by an exceptional law of compulsory residence (*domicilio coatto*) many lives might be saved. Of course you act under superior orders; but whenever you find yourself in a position of independent responsibility, I would exhort you to be very prudent. At present the public are applauding, but there might soon be a reaction of opinion against the military,

and in Parliamentary circles you might be censured for the very acts which were considered most meritorious at first. These are strange times, and caution becomes the more necessary because of the probability of being called to account by both sides for the same action for directly opposite reasons. It seems to me that the upper classes are seriously to blame for this curse of brigandage. I am told that a day's wages to the labourer is threepence halfpenny, and that nothing is given in compensation for failure of crop or other misadventure. It stands to reason that if the brigands of to-day were exterminated new bands of them will arise to-morrow, or so soon as the pressure of want drives them out to forage for a maintenance.

'Be on your guard against catching the fever, which is so prevalent in summer time. Do you know how long this duty is to be continued? God grant you the blessing of *mens sana in corpore sano*, without which none other can be available.'

Eneas to his Father.

'Rossano, July 2.

'So much for business; and now to tell you about myself, though I have no news, nothing to relate beyond the usual black story of robbers captured and shot, such as you must be tired of reading, and it is nearly the same sort of thing each day. I am well; I have plenty of books and a good room, sometimes delightful gallops too, which are a great enlivenment; yet with all this I feel oppressed with such melancholy, unusual for me, that I know not how to account for it. We all have our personal humours, and I think my *ennui* proceeds from never having the chance to be in good Christian society, never seeing any lady, nor hearing the sound of a pianoforte. It is like being banished among the Turks, or worse. When on duty I take long rides all the morning, and in the afternoon shorter ones for my own satisfaction, thus spending the day almost like a dummy, with no one to speak to. At any rate, I keep free from the sins of the tongue. I have composed some poetry, which I will show you by-and-by, though very likely it may be trash.'

From the same to the same.

'Rossano, July 5.

'With regard to your warning to be cautious when left on my own responsibility, you may be sure that I am so; and in matters of importance I make a point of asking for the most minute and formal instructions from my superior. I know not whether it be possible entirely to suppress brigandage by the strong arm of the law; but certainly a great deal has been done in this sense within a short space of time, and the Government is becoming daily more respected. More than twenty brigands have been taken in a month, two gangs reduced to extremity, and we have the certainty that no new hands have joined them; but what encourages me particularly is to see the terror which has come over the aiders and abettors of robbery, and also to know that none of the landowners are paying blackmail any longer. To-day an important capture has been made of the robber-chiefs Catalano and De Simone; two other prisoners were sent yesterday from Acri.

'That which grieves me beyond anything else is the dreadful state of Romagna, the insolence and impunity of crime there! I have no business to give opinions upon imperfect data; but it appears to me that criminals are protected there from political motives, whereas in these parts the idea of politics has no existence.'

'*Rossano, July* 6.—You have heard that the brigand-leader Catalano is taken prisoner, a man whose name has been for seven years a terror to the country, and who is guilty of no less than thirty-two known acts of murder. You would naturally suppose him to be tall and robust, with ferocious eyes, and an imposing aspect altogether; but, on the contrary, he is a crooked little creature, with a half-witted expression of countenance! When this idiotic-looking prisoner was brought before me, quietly grinning as he came, I could not help exclaiming, "What, is this Catalano?" "Yes, Excellency, I am," he answered; and it was the only true word he said during the half hour that his examination lasted. According to his own account, he had never murdered anybody, not even poor

Salerno, the man whose throat he cut a week ago. He had never been a bandit, nor a kidnapper; in short, he made himself a saint! While speaking the wretch tried to take me by the button, putting his face within a hand's breadth of my nose. I could not stand this, and said, "Keep back, don't touch me," on which he almost went down on his knees to make humble apology for his offence. Fancy such obsequiousness in a villain who had been guilty of thirty-two murders! His crimes were those of a low, cold-blooded malefactor, whose base exterior corresponded with the vileness of his vices. Before disposing of him I had the brigand De Simone brought in and placed beside him; a perfectly different type of humanity—tall, well made, well dressed, clean, and intelligent looking, with rather a grand air, and evidently no less of a *poseur* than any young dandy showing off in the drawing-room, his vanity still clinging to him even in face of death. He speaks well, in a bold, animated tone, and, having only one homicide on his head, may be considered the pearl of brigands. It was through Baron Compagni that he had been induced to surrender to the Fusileers at Corigliano; but on hearing it said that they were going to shoot him, he gave them the slip, and returned to his haunts. This time he has given himself up to the colonel, on promise of his life.

'As for the wretched Catalano, my conscience almost pricked me for letting him run on to tell such a string of lies with his last breath, and at the end of half an hour I left them; they made me their salute, like the gladiator's "morituri." Outside the door was De Simone's mother asking to see him, and then came the brother of Catalano (his betrayer), who expressed a wish to be his executioner. What a breed they are! truly, a race of hyenas.'

'*Rossano, July* 13.—Catalano was shot. He refused to name his accomplices, or any of those who had protected him. About midnight they conducted him to the cemetery in double quick time, Catalano nimbly keeing pace with them. On reaching the ground, the commanding officer said, "I give you a quarter of an hour to speak and save your life, otherwise you will be shot here;" ten minutes later he said, "You have only five

minutes longer to live, unless you speak; tell the name of even one of your abettors, and your life shall be spared." Finally, the officer told him he had one minute remaining, and asked again, "Will you speak?" "No," he replied, and was stretched out dead the minute after. What a strange compound character! He would rather die than reveal an accomplice, yet this was the wretch who not long ago caused a pregnant woman to be burnt alive, and had committed scores of other crimes too shocking for me to write, but of which he made a boast. Our colonel is still at Longobucco with some of the chief proprietors of the district. Things are going on better, and there is hope that the gang of Turchio, Faccione, and Gallo may be obliged to surrender; but Palma's band remains unbroken, and he still does what he likes, no one having the slightest clue to his hiding-place. He will be a very hard nut to crack!'

'*Rossano, July* 17.—Here I am safe back from Corigliano with Major Pallavicini; having greatly enjoyed myself. We travelled by such tracks as might have puzzled Angelica's goats: among real precipices, and by night! But the Calabrian horses are wonderfully sure-footed, capital for this sort of work. We passed through many of the noted haunts of the banditti without meeting any of them, and I suppose they carefully kept themselves out of sight. I am pretty well, except being sometimes plagued by that pain in my left side, which was very bad before I went to Corigliano, but has quite passed off since that somewhat fatiguing expedition. It is a curious sort of pain, but no doubt most people have something or other the matter with them.'

'*Rossano, July* 19.—So long as my health is flourishing I can be contented almost anywhere, and I have done pretty well hitherto in every place. At any rate, I feel sure of being able to accommodate myself to all the changes that are likely to befall me at any of the stations to which I may be sent. I am much better, my cough nearly gone; but there is always a risk of catching fever when one is in a poor state of health.'

'*Rossano, July* 20.—I write in haste, having to start to-night on a long expedition, to reach Corigliano to-morrow, thence to Acri, and probably after that to scour the extensive

woods of Sila, which are a nest of brigands. I expect to be out for a good many days; how long, will depend on circumstances. I wish I could have had five-and-twenty lances with me, but we have dispersed them so widely that it is not easy to collect that number. I must inspect the men, horses and arms, this forenoon, so as to have all in prime working order. It is a great thought to me how to feed my men and horses in such inhospitable places; as for lodging, that is always cheap and easy, with the starry heavens for our roof! Faccione's band, now driven to extremity, gives proof of heroic bravery, and although we have such a large force in the country, the result of our several encounters with them has been very trifling.'

'*Acri, July* 25.—I am quite well, and magnificently lodged.[1] This is an ugly country. We arrived two days ago by almost impracticable roads, and Colonel Milon joined us yesterday. I go with him to-morrow to explore the Sila Forest. My twenty-five horses are all in good condition, and I am mounted on a strong animal of the native breed.'

'*Cosenza, July* 25.—Arrived yesterday with Colonel Milon, after twelve hours on horseback. For twenty-seven miles the roads were worse than anything you can possibly conceive. Four of my horses had very narrow escapes of falling over a precipice. Wherever there was a little bit of level ground we came on at full trot, and I am proud to have been the first cavalry officer who has ever penetrated these wilds with his squadron; for it was here the French cavalry under General Manhes had to turn back, and being trapped in a gorge of the mountains were soon cut to pieces. At the end of our weary journey, I had to wander about for two hours to find stabling, corn, hay, &c., and was just going to sit down to rest when the Prefect sent me an invitation to dinner. It was a real misfortune! We were crammed close as herrings at the dinner table, and the repast went on for two hours, with long pauses between one dish and another, the sweet and savoury alternating. I am well—it is hot here. Oh! if you could have felt how cool it was in the woods, not to say cold, and what delightfully refreshing cold water we found there.'

[1] With the hospitable Baffi family, whose kindness he afterwards describes.

'*Longobucco*, *July* 29.—I write from one of the most horrid dens you can imagine—there could scarcely be a worse habitation than this anywhere, so dirty and ill-contrived, like a number of fox-holes stuck together anyhow! From Cosenza we came by night to Celico, thence to Camigliata, a country house belonging to the Baracco family, where we were most handsomely treated by their agents. That is the place where they keep the stallions of their famous stud. The road by which we went, or rather the track which we had to make for ourselves, there being no path discernible, was most dangerous. One horse[1] fell down a ravine, and was so severely injured that we had to leave him at Camigliata. I have no doubt he must be dead by this time. Coming on here from Camigliata, it seems a miracle that no necks were broken! The dangers ahead and the difficulty of finding our way hindered us from admiring the magnificent forests of pine and beech, of three hundred years' standing: tremendously grand masses of verdure. To-morrow we should be at Rossano again, and if we get back without further loss I shall feel thankful. At Sila, it was so cold that we were glad to light a fire to warm ourselves even in July!'

'*Rossano*, *August* 2.—I have come back sun-burnt, as brown as a berry, and people tell me I am looking better. The pain in my side is gone, and I have only a slight reminder of cough, which refuses to leave me.

'I have carefuly read your letter, and assure you that your advice shall be my guide, as your father's was to you. Heaven grant me a similar good result of wisdom gained! I say no more, because this is enough to show that I understood and appreciated your words. Thank Pierino for his most welcome letters, and the beautiful equestrian portrait he has sent me.'

'*Rossano*, *August* 4.—Here it is getting very hot, after two days of heavy rain and high wind, a hot sirocco which was stifling. *A propos* of what you tell me, I think there might be some good in sending us from here into Romagna, though perhaps the same system would scarcely be applicable there, the

[1] Eight of them rolled over the precipices, but luckily only one was lost.

circumstances being so different; but the root of evil is identical in both countries—namely, impunity.'

'*Rossano, August* 7.—I am reduced to the necessity of writing on scraps of paper, as the supply here is exhausted, and we have to get more from Naples. I am sure there can be nobody less of a misanthrope than I, but it is no empty boast to say that at this moment I look with philosophical contempt on all the amusements of society. This may be caused by the apathetic life here perhaps, or by my state of health, which although not exactly bad is by no means flourishing. It may possibly be nothing more than the temporary influence of climate on my spirits; but the fact is that I no longer feel the vigour of youth prompting me to continual motion. On the contrary, I have become soft, indifferent, and grave, as I never used to be. I should hope that the first change of climate may enable me to shake off this weakness. Our vigorous measures here had been in some degree relaxed of late; but we were obliged to resume them almost immediately, otherwise the brigands would have been masters of the situation. Yesterday morning, in riding back from the shore, I found on the road-side two corpses of robbers who had been shot. Around them were gathered a mob of boys and girls and of men, who, after stripping the dead, were taking out their eyes and cutting off fingers, shouting with laughter the while! Such a rage came over me at this scene that I dismounted, and laid about me blindly with my cane upon these wretches, the cowards! If you had seen how those insulters of the dead ran away from the blows of one living man armed with a stick! "Excellency, spare our lives," they cried, sinking to their knees before me. The dead men's clothes were soon found and brought back; but the worst thing for me was, that I broke my beautiful cane which had been made for me at Camigliata. Think what it must be to live in the midst of such a vile, cowardly race, who, after stripping their comrades and mutilating their remains, yet allow themselves to be beaten like dogs by a solitary passer-by!

'Farewell, dearest brother; my talk with you on paper has driven away the melancholy which oppressed me at the beginning, and I feel what a consolation it is to have the power of

confiding to you all my thoughts, although only by letter in the meantime.'

'*Rossano, August* 18.—I think I told you that the robber chief "Faccione" has given himself up to us, constrained by the continual molestation of the military, and the pressure of starvation. Most indulgent terms have been granted him, not only his life assured, but a safe-conduct for a time fixed by himself, in which he and those who surrendered along with him might settle their private affairs before being taken to prison. These conditions being formally agreed to by both parties, Faccione presented himself before the Major of the National Guard, followed by two brigands and four women, laid down his weapons and surrendered. One of the women is his promised bride.

'Never was defeated general received with more respect by the victors than was this wretch when brought in prisoner. A crowd of people came to see him arrive, and mothers were pointing him out to their children. He was dressed in perfect costume, and held his head high above his attendants, male and female, throwing money and sweetmeats among the crowd as he passed. The mob, who naturally regard these brigands as heroes, never ceased admiring him, his dress, his gold chains, rings, and "hareem."

'The authorities came to examine him, but while they were standing up the criminal stretched himself out at ease, smoking his cigar. I had the honour of remaining an hour and a half in this worthy company. Faccione is about thirty, a man of herculean strength and clever eyes, with beard *à la Bourbon*; he speaks fluently, gesticulating at a great rate, like most of his countrymen. The other two brigands were quite young, and had no expression of intelligence; both had been soldiers in the Italian army, and turned robbers a month or two after being discharged. I begin to be sceptical about the advantages of the levy system!

'Faccione's "fiancée" is a graceful young woman, his sister-in-law to begin with, and will soon be the mother of a child by him: he now says that he wishes to be legally married to her. The other three women, all in similar condition, are of ordinary appearance, except one, called Filomena Simonari,

whose beauty is truly extraordinary. She looks every inch a lady, and Faccione said that next to the "fiancée" she is his favourite. Filomena was handsomely attired in the costume of Longobucco, and Faccione publicly put into her hand a sum of about eight pounds sterling, to buy trinkets at the fair. This, you must understand, was done in presence of the civilised world so far as it exists here—the illustrious military guard, the admiring crowd, and best of all, the bride-elect.

'I spoke for some time with Faccione, and as I had been long in pursuit of him, his discourse interested me extremely. He had once seen me at a distance, he said, but let me pass, as he was safe on a height, and thought I could not do him any harm. He ended by inviting me to dine with him; such was the impudence of the villain. For the dinner of himself and followers he spent considerably more than a guinea, and they drank fifteen large bottles of wine; supper was sent to him by a proprietor in the neighbourhood. Next day he went to Groppellatri to be married to his sister-in-law, and to settle his affairs, which means nothing less than to lay out advantageously the wealth acquired by acts of robbery and violence of the most infamous description. He possesses innumerable herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, which pass under the names of his father and sister. Four years ago he was in a state of destitution. Such a history as this is infatuating to the native population, ignorant as they are, and by nature inclined to brigandage. They regard with a sort of hero-worship their daring countrymen, who have by lawless deeds obtained riches, and are able to come and treat with the authorities on equal terms.

'The brigand-breed are a people who have suffered oppression from the lords of the soil, and they are pleased when some of their own class attain power by whatever means. In fact, they are proud of kinship with such heroes. I am told that among the lower class of women here, when Faccione's name is mentioned, they talk only of his fine dress, the earrings of his women, and his acts of generosity. Even at Corigliano to-day two brigands came in fully armed, well dressed, and mounted on two of the Compagni horses which had been sent for them; they were applauded by the people on their arrival.'

'*Rossano*, *August* 20.—Mother tells me that you have been so good as to make inquiry about my leave, and that I may take it in October, at the end of the drills. She adds also that if I want to get leave sooner, I must see how to apply for it in the regular way. I am sure there will be some difficulty, unless my application were for sick-leave, which is a different thing. I think I may wait till October if my health gets no worse than at present. Thank you very much for the trouble you have taken about me. I write in haste, having been on horseback all night, so I am very tired.'

'*Rossano*, *August* 25.—I continue much the same, my cough rather bad, and I feel weak, without energy; to walk quickly or to climb a hill fatigues me dreadfully. There are doctors here, some of whom are unmitigated donkeys, others tolerably good. One of them is a monk, who has cured many people, and he is an excellent man, always occupied in study or at the bedsides of the sick, to whom he is most kind and attentive. This morning, when he was visiting the son of Baron Toscano, I met him and told him my symptoms, which he thinks it would be dangerous to neglect. If I put myself at once under treatment, he would hope in three weeks to cure my cough and relieve me in some measure from my other troubles; but it would take at least six or eight months to effect a complete restoration of my health.'

'*Rossano*, *August* 31.—Dearest Mother: I have received your dear letter of the 26th, but can add nothing to what I said before about my leave, which will be difficult to obtain sooner than the regular time, because it depends upon the royal edict. Even if they gave me sick-leave, I could scarcely get away from here before September 15. My health certainly is far from flourishing, but I have every hope in the mild climate at home, and the good food, &c. Change of air is sure to be beneficial for me. Adieu, dearest mother.'

'*Rossano*, *September* 11.—I have been in daily expectation of a home letter, explaining how it is that my "leave" has been sent me all at once! I am truly glad of it, although my rapid amendment during the last few days under Fra Pasquale's care makes me feel some little regret in going away from a doctor who seems to understand my case so perfectly. The unprofit-

able delay here for the means of transport is annoying, and one has to wait sometimes a fortnight for the opportunity after being ready to start. It is a difficult journey by land to Taranto, even for a person in sound health at the best season; so it would not do for me during this rainy cold weather to undertake six days' march, with the chance of having to bivouac in the open. I shall set off from Rossano on the 19th for Taranto, and proceed onwards next day or the day after. I am not aware whether the railway be yet completed from Taranto to Gioja. I stop at Imola to learn how long it will be before you are coming to Montericco, and whether it would be worth while for me to go to you at Florence. I should much prefer, however, to find you at Imola. Here it is now cold and wet. Supposing the steamer of the 19th were to disappoint me by not touching at Rossano (which is possible enough in bad weather), I should be driven to desperation. I am very grateful to you for the trouble you must have taken to procure my sick-leave, and only hope my letters about it were not more pressing than the circumstances seemed to warrant.'

'*Rossano, September* 14.—At the moment when this reaches you I shall probably be going down to the shore, "*magna comitante caterva*," as it is the custom here always to escort one's friends to the place of embarkation, whence I bid a final adieu to Rossano —its ruined castle, its rugged rocks, and to all the brigands who have led me such races among their mountain haunts. It will be pleasant to see the coast grow dim to my eyes in the distance, and think that every minute brings me nearer to home and the dear ones there awaiting me. Yet one feels at the same time a sort of pang in quitting for ever the place where one has had so many interests and adventures, comrades and acquaintances. "Never more to return." When one thinks of that, it gives a touch of melancholy in remembering the shortness and uncertainty of life.

'In looking back to my time at Rossano, it naturally divides itself into two very different parts: one, when I was ill and sad, feeling my strength decrease, and brooding all day over my inability to take pleasure in anything—that is the dark side. On the other hand, when my health was sound, so was my

spirit; fatigues and dangers always stimulated me to the utmost extent of which my natural coldness admitted, as though danger were the condiment of life, like the mustard which seasons a good beefsteak. For instance, when you are riding by night in the forest you may enjoy it or you may not; but if you know there are thirty bold brigands there watching to seize you, while you are mounted on a good horse, and followed by faithful, well-trained soldiers, you feel yourself twice a man, and experience every exciting sensation; weariness seems impossible, your horse and weapons are a part of yourself, and you are always in eager expectation of doing a bold stroke. Time passes away too quickly, and when you see the dawn through the thick trees you feel almost sorry that the night is so soon ended. Now I must end my discourse by telling you that my health continues better; I am able to eat, sleep, and ride again. Oh! how it grieves me to leave my gallant horses! Unless I felt complete confidence in Golino, I would far rather bring my dear animals, riding them all the way to Imola, than part from them.'

When Eneas came home he told us many of his adventures, without making any boast, but, on the contrary, speaking humbly of his own part in them. He described his conversations with the brigands, and how they would try to talk him over by their honied words. 'Catch a robber,' he said, 'and when he is once in your clutches he will prove that it is he who has saved your life, ever so many times.' He never told us the worst of his perils until he got home. 'Why write such things?' he said; 'it would have been no use to give you alarm after the dangers were past for me.' The cause of his early death was something apart from those perils—a hidden evil which had begun its fatal course without being perceived.

III.

Distressed by the first report of the young soldier's unsatisfactory state of health, yet without any notion of the gravity of his complaint, and uncertain how far it might be proper to press for leave under the circumstances, my father in July confided his anxieties to a friend, whom he consulted on the advisableness of making special application to General Torre for his son's recall

from Rossano. The news being much worse, a few days later he renewed his representations, and the sick-leave was at once granted; not only that, but a long leave of absence was given, and imperatively recommended by the Secretary at War, who had heard from the authorities in Calabria full accounts of the gallant young Lancer's illness.

Eneas embarked on September 19, and had a prosperous voyage to Taranto. On coming into port he saw his father waiting for him, and rushed so joyfully into his arms, that, although he was dreadfully thin and pale, it gave the encouraging idea that he must be in the way of recovery.

On the 21st the whole family were happily assembled at Montericco; but the disease under which Eneas was labouring soon became evident, and his mother, who went with him to Ravenna for advice, heard the doctor utter the dreary words which expressed a faint hope in the patient's natural strength of constitution.

Eneas was brought to Leghorn, and calmly submitted to everything that was prescribed for him, saying, 'If ever I get well it will be through father's wonderfully good care of me.' On October 22, the twenty-fifth return of our parents' wedding-day, the gloomy sky corresponded with the gloom of our anxious hearts, and all the family attended church to pray to the Almighty for a return of the old happy days of health and peace. After being moved to Pisa, Eneas revived a little, and was able to mount his horse, though not to ride quickly, as he had been accustomed to do. In this way we spent many hours wandering through the woods of Rossore and along the beach. He went out on horseback for the last time on March 19. His nights were now very uneasy, but he used to wake up cheerful and good-humoured in the morning. My father still hoped. Our mother never left the dear invalid, and always controlled her feelings for fear of losing the power to be of use to him, but she was more desponding than any of us. Eneas never complained: 'if it pleased God to prolong his life he would be thankful,' but he was prepared to pass the dark river; and one day, when he had been planning something, he checked himself, saying, 'I must not count on to-morrow; it must be as God

wills.' He sometimes thought it would do him good to go to Coccolia—'my native country,' as he called it; 'native air is always the best.' During all that sad winter my father, living in such close companionship with Eneas, saw him, as it were, under a new light, and the old familiar affection which had always subsisted between them seemed transformed into a deeper, more tender feeling. He always welcomed father and mother with a loving smile, and when about to leave them for ever he cast off that shyness which had formerly restrained his demonstration of affection. His kind, loving soul revealed itself entirely to us towards the last, leaving deep and tender recollections which can never be effaced.

The malignant Calabrian fever, which had been dormant in winter, attacked him again violently, and on April 17, feeling unable to get up, he begged the others to go to breakfast without him. Not many minutes after he was heard calling 'Father!' in a stifled voice. My father ran instantly to him, and we followed, finding Eneas vomiting blood, and saying, 'Lord, help me!' Then, seeing our looks of anguish, he said, with a smile on his lips, 'No fear, father,' and made the sign of the cross; after which last solemn confession of faith his head sank on my father's shoulder, as though going to rest. Our mother, on her knees beside him, pressed the dear hand, and continued caressing it even when grown cold and stiff. Two days later the sorrowing father attended the remains of his beloved son to the cemetery of Imola.

Writing to a friend from Imola shortly afterwards, my father said:—'We came hither out of sight of everybody, because our hearts are broken; in our solitude we struggle with our grief, and try to recover the power of occupation. The days pass by since we parted from him, but his beloved memory is ever present to us.'

Among Eneas's papers were many of which we had never heard, sketches of military strategy and such like, besides some sheets extending over several years, with short notes of his life and conduct, studies, use of money, &c., regularly summed up at the end of each month with unsparing strictures upon himself, from which it was clearly inferred that the virtue he

most desired to cultivate was strength and steadiness in adhering to duty. This he did he at the age of twenty, while living alone and free from all control.

Among my father's reflexions are the following :—

'God has seen fit to punish my pride and ambition. I certainly looked forward to a brilliant future for Eneas.' . . . 'But it is wrong to be proud about one's children ; even in our love for them we ought to be humble-minded, and direct their steps for the glory of God, not for the sake of being honoured among men. Oh, Lord, forgive me ! I had not been grateful enough unto Thee for this blessing.'

Eneas, sociable and generous as his temper always was, had been so prudent and moderate in pecuniary matters as to have saved something out of his allowance, which my father divided among us afterwards, enclosing to Angelica and myself our melancholy inheritance in a short letter. 'I divide between you the inheritance from our dear Eneas, the fruit of wisdom and moderation. Blessed were the hands that produced it. May the receivers be worthy, and never forget him—never ! We shall see him again, and love him in heaven.'

N.B.—Seven and a half years later, when my father's death was recorded with many comments, the *Gazzetta di Calabria* of December 22, 1876, made sympathetic mention of his son Eneas, as follows: 'Eneas Pasolini, an officer in the Lancers, distinguished himself by his gallantry and energy on service against the brigands, and left an imperishable reputation in these parts. When under Colonel Milon's orders, he was the first who crossed the rugged mountains of the Abruzzi with a body of cavalry, leading them through the dense forests of Sila. He was struck down with fever, invalided home, and died at Pisa on April 17, 1869. Baffi, the poet, last year wrote four sonnets to his memory, which obtained special praise from the illustrious Settembrini,' and were published in the *Neapolitan Journal* at Settembrini's request.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF OUR MOTHER.

Travelling in Germany—Pasolini at Rome—Fontallerta—Illness and death of his wife—Return to Coccolia—Inroads of age—Birth of a grandson.

I.

After a year of complete retirement in deep sorrow for the loss of our beloved Eneas, our parents considered it would not be right that my sister and I should spend our youth in sadness, apart from the rest of the world. They took a house therefore in Florence where old friends came to see us, and by degrees we began to enjoy a little society. In the winter of 1870 my mother was not well, and we repaired to Ems the following summer on her account.

It was about two years after the death of Eneas that we realised the tremendous shock it had given to our mother, who had borne her sorrow with such gentle, calm fortitude, as tended in great measure to moderate our father's more impetuous grief. While in Germany we explored the Rhine, and went afterwards to Bex in Switzerland, returning into Italy by Mont Cenis. The winter was spent partly in Romagna, partly in Tuscany. In the summer of 1872 my mother's health was again the object for which we visited Leghorn, Genoa, and Turin, wintering in the country as before; and in the spring of 1873 my father went to Rome to attend the Senate. He had some thoughts of taking his family with him to the new capital, formerly inhabited by his ancestors, but my mother preferred to reside at Florence, feeling attached to the place by twenty years of pleasant associations and friendships there. 'Fontallerta is our home,' said

she; 'let us remain where we have enjoyed so many years of peace.' Her wish prevailed, and my father planned some alterations and improvements to be begun immediately on his return from Rome. Alas! when he came back and sent for the engineer to consult upon the intended works, it happened to be the very day that my mother took to her bed, never to rise from it again.

II.

Until then her activity pervaded our home life so completely that when she was laid up the want of her presence among us made a painful blank; but we were told 'it is only rheumatic fever, which must have its course, and will pass off.' The fever, however, was obstinate, and turned to 'miliary,' which made my father very uneasy with a rising suspicion of danger. As time went on, showing the probability, though not yet certainty, of a fatal result, he said, 'We are reduced to cling to a mere thread of hope, scarcely that; and no means in the world to bring her back again.' The invalid herself had not yet lost hope of recovery, for my father controlled his distress in her presence; and it was a remarkable fact that his attentions to the sick tended invariably to sustain their hopefulness.

The night of April 29 to 30 began more calmly than usual, and my father had lain down to take a little repose; but before long my sister ran to tell him that there was a change for the worse, which continued all night with great increase of suffering. When my father tried to encourage our dear one by pointing out to her the first rays of dawn, she answered, 'Your face is my daylight.' Then she listened to his voice while he again read to her the history of our Saviour's crucifixion, and in the morning at half-past eight of April 30 her gentle soul departed to the realms above.

III.

My father did not fall into any paroxysm of outward grief, but his sorrow continued intense and unceasing, so as to shorten his life. In his study he always kept by him a large photograph of my mother, which had little merit as a work of art, but was

as like her as possible. Underneath it he wrote, '*Ut responsuræ singula verba jace.*' On returning to Coccolia, the place where he had passed with her so many years, and to which he had resorted in former days of trial to find peace and consolation, he found that his grief was aggravated by the crowd of painful remembrances and associations. 'I am surely worn out,' he said; 'even at Coccolia there is no comfort for me: the place is beautiful as before, but she has gone from it, never to return.'

IV.

Nothing could be more sad than that summer which we spent at Coccolia, where everything recalled so constantly our mother to our minds. At our first dinner there without her my sister and I left a vacant place at the head of the table, neither of us venturing to sit where she had been used to do; but father said, 'Angelica, sit you there; the blanks in this world must be filled up.' My sister was now his chief and most congenial, useful companion in his studies and meditations, and long excursions through the country, as in all domestic affairs, our dear mother's traditions being carefully maintained.

His only real consolation at that time, his true source of strength, came to him by his most earnest, I had almost said insatiable, study of the Scriptures, and he also forced himself to read books of history and philosophy, both English and German. The simultaneous study of Holy Writ and of modern science added to the depth of his reflexions, and confirmed his faith in our Almighty Creator. 'What mortal mind can fathom the mighty designs of God for the human race, which man, an unconscious instrument in His hands, is destined to accomplish? But, the origin of evil! that is the most inscrutable mystery.'

With Angelica he used to go botanising, and collected the wild flowers by thousands for classification. The out-of-doors life, and the interest he was obliged to take in directing country operations, made a considerable variety in the daily routine, which was favourable to his health; but when winter approached he thought it best for his children's sake to return to Florence. 'I feel sorry,' he wrote to his agent at Ravenna, 'to tear myself away from things here, in which I had found my chief allevia-

tion since my bereavement, and I am grateful to you, dear Zucchini, for your zeal in helping me. I really regret to go further off, but there are reasons which make me think it best to do so.'

In the summer of 1874 he went to Leghorn for sea-bathing, 'some months of idleness,' as he said. Idle he never was, but he had there a change of occupation, and spent great part of his time in reading. He read once more the whole of Virgil and Horace; but even the quiet enjoyment of his favourite authors failed to give him a respite from the grief which was undermining his life.

Part of that autumn was spent at Villa Ponti a Varese, with the family of his future daughter-in-law, and on November 11 he was present at my marriage, after which he went with Angelica to Romagna.

Notwithstanding my dear father's inconsolable sorrow, he always continued his laborious manner of life, and his mental energies were thus maintained in full force, although his originally sound physical constitution was failing. His figure was still upright and apparently strong; but the hair had grown grey, and on his face the signs of old age were rapidly advancing. He often repeated his wonder that so much bodily health remained to him after all the moral suffering he had undergone, and he thanked the Almighty that so it was, as he thought at least. In fact, he did not seem to have any positive malady; yet the failure of strength which gradually came over him was enough to indicate that his days on earth would not be greatly prolonged.

On January 11, 1876, my new-born son was put in the arms of his grandfather, who desired that instead of being called after him he should be christened 'Pasolino,' a frequent name in former generations of the family. On February 21, having given his daughter in marriage to Count Giuseppe Rasponi dalle Teste, he felt that he had fulfilled his duty as a father, and after these happy events it seemed to him as though his work in this life were ended.

We have now to relate how he was again called to undertake public affairs as President of the Senate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

Acceptance of office—The Gino Capponi Commemoration—Pasolini's residence in Rome—Correspondence—Journey to Naples—Voyage to England—His return to Italy—Sinigaglia—Coccolia—Death of the Duchess of Aosta—The terrible journey to Genoa, Turin, and to the Superga—Pasolini's last public duty.

I.

It was in October 1873, when living in sad seclusion, and mourning for the death of his wife, that a proposition was made to him to be President of the Senate. He declined, saying, in reply to Minghetti's earnest entreaties, that it was 'too soon.' He could not shake off his grief, he felt unable to do credit to himself or to his friends under such important responsibilities. The offer was renewed the year following with similar result, although considerable pressure was put upon him to change his resolution. Des Ambrois was then elected President; but at the end of February 1876, Minghetti renewed his demand for Pasolini, and in order to make it more difficult for him to refuse he sent Codronchi, Chief Secretary of the Home Office, to Ravenna, to speak with him. This happened at an unlucky moment, when Angelica was leaving the house on her marriage, and he could not immediately accept, but took a week for consideration. Minghetti had telegraphed to him from Naples:—'Your colleagues wish it; ministers unanimously entreat you. His Majesty rejoices to appoint you. Impossible to refuse.' On February 28 he received a note from the King as follows:—'You will do me a personal favour by accepting the Presidency of the Senate. The Ministry join in this desire. With friendly regards,

VICTOR EMANUEL.'

My father replied that for him the royal request was a command which he obeyed with ready devotion. Thus it happened that he became President. Minghetti wrote to him:—'I cannot deny that it gives me extreme pleasure to have you once more in the same boat with me! Call it egotism, or what you will; but we began our navigation together, we have often met during our voyages, and I hope we may be in companionship at the end of them. I give full importance to the sacrifice you are making.'

One great objection which my father felt to being in office arose from the possibility he foresaw that some time or other there might be discourses made in Parliament against the aged Pontiff, and that the President might be expected to convey disrespectful sentiments. On this subject he plainly declared, 'If anything uncourteous were expressed to Pio Nono, such words should not be spoken by me.' At the close of his political career my father could not forget its commencement. He had been constitutional minister in 1848, being called to office as the Pope's friend and counsellor, and the disappointment he experienced at the neglect of his earnest advice and warnings had never made him in any way resentful. He would not for the world appear before that defeated and fallen prince as a worldly self-seeker, who forsakes his friends in the day of adversity.

A few months later, on hearing of his nomination as President, the Pontiff seemed wonderfully pleased, and said, 'Was not I right? Even Victor Emanuel, when he wants a good man, is obliged to turn to one of my old friends!'

II.

Discourse of the New President, March 6, 1876.

'Gentlemen, Senators, and Colleagues,—I was preparing to return among you, to resume my modest part in your deliberations (after long absence from them through personal affliction), when the will which I am proud to obey summoned me to this honourable chair. I cannot conceal from you the diffidence which besets me, in feeling how unequal are my powers to the adequate fulfilment of the duties before me; yet to you, my

illustrious colleagues, I turn with lively remembrance of your former esteem and confidence, fully trusting you will continue to me not only your indulgence, but your best help and encouragement. This chair has been filled by many distinguished men, who live in our memories, loved, honoured, and regretted, especially the last; we grieve that we have him no longer to preside over us, esteemed and respected as he was by all for the great services rendered by him to our country. During the marvellous events which transformed and extended Piedmont to become the united and independent kingdom of Italy, he belonged to the council of the magnanimous Charles Albert, when he gave his people that charter (*statuto*), of which he was afterwards the faithful interpreter, as citizen, politician, and President of the Council. His devotion to the House of Savoy kept pace with his zeal for the development of liberal institutions. First and foremost of liberal institutions among all nations who have attained to representative government is the Senate, whose dignity, independence, and authority impart vigour and efficacy to all other orders in the State. The Senate is equally indispensable to the splendour of monarchy and to the safe advancement of the people's liberty. The Senate, thanks to your labours, will not come short of our high mission; for on the heart of each is indelibly written the sacred duty of serving our King and country with all our energies.'

III.

I insert, as heretofore, some extracts from my father's private letters (alas! they were the last), in which we discern still the same character, although depressed and worn. The grief for loved ones departed, which ran like a dark shadow over all his thoughts, yet made him more than ever tender and solicitous for the younger family who remained to claim his affection.

'*Rome, March* 3, 1876.—I was three hours behind time yesterday, being detained within a dozen miles of Rome by a truck of "Pozzolana" with broken axletree, throwing two carriages off the rails. We had to get out and walk a good way, but got on safe at last, and I found Bianchi and Chiesi waiting for me.'

'*March* 5.—I have been this morning to the King, who seems as well as possible. The moment I entered he said, "Unless we had made all this row about you, you never would have come near me again;" to which, among other things, I answered that after rousing me out again into the world, his Majesty might boast that he had done little less than resuscitate the dead! He spoke on many familiar subjects, and showed me how his teeth were gone, I suppose from the effect of fevers. When I came away he repeated, "Ah! you would never have come back to me unless I had insisted on it."'

'*March* 8.—The King's speech to Parliament did not much please me, but it is difficult to compose one which would satisfy all parties.'

'11*th*.—I am not well fed, and I still sleep at the hotel, but spend most of the day in my fine official residence, where I receive much kind attention from my colleagues. All these changes hinder me from acting up to what I intended doing in the Senate, so that as yet I do not feel rewarded for my self-sacrifice; but so long as my health keeps pretty fair, I must be content.'

He went on to describe the comfort he found in association with Chiesi, an old schoolfellow, now his colleague, and with Tabarrini, one of the vice-presidents, whose experience was useful to him on various occasions.

'I am not comfortable at the Minerva, and they want me to take up my abode here, but I have several objections to doing this. The Ministry appear to me in a bad way, and I do not see how they can hold together.'

'12*th*.—This forenoon I paid my formal visit to the Princess. It is impossible to guess how things may go on, but I scarcely think this Ministry will stand. For two days their position seemed to improve, when again they lost ground. But I need not write you all this, as it does not much concern you' (to his son), 'though you will understand that my hands are full of business, with many annoyances besides. The commencement of my Presidency was smooth enough; but it will be a different affair when we come to the legal discussion, and I feel it desolate to have no one here belonging to me in whom to confide my daily

doubts and worries, pleasures or fears. Cling to your family, my dear, for they are God's best blessing to you; and think sometimes of me who am isolated in the midst of so many.'

(*To his daughter.*)—'My office-work prospers, but I feel my solitariness very much, after being always accustomed to talk over everything with my dear people at home; and it scares me to think how it would be were I to fall ill here.'

Again:—

'16*th.*—I have scarcely a moment to myself. For the first time it happens to me to be engaged in public affairs without having some of you to cheer me, and I feel like a castaway, although treated with every regard, and surrounded by honours and splendours, for which I do not care. I am now inhabiting the Residency.'

'18*th.*—To-day I believe the cabinet is preparing its own downfall. I have a function to perform to-morrow; nothing less than to deliver an address to the King in presence of his Court.

'*March* 21.—The new Ministry is a heavy anxiety, very heavy, but I shall not retire unless requested to do so; proper respect for the Senate requires me to stay in the meantime; and as for the future, we shall see.'

'26*th.*—Still in great anxiety, and I have not been well for some days. One night a touch of fever came over me, from which I have scarcely recovered. I am waiting in my office to receive a formal visit from the new President of the Council.'

His health gradually declined, but he continued to preside at the daily sittings until some of his friends, alarmed by his suffering appearance, induced him to make a short excursion to Naples, from which he came back essentially refreshed, both in body and mind.

'*Naples, April* 4.—On Sunday after church I started on my journey hither. It was quite time for me to come out of Rome, for I was far from well, and in very low spirits. I am now going with Fiorelli to Pompei.'

'10*th.*—Have I not taken up the tourist line? Going to so many places, I have had no time to write to you, and my descriptions must be reserved till we meet.'

'*Coccolia*, 13*th*.—From the Cava I returned yesterday morning to Naples, thence by the night-train, and arrived here today about noon. I think of spending next week at Ravenna, and then a few days at Florence, if duty permit. The gilded chair of the Presidency has its thorns!'

His letter to Angelica from Florence was written in a strain of great sadness, and on the last day of April he made his will, which he sealed and sent to his son, to be opened immediately on his death.

From Rome on May 4, he wrote to me: 'I refrain from politics, as you are not deeply interested in them, and it would take time to explain things properly.'

'*June* 3.—I regret being so much away from you, and to think that your son has scarcely a chance of remembering his grandfather. Ah! my dear Pierino, I have already eaten the white bread, and must now content myself with the bran! I fear we shall be detained in Rome until the end of June, and what to do after that is a question. My life is now so empty, and I am afraid of the hot season. I have a great mind to join your sister in England, though my state of health makes me doubtful. I have given Gregorovius the maps you sent me, and from Munich he is to send me the result of his researches.'

'*June* 17.—You may conceive my distress' (hearing that his daughter-in-law and grandson were ill). 'We are in the thick of business just now, and should your next letter arrive when I am on duty, I shall not venture to read it till afterwards, for fear of being disabled from my work.'

Again, on returning to Rome, his health declined, and in spite of his exertions to fulfil his original determination of presiding at every sitting until the close of the session, he was obliged to invalid on July 3, and went back to Romagna, where his doctors recommended him to travel northward to a more bracing climate. I accompanied him to Turin, and as the doctors there advised his going still further north, he yielded to his daughter's earnest entreaty that he should go to her. He travelled by way of Paris, and on reaching London was apparently much better; but his peaceful retirement was soon disturbed by the news that at a sitting of the Senate, to discuss

the commercial law of 'Punti franchi,' after the vote had been proclaimed and the meeting dismissed by one of the vice-presidents, another of them rose up and re-opened the discussion of the same subject! This was a great scandal, not only in the Senate, but throughout the country; and Pasolini's absence began to be loudly deplored, since it was well enough known that in his presence no such disorder could have happened. Pasolini immediately wrote to Chiesi :—

'*July* 22.—On receiving your letters I have changed all my plans, and must return at once, notwithstanding my bad health and the heat, which I dread. I am very sorry to have come hither, but I was truly sinking under the life in Rome. I hope to get back alive, but cannot say when, as I am unable to travel straight through. At any rate, I start immediately.'

He set off accordingly, but had only come as far as Turin on the day that the Senate assembled to reconsider their vote.

IV.

In August he accompanied his daughter and her husband to Sinigaglia, and appeared to be getting better. On September 3, the statue of Pellegrino Rossi was unveiled at Carrara, and I remember my father's regret at being unable to take part in that solemn ceremony, so deeply interesting to him from intimate personal associations.

About the middle of October he wrote to a friend: 'My life since we parted has been full of changes, and unfortunately I have never been well, except during the week spent at Naples in spring, and the month at Sinigaglia afterwards for sea-bathing. My complaints are now more serious, but I am beginning a new treatment which seems to do me good. Pierino and his family are with me, and Angelica, who is arranging her house at Ravenna, comes frequently to see us.'

This letter certainly betokened that his calmness of mind was returning to him as his health improved. He used at that time to go out very early in the morning on a favourite Arab, which was so docile as to obey the slightest sound of his voice, and for hours he would ride about his fields regardless of the damp, cloudy weather. On coming in, it was his custom to

study the Bible for an hour or two, and then occupy himself with some modern book of science, from which he would pass to the consideration of his farm business. In the afternoon he again went out, and thus used often to see both the rising and setting of the sun. Looking at his young plantations he said, '*Serunt arbores quæ alteri sæculo prosint.*' Often when we rode together in the quiet autumn evenings, admiring the bright shades of the foliage, gilded by the sun's last rays as he sank behind the Apennines, my father would think aloud: 'How delightful are these short mild days of autumn! how lovely are the last fading tints of daylight! and why should we not thankfully enjoy our blessings up to the last hour of life? Why should men lament over the departed joys of youth? Is not the sunset beautiful? This life is not a feast, that we should grieve to see the end draw near; it is given us that we may prepare for a better life hereafter. Please God to spare us from agonies, there is nothing terrible in death. This year I have been ill, I feel myself aged and infirm, yet have much to be thankful for. My father died before reaching my age; but here am I, still able to ride with you, and my eyes have seen your child!' He often repeated that we had no right to impose our ways and wishes as a burden on those who come after us; that we should freely enjoy the world as we find it, and let future generations do the same; and that we ought not to distress ourselves because we had to leave this world without being able to alter it according to our own pattern. He remembered his grandfather's sorrowful belief that the family was coming to an end, and remarked, 'How glad that old gentleman would be that here are three of us.' Talking of different affairs that were in hand, he said, 'The issue of them, whether good or bad, will affect not me but my successor,' and repeated something to the same effect after he had superintended the sowing of the corn of which his eyes were never to behold the reaping. Italy meantime was in a ferment of preparation for the general elections; but although we talked about them sometimes in our home circle, the agitations without did not disturb the peacefulness of those last pleasant days together.

V.

Maria Victoria, Duchess of Aosta and ex-Queen of Spain, died on November 8, 1876, near San Remo. The telegram calling my father, as President of the Senate, to perform the civil act of registration, reached him at Imola, whither he had gone two days previously on account of his health, being again very far from well. He set out next day in dreadfully cold weather, which made it most unpleasant travelling. The railway arrangements were then so imperfect that, with all the speed he could make in going direct to Genoa, his train was too late to catch the evening express for San Remo, and he heard that night that the Duke of Aosta was already on his way to Turin with his wife's remains. After vainly endeavouring to get a special train to go on at once to Turin, my father was obliged to wait for the ordinary one next morning; and on reaching Turin, notwithstanding his extreme exhaustion, he proceeded to the Royal Mausoleum on Mount Superga. There he made out the attestation of the Duchess's death, and obtaining the keys of the vault (formally consigned to him by the chaplain), he entered and certified before witnesses the act of entombment; thus publicly fulfilling the official duty imposed by statute on the President of the Senate. It was his last public act, his last journey; and his last day on earth was near at hand.

Twenty years before, he had written to me, 'I should wish you never to think of your father, alive or dead, without remembering the word "duty."' [1]

[1] After giving a sketch of his career, the *Turin Gazette* of December 7, which reported its close, went on to say, 'All these offices he filled with ability and uprightness, showing himself throughout to be one of the most excellent administrators of Government affairs. Being called to San Remo on the melancholy occasion of the Duchess of Aosta's death, he obeyed the summons in spite of his critical state of health, fulfilled the required duty of attesting the burial in the royal vault on Mount Superga, and returned home to die. The people of Turin unanimously partake of the national sorrow for his loss.'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END.

Return to Ravenna—Last days of increasing illness—Death.

We had no news from my father during his journey, and felt very anxious about him, although none of us imagined what hardships he was undergoing.

He got back to Ravenna in the afternoon of November 12, dreadfully exhausted, and said that for six days he had scarcely been able to eat. After saluting his children he retired to his own room, and came no more out of it that evening, but talked to my sister there, telling her his adventures of travel. The doctor next day found his complaint seriously aggravated, yet did not give up hope of his throwing it off, at least to a certain extent, if not entirely. His uneasiness continued so persistent during the day that, being unable to rest, he got up and went out, thinking the fresh air might relieve him, although the weather was damp and gloomy. I accompanied him, quietly walking through the old rambling characteristic quarter of the city, in which stand the Basilica of San Vitale and the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, with many miserable little houses, contrasting strangely with Ravenna's ancient splendours; and he took notice of the tablet in 'Vico Zanzanigola,' indicating the habitation of Piero, eldest son of Dante Alighieri. We spent a few minutes in the decayed old Church of S. Vittore, and on coming home my father called for the baby, played with him a little, and made him laugh; but soon the agony of pain returned, and when the doctor inquired how he was he replied, 'desperately bad.'

His sufferings continued all that night unmitigated; but he had several days of comparative ease afterwards, and was per-

fectly calm in spirit, sometimes repeating lines of his favourite classic poets, and talking of our studies with him, telling us also about his own father's extensive scholarship. He listened to his children's reading of letters, and lamented the death of the Duke of Galliera, an old friend, whom he had lately seen in Paris. He expressed his gratification when a telegram arrived from 'Peruzzi, Syndic of Florence,' to inquire for his health in the name of all the 'Giunta,' and made us read to him the King's Speech—the last, as it proved to be, that was ever spoken by Victor Emanuel in opening Parliament.

Seeing all his family intent on helping him, he regretted the trouble thus occasioned, and said, 'Sickness in the house, what a disturbance it makes!' He now felt great doubts of his recovery; and when Professor Murri (who had been summoned from Bologna for a consultation) was going away, he took leave of him, saying, 'Should I depart on the long journey, I beg you to keep kindly recollection of me. If I get well, I will come and see you.'

He wrote that day to inquire the condition of the last corn which had been sown under his direction; and this was the last writing ever traced by his hand. Then he sent for an old peasant to talk to him about his insane daughter in the asylum at Imola, wishing to discover what had been the original cause of her malady; and he ordered some help to be sent to a poor family ill of typhus fever. But he was getting worse from this time, and fear began to prevail over the hopes we had hitherto cherished. He said himself, 'This is the path into eternity,' '*Placebo Domino in regione vivorum*,' and desired that the parish priest should be sent for, and that he should visit him openly in presence of the doctor and the family, as he wished to have no secrets. 'Let them all see and understand: *non erubesco Evangelium*.' He calmly received his clerical friend, and held out both hands to him as he ejaculated a passage from the Lord's Prayer. His son, daughter, and son-in-law were beside him, Angelica earnestly attending to the doctor's directions. The day of his confession he asked to see my wife, and sent for her a second time. 'Dear Maria,' he said, 'you have never before witnessed a scene like this, and I grieve to cause you

such pain for the first time; yet in this world one must be prepared to endure sad sights of every sort.' He affectionately kissed her, and added, 'It is a dying kiss.' As the agony increased, he murmured, 'Yes, yes, I must die; but why such pain?' and then went on calmly reciting in Latin the Psalm (cxxi.), 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills; from whence cometh my help.'

Ever thankfully acknowledging the attentions of his nurses, he particularly commended one of our women for her handy ways, 'Well done! see how she has brought me back again.' Speaking of his household, he said to me, 'I recommend them all to your protection.' His room was rather gloomy, with only one window, looking to the east. Within his sight were a clock, a crucifix, and mother's picture, on which he continually gazed with longing eyes, frequently calling her by name, and quoting some of her last words; reminding us that she had said to him on her death-bed, 'When you have seen the children settled you will come and join me.' His thoughts were now longing after our mother with such evident intensity as to make us realise more clearly than ever the depth of grief which he had suffered all those years since we lost her; and it seemed in his dying hours that he was often sustained under extreme agonies by the belief that these were bringing him nearer and nearer to her.

Once, towards the end, after a paroxysm under which his strength appeared rapidly sinking, he said, 'In God is my trust. I hope and believe in all that the Holy Catholic Church teaches; I love and forgive everybody; I adore God's holy laws, and repent my manifold transgressions of them. Pray you to the Lord for me that He have mercy upon me.' Again he talked of his beloved wife, and turned to his daughter, saying, 'You, dear Angelica, have soothed me as she would have done.' On the last day of his life, when in great agony, his words were, 'I thankfully suffer this, if it be the passage into life eternal.' His mind wandered for a few minutes, then became clear again, and on opening his eyes he said, 'I still see my Angelica.' He continued holding our hands, which he tenderly pressed from time to time during all the long hours of his painful struggle. He had foreseen that it would be protracted, and dreaded being left

without his children's presence to comfort him at the last. 'They carried me away out of sight when my own father was dying, and they will want to do the same with you,' he whispered to Angelica, who faithfully promised to stay beside him until all was over. And we both did so.

As the daylight gradually faded away that winter afternoon, little by little his breathing became more faint, until at last there was a deep unbroken silence in the room, and we were told that our father had left us.

'*And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.*'—REVELATION XIV. 13.

APPENDIX.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XIII.

Letter of the Municipality of Milan to Count Pasolini, Prefetto.

Your Lordship's speech to the Provincial Deputation, intimating that you were going to Turin, confirms the report which has reached us of your resignation, but still leaves a doubt whether you may be persuaded to recede from that intention at the earnest entreaty of the President of Council. We, who represent this city, were hitherto unwilling to believe that you would forsake us; but now the Municipality, in justice to the interests of our country, and intent upon expressing its aspirations and sympathies, feel it a duty to address to your Lordship some words of solicitation and remonstrance, appealing, as we would hope, not in vain to your patriotism and generous consideration. From unmistakable evidences your Lordship must be aware of the high esteem and respect which your name commands in this city, among all classes of society and of opinion. In you Milan honours the magistrate who, by his practical example of faith in the laws of a free country, has been our leader, showing the citizens by your indefatigable zeal how to act up to the ideal of duty, and diligently maintaining the dignity of the law. We, the magistracy of this city, your Lordship's seat of office, now unite our voice with those of the provincial representatives (in remembrance of all the good you have done among us, and of our attachment to you, and on the strength of the unbounded regrets occasioned by your leaving us) to hope that our remonstrance may be in time, and that it may not displease you to take counsel again, and return to us as our permanent Governor in this province.

The Municipality, with earnest hope that you will listen to their entreaty, have the honour to assure you of their most respectful homage.

(Signed) The Syndic,
BERETTA PORTA.

And Assessors: Luigi Scala—Alessandro Cagnoni—F. della G. B. Marzosati—G. Robecchi—J. Massarani—G. Visconti Venosta—P Belgiojoso—L. Trotti—C. Tenca.

Pasolini replied from Turin, March 29, 1862, having already obeyed H.M.'s commands :—

With deep emotion I return my warmest thanks to the respected Syndic and Assessors for your most gracious letter, which only came to my hand at the moment, I may say, when my retirement from the Prefecture of Milan had become a fact. On quitting this office it was my deliberate intention to retire into private life and occupy myself exclusively with domestic affairs ; but the pleasure of the King has decided otherwise, and obliges me to continue in the public service. I begged of his Majesty that he would be pleased to appoint me to a strictly administrative office, because although I had hitherto been charged with important political responsibility, no other office whatever could have induced me to leave Milan. The words which you have the goodness to address to me on my conduct among you are far beyond what I deserve, for my sole merit was in exerting myself to the utmost, as a loyal citizen, for the fulfilment of my duty : and this duty was rendered comparatively easy and pleasant by the kind co-operation of my fellow-citizens of all classes, more especially by the efficacious assistance of the Municipality, in whom are so admirably united the qualities of intelligence and diligence, worthily representing the general sentiment of the city. I have not words to express how deeply gratifying it is to me to receive such evidence of your esteem and goodwill thus graciously conveyed by your most flattering communication. I thank you for doing me so much honour, and assure you that it comforts me under the real grief of separation from you. Should kindly memories of me still remain in future years, I shall rejoice in such reward, in confirmation of the principle which always guided my actions : viz. that to govern a free and enlightened country one must before all things live with its life, and share its sentiment, entering into the ideas and affections of its people. With the truest gratitude and devotion, I have the honour to sign myself, &c.,

G. Pasolini.

To the Most Honourable and Illustrious
The Syndic and Assessors of Milan.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XVI.

Baron Ricasoli wrote from Frankfort, September 3, 1863:—

Dear Pasolini,—You will not be sorry to have my opinion about the fact of to-day, called a Congress of the German princes at Frankfort, invited by the Emperor of Austria to discuss his project

for Federal Reform. Every expedient has been adopted to invest the project with authority and importance, to prevent or remove opposition, and to display before Prussia the power of unanimity. At first the unanimous acceptance of the Federal Reform was considered certain, and many circumstances, alike internal and external, contributed to this expectation. Among these a very powerful one was the persuasion of the Princes that by uniting with Austria the existence of their own little States would be insured beyond all doubt. Another good augury was drawn from the acclamation with which the Congress was received, and the capital made out of this by the Austrian party, whose influence extends widely in the confederated governments, and is by no means small at present among those German populations where the municipal spirit is dominated by the unfortunately too numerous clerical circles in this enormous country. It cannot be denied that each 'Campanile' implies the existence of several privileged persons who form an aristocracy, and therefore a strong conservative element. This party contrived an uproarious ovation to the Austrian Emperor, and since noise too often takes the place of reason and reflexion, people are apt to credit that which strikes the senses, without going deeper into the subject. The Congress having begun under such auspices, combined with the fact that even the anti-Austrians were bitterly incensed with Prussia for deserting the cause of Germany, made almost everybody consider the triumph of Austria an immediate certainty, and that it would be right to leave Prussia to that isolation in which she had placed herself by her own miserable policy. This, however, was a premature judgment, an illusion, soon dispelled in Congress by very strong opposition on the part of the Grand-Duke of Baden, who seems a large-minded and large-hearted man, ready to make every personal sacrifice for the constitution of German national unity. His Prime Minister is evidently endowed with superior talents, and has shown immense ability as President. The Opposition subjected Austria to a comprehensive system of insinuations, and when dispute arose about any article, they temporarily withdrew it, to be presented again some days later, the interval being employed in working upon the friends of Austria, until finally the contested article was allowed to pass. Such proceedings naturally prolonged the Congress beyond all anticipation, and before their deliberations concluded, the members were reduced to a condition of utter weariness, if not of entire distrust in regard to results. The Austrian Emperor acted with ability and perseverance throughout, yet could not prevent several articles from being modified, although still left standing in a sense rather favourable to Austria, while

against the project itself only six votes were given—namely, by Baden, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Reuss, Waldeck, Luxemburg, and Saxe-Weimar. These six contrary votes did not all proceed from similar motives; but that is of no consequence, and the fact remains that Prussia does not now stand isolated. Meantime, the first enthusiasm having subsided, the country by reflexion began to recover itself, and to discern, as it now believes and will continue to believe, that the project had been devised not so much for German unity as for the purpose of bringing all the States into the hands of the Austrian Emperor. A general and increasing opposition to the project is now manifest, and the agitation produced throughout the country by this Congress of Princes will have had at any rate one good result in awakening the sentiment of unity for Germany; although there may be indeed a mighty distance between the theoretical sentiment and its practical realisation, for which we shall have long to wait. Unless Prussia change her ways, of which there is as yet no sign, the distrust of that King and that dynasty will continue to make the present generation desperately apprehensive of the future. Germany without Prussia could never succeed, and would be liable to serious internal evils: Prussia is the only power that can insure German unity, by giving her dynasty as its head, and the Prussian people have among them none but German interests; whereas Austria would bring in many foreign and antagonistic elements. I consider that Italy has nothing to fear from what is now going on; but there exist many prejudices against her, occasioned by the belief of her dependence on the French Emperor; and this is very unfortunate, for we clearly see that the Germans are in most respects better suited than any other nation to be closely allied with the Italian. Many people consider the Quadrilateral indispensable to the safety of Germany so long as Italy is not independent; but, independent she cannot be until possessed both of Rome and the Quadrilateral! Had the French evacuated Rome, I believe that German public opinion would have been much more favourable to us. Austria, under the present state of affairs, however willing, could not venture for political reasons to give up Venetia, and this she declared a few days ago in answer to the proposal of an exchange for the Danubian Principalities. Italy, then, as a last resort, has nothing to depend upon except her own army, for which no sacrifice can be too great, were it only to break the disgraceful bonds in which she is held by Austria and France. I abstain from going to Vienna, for fear of compromising the dignity of my country; because if I were seen there, it would immediately be reported that

I went for the purpose of making propositions, and that they had been rejected.

Your affectionate
(Signed) RICASOLI.

Commemoration of the Senator Gino Capponi at the Sitting of March 7, 1876.

Gentlemen,—A melancholy duty devolves upon me in reciting before you the names of our colleagues who have ended their mortal career since the last session of Parliament. We seem still to hear the echo of the funeral dirge accompanying the last sad ceremonies by which the city of Florence, in presence of your deputations, magnificently honoured the illustrious memory of Gino Capponi. Permit that my voice be raised in harmony with them from this chair; a place from which I little thought to have pronounced his elegy. No words of mine can add to his fame; we have present before us unceasingly the vivid recollection of our venerable colleague, in whom were so admirably conjoined the rarest gifts of mind and of fortune. Either of these advantages would have sufficed to raise him above his fellows; but it was remarkable in his character, that the lustre of an ancient lineage was combined with the most perfect participation in popular sentiments, and that along with his great wealth he inherited the utmost modesty in personal habits of life. In him the faith of a Christian was accompanied by the most advanced cultivation of science. His love of exact knowledge did not impede his taste for art, nor did his impartial judgment prevent him from being a kind and indulgent friend. Hence the great influence of his opinions, advice, and of all that he so judiciously put in writing, down to the last day he lived; hence that universal sympathy, which never failed him. The most distinguished men in Europe sought his friendship, and were often aided by his wisdom and experience. Always an ardent and far-seeing promoter of his country's unity and independence, he favoured every enterprise tending to her honour and benefit. This spirit continued with him even up to extreme old age, nor did the blindness of the bodily eyes ever darken the light of his mind. His sufferings never dimmed the brightness of his intelligence, nor cooled the affections of his heart. We ourselves have heard his eloquent and vigorous speech sounding effectively in the discussion of momentous subjects. The last of an illustrious race, which gave many glorious names to Italian history, and as the last survivor of the generation immediately preceding ourselves, the generous front rank of men who by foresight and counsel prepared the resuscitation of

Italy, putting their own hands first to aid the great work, Gino Capponi stands out an undying example of civil virtue, a patriot ever to be venerated by future generations in this House.

The regrets of the Senate correspond to the sentiment of the entire nation. (Assent and Applause.)

Commemoration of the Senators Miniscalchi Erizzo, Sanvitale, Musio, Spada, Di Larderel, Bona, Manni, Alberto Ricci, by the President.

I continue the mournful narration. Count Francesco Miniscalchi Erizzo inherited a noble name, great wealth, and a powerful intellect. By deep study and extensive travel he acquired immense learning, besides the knowledge of many languages, principally the Oriental; which earned fame for him throughout Europe as a linguist, philologist, ethnographer, and geographer. He published writings of rare merit, among which I need only specify his book on 'Arctic Discovery,' and his printing of the 'Evangeliarium Hierosolymitanum' in Syriac, with a literal Latin translation. His laborious, adventurous, self-denying life, regulated by firm religious faith and devoted to science, to the good of his family, and of his country which he so ardently loved, was suddenly cut off in the midst of festivities to celebrate a happy domestic event. This House will permit me to add my tribute of private friendship to the solemn official record.

The name of Senator Louis Sanvitale is dear and honoured among us, who have seen him for many years assiduously discharging his duties, especially those of secretaryship, to which he was several times elected. A gentleman of liberal mind, refined sentiments, and particularly amiable manners, a lover of his country, who possessed the art in troubled times of always consistently acting up to his principles, he deservedly acquired and retained the esteem of all parties.

Senator Joseph Musio was called as a young man to be Secretary of State in Sardinia; an office of immense importance at that time. He afterwards became magistrate, and ended his professional career as President of the Court of Appeal. His acute intellect and enthusiastic temperament enabled him to be a powerful supporter of the liberal cause both by speech and pen. The Senate had frequent occasion to admire in him the eloquent orator and profound lawyer, while all the world respected his irreproachable character.

Senator Alessandro Spada had long been kept absent from among us latterly, by the infirmities of age; but we remember the good services he rendered when in office, during the dawn of our freedom. He did great benefit to his province by the agricultural

improvements first instituted on his own property, where, by the combination of science with practical work, he obtained such successes as became a leading light to others ; thus increasing his private wealth and the public prosperity. As an illustrious man of science and an able administrator, he set a worthy example of enlightened, useful, and benevolent citizenship.

The name of Count Frederic di Larderel reminds Italy of the unbounded blessings conferred by industry, when wealth, energy, science, and a liberal, charitable spirit are united in him who is the director. The augmentation of wealth and comfort, the building of schools, churches, and dwelling-houses, the founding of friendly societies, and the large assistance given in every way to the necessitous classes form our deceased colleague's imperishable claim to the lasting gratitude of his country.

The lamented Senator Bona was also distinguished in the lines of industry. Distinguished first as an able magistrate, he was called by the discerning sagacity of Des Ambroix to take part in the Administration, and gave such proof of his merit when controller of the railway in course of construction between Turin and Genoa, as to win the friendship of Cavour, who made him Minister of Public Works. He was afterwards for many years head of one of the principal railway companies, whose affairs he continued to direct with all the energies of a vigorous mind up to the last days of his honoured old age.

Senator Count Manni was a man of noble character, whose actions were dictated by that zeal and enthusiasm which distinguish the most worthy lovers of their country, and lead them in times of political troubles joyfully to defy every personal danger, making light of the greatest sacrifices for that country's sake. The Senate who welcomed him among her most meritorious patriots will ever venerate his memory.

The acute intellect, varied knowledge, and distinguished name of Alberto Ricci had given him a place in diplomacy previous to the Charter of Piedmont, and he was minister at Vienna when Charles Albert proclaimed the War of Independence. He gave remarkable proof of his rare discrimination and firmness when sent to Paris towards the close of the unfortunate campaign of 1848. After his retirement into private life, he maintained the same hearty interest in public affairs. (Signs of approbation.)

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